JUBILEE LIBRARY

FROM THE LIBRARY OF

REV. LOUIS FITZGERALD BENSON, D. D.

BEQUEATHED BY HIM TO

THE LIBRARY OF

PRINCETON THEOLOGICAL SEMINARY

SCA
1691

THE

JUBILEE HARP.

A CHOICE SELECTION OF PSALMODY,

ANCIENT AND MODERN,

DESIGNED FOR

USE IN PUBLIC AND SOCIAL WORSHIP.

LIBRARY OF PRINCETON
JUN 7 1935
THEOLOGICAL LIBRARY

"O COME, LET US SING UNTO THE LORD: LET US MAKE A JOYFUL NOISE TO THE ROCK OF OUR SALVATION."—Psalm XCV.

Boston:
ADVENT CHRISTIAN PUBLICATION SOCIETY,
NO. 167 HANOVER STREET.

1867.

E. L. DALCH, MUSIC PRINTER.

In presenting th[illegible] may not seem out of place.

The CHRISTIAN L[illegible] l by any modern collection of [illegible] h in the present work it has b[illegible] mber of Hymns containing doctrinal sentiments in direct antagonism to the Scriptures. These Hymns have been thoroughly revised and corrected, and, it is believed, will now be found entirely unobjectionable.

The larger portion of the music employed in the construction of the LYRE has been reproduced in this work. [illegible]hose rich old melodies of our forefathers which have thrilled the hearts of thousands with divine rapture can never be [illegible]alled by the usually cold, unmeaning though more artistic compositions of modern times. It has been our chief [illegible] preserve these ancient tunes in all their simplicity and beauty. A large number have been added to those already m[illegible]tioned, many of which have never been arranged for all parts heretofore.

With regard to the Hymns, we trust we have furnished something for everybody and for all occasions. To Brn. S. S. BREWER and S. G. MATHEWSON, from whose selections most of the additional Hymns are taken, we are largely indebted. Nearly three hundred of these Hymns have been furnished through the industry of these brethren, whose names are a sufficient guarantee of their usefulness and worth. To all others who have aided us in this undertaking we return our sincere acknowledgments, and especially to Bro. A. T. GORHAM, to whose able hands its compilation was entrusted.

May the Spirit of the Holy One go with this little work into the families and congregations of his waiting ones, kindling in every heart feelings of devoutest praise and worship, to the honor and glory of our soon-coming King. AMEN.

Entered according to Act of Congress, A. D. 1866, by the ADVENT CHRISTIAN PUBLICATION SOCIETY, in the Clerk's Office of the District Court of Massachusetts

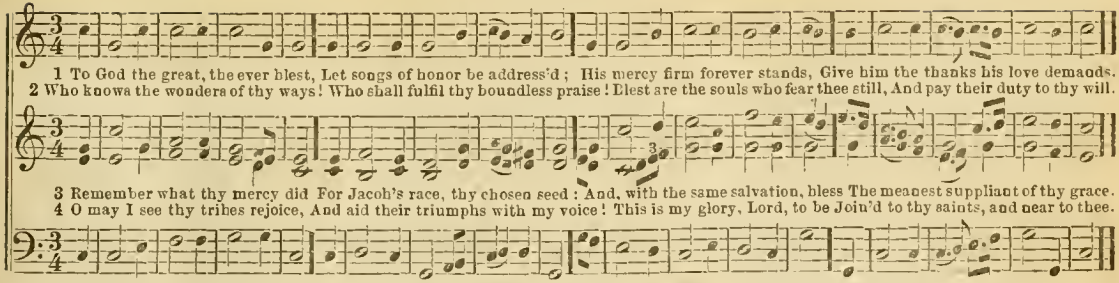
INDEX OF SUBJECTS.

NOTE.—The figures in this Index refer to the Hymn — not to the page.

PUBLIC WORSHIP. *Opening*—4, 5, 7, 14, 36, 42, 51, 76, 88, 138, 140, 199, 219, 243, 254, 270, 301, 302, 306, 307, 310, 337, 372, 381, 695, 723, 737, 773.
Closing—8, 169, 283, 388.
GENERAL PRAISE—1, 2, 11, 13, 14, 19, 22, 33, 34, 35, 43, 44, 47, 49, 50, 52, 53, 70, 71, 74, 77, 84, 93, 94, 156, 167, 215, 224, 228, 229, 234, 237, 238, 239, 240, 241, 242, 263, 264, 273, 290, 300, 311, 317, 318, 222, 324, 325, 330, 311, 342, 345, 316, 350, 358, 371, 378, 399, 400, 413, 422, 446, 476, 533, 536, 544, 573, 590, 599, 634, 744, 758, 769, 772, 775, 779, 800, 814, 816.
GOD, his Perfections and Providence—3, 10, 12, 20, 68, 117, 124, 150, 164, 208, 336, 347, 516, 747, 764, 765, 768, 778.
THE SCRIPTURES—46, 174, 180 233, 443, 464, 489, 570, 662, 724, 728, 738, 766, 780, 783, 792, 807.
CHRIST—21, 27, 110, 146, 175, 189, 210, 214, 226, 333, 429, 435, 450, 478, 519, 608, 614, 619, 636, 694, 703, 771, 789, 803.
Advent—152, 153, 154, 155, 701, 707, 710.
Passion—16, 114, 420, 571, 757.
Crucifixion—111, 115, 134, 366, 407, 440, 459, 467, 492, 501, 656, 668, 734, 785.
Resurrection—9, 344, 412, 586, 706, 804.
Coming and Reign—17, 63, 64, 165, 207, 221, 228, 229, 236, 258, 259, 309, 326, 335, 343, 351, 363, 382, 387, 393, 394, 395, 396, 406, 407, 408, 409, 411, 417, 430, 448, 461, 462, 473, 494, 496, 500, 520, 524, 527, 530, 541, 562, 572, 577, 601, 603, 618, 639, 640, 647, 650, 663, 665, 667, 669, 676, 677, 679, 683, 687, 690, 693, 699, 716, 722, 732, 746, 751, 753.
HOLY SPIRIT—24, 25, 85, 136, 183, 204, 245, 246, 247, 248, 249, 348, 517, 686, 721, 729, 748, 798, 799, 805.
REDEMPTION—101, 108, 145 160, 201, 202, 212, 262, 265, 294, 328, 340, 379, 428, 457, 582, 545, 556, 558, 559, 574, 594, 597, 615, 616, 624, 626, 672, 697.
INVITATION—23, 45, 54, 62, 67, 82, 132, 147, 187, 188, 200, 256, 266, 267, 282, 367, 369, 377, 404, 442, 456, 474 479, 484, 502, 513, 526, 537, 538, 550, 566, 580 610, 611, 627 632, 638, 641, 649, 660, 661, 696, 713, 714, 715, 717, 718, 720, 731, 787, 817.
PENITENTIAL—41, 103, 118, 122, 166, 209, 276, 313, 314, 355, 363, 375, 391, 452, 539, 583, 598, 612, 739, 795.
CHRISTIAN EXPERIENCE—48, 78, 98, 116, 141, 142, 195, 205, 208, 255, 293, 295, 296, 338, 439, 451, 455, 459, 466, 503, 507, 511, 525, 548, 554, 609, 628, 680, 684, 685, 700, 709, 730, 815.
Love—95, 120, 126, 186, 682, 712, 777, 796.

Faith—38, 72, 75, 123, 125, 131, 144, 151, 163, 172, 173, 178, 203, 213, 220, 235, 291, 292, 312, 416, 481, 490, 622, 670, 674, 750, 755, 761, 788, 790, 821.
Hope—80, 91, 143, 159, 171, 176, 268, 332, 444, 463, 491, 498.
Warfare—28, 66, 73, 83, 161, 269, 319, 320, 321, 323, 357, 385, 431, 453, 512, 552, 559, 567, 591, 651, 671.
Consecration—56, 61, 78, 149, 177, 218, 244, 360, 392, 425, 441, 468, 499, 508, 510, 595, 704, 740, 742, 762, 786, 806.
Complaint—92, 125, 334, 374, 421, 578, 600, 652.
Joy—18, 480, 485, 514, 515, 553, 568, 604, 617.
Afflictions—100, 110, 278, 289, 297, 298, 303, 414, 415, 424, 447, 504, 521, 529, 574, 607, 633, 646, 726, 735, 759.
Aspiration—146, 271, 277, 284, 368, 376, 418, 449, 475, 518, 542, 581, 602, 613, 630, 648.
Fellowship—15, 223, 305, 352, 359, 432, 437, 458, 482, 584, 587, 810.
Watchfulness—285, 304, 309, 316, 433, 462, 621, 647.
Prayer—121, 327, 329, 383, 403, 506, 605, 666, 702, 797, 819, 820.
Zeal—26, 354, 546, 563, 630, 754.
ORDINANCES.
Dedication—30, 31, 32.
Ordination—65, 81.
Baptism—97, 274, 398, 465, 691, 735.
Lord's Supper—287, 288, 384, 575, 582, 813, 818.
MISCELLANEOUS—133, 260, 349, 356, 401, 523, 547, 564, 565, 579, 589, 643, 644, 725, 733, 743, 756, 784.
Thanksgiving—405.
Pastoral—397, 631, 705, 781, 811.
Morning Hymns—168, 281, 353, 344, 390, 793, 802.
Evening Hymns—90, 148, 158, 184, 299, 596, 719, 749, 763, 776, 791.
Sunday Schools—479, 540, 620, 623, 637, 642, 645.
Family Songs—534, 593.
Fast—252, 253.
Doxologies—16.
SHORTNESS OF TIME—162, 272, 275, 488, 557.
DEATH—55, 109, 113, 137, 250, 251, 486, 487.
RESURRECTION—58, 96, 102, 182, 193, 279, 331, 569, 588.
JUDGMENT—57, 179, 216, 315, 410, 423, 469, 653, 658, 727, 741, 782, 812.
GLORIFIED STATE—64, 69, 86, 99, 135, 157, 170, 194, 206, 217, 225, 226, 230, 231, 257, 286, 339, 386, 402, 427, 434, 436, 438, 445, 454, 460, 472, 483, 493, 497, 505, 509, 522, 528, 531, 535, 543, 549, 551, 555, 561, 585, 592, 606, 625, 654, 655, 657, 659, 664, 673, 675, 678, 412, 688, 692, 698, 745, 752.

1 WINCHESTER. L. M.



2

1 PRAISE, everlasting praise, be paid
To him who earth's foundation laid :
Praise to the God, whose strong decrees
Sway the creation as he pleases.

2 Firm are the words his prophets give.
Sweet words on which his children live ;
Each of them is the voice of God,
Who spoke and spread the skies abroad.

3 Whence then should doubts and fears arise?
Why trickling sorrows drown our eyes?
Slowly, alas ! our mind receives
The comforts that our Maker gives.

4 Oh, for a strong, a lasting faith,
To credit what the Almighty saith ;
T' embrace the message of his Son,
And call the joys of heav'n our own.

5 Then should the earth's old pillar shake,
And all the wheels of nature break ;
Our steady souls shall fear no more,
Than solid rocks when billows roar.

3

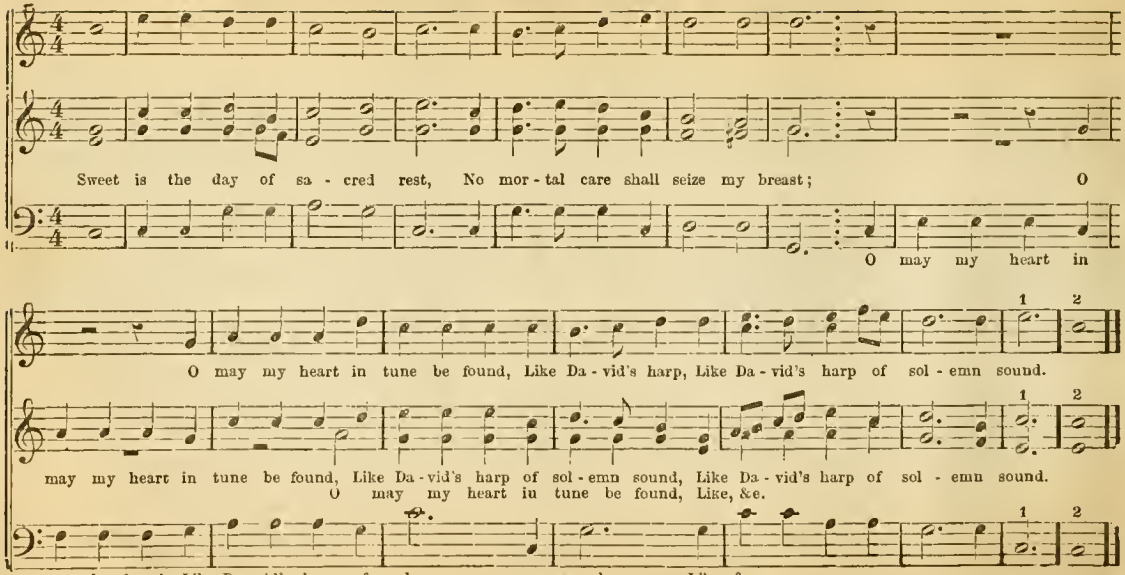
1 THE Lord, how wond'rous are his ways !
How firm his truth ! how large his grace
He takes his mercy for his throne, —
And thence he makes his glories known.

2 Not half so high his pow'r hath spread
The starry heav'ns above our head,
As his rich love exceeds our praise,
Exceeds the highest hopes we raise.

3 Not half so far has nature plac'd
The rising morning from the west,
As his forgiving grace removes
The daily guilt of those he loves.

4 How slowly doth his wrath arise !
On swifter wings salvation flies :
And, if he lets his anger burn,
How soon his frowns to pity turn !

4 DEVOTION. L. M.



2 My heart shall triumph in the Lord,
And bless His works, and bless His word;
Thy works of grace, how bright they shine;
How deep Thy counsels, how divine!

3 Fools never raise their thoughts so high,
Like brutes they live like brutes they die;
Like grass they flourish, till Thy breath
Blasts them in everlasting death.

4 But I shall share a glorious part,
When grace hath well refined my heart,
And fresh supplies of joy are shed,
Like holy oil, to cheer my head.

5 Then shall I see, and hear, and know,
All I desired or wished below;
And every power find sweet employ
In that eternal world of joy.

5

1 LORD, 'tis a pleasant thing to stand,
In gardens planted by thy hand;
Let me within thy courts be seen,
Like a young cedar fresh and green.

2 There grow thy saints in faith and love,
Blest with thine influence from above;
Not Lebanon, with all its trees,
Yield such a comely sight as these.

3 The plants of grace shall ever live;
(Nature decays, but grace must thrive;)
Time that does all things else impair,
Still makes them flourish strong and fair.

4 Laden with fruits of age, they show
The Lord is holy, just and true:
None that attend his gates shall find
A God unfaithful or unkind.

5½

1 HOW pleasant, how divinely fair,
O Lord of hosts, thy dwellings are!
With long desire my spirit faints
To meet th' assemblies of thy saints.

2 My flesh would rest in thine abode,
My panting heart cries out for God;
My God! my King! why should I be
So far from all my joys and thee?

3 Blest are the souls that find a place
Within the temple of thy grace;
There they behold thy gentler rays,
And seek thy face, and learn thy praise.

4 Blest are the men whose hearts are set
To find the way to Zion's gate;
God is their strength, and, through the road
They lean upon their helper, God.

5 Cheerful they walk, with growing strength,
Till all shall meet in heaven at length;
Till all before thy face appear,
And join in nobler worship there.

6

1 ANOTHER six days' work is done;
Another Sabbath is begun.
Return, my soul, enjoy the rest;
Improve the day thy God hath blest.

2 Come, bless the Lord, whose love assigns
So sweet a rest to wearied minds;
Provides an antepast of heaven.
And gives this day the food of seven.

3 O that our thoughts and thanks may rise
As grateful incense to the skies;
And draw from heaven that sweet repose
Which none but he that feels it knows.

4 This heavenly calm within the breast
Is the dear pledge of glorious rest
Which for the church of God remains,
The end of cares, the end of pains.

5 In holy duties let the day
In holy pleasures pass away.
How sweet a Sabbath thus to spend,
In hopes of one that ne'er shall end.

7

1 WITH one consent let all the earth
To God their cheerful voices raise;
Glad homage pay, with hallowed mirth,
And sing before him songs of praise;

2 Assured that he is God alone,
From whom both we and all proceed;
We, whom he chooses for his own,
The flock which he delights to feed.

3 O! enter, then, his temple gate;
Thence to his courts devoutly press;
And still your grateful hymns repeat,
And still his name with praises bless.

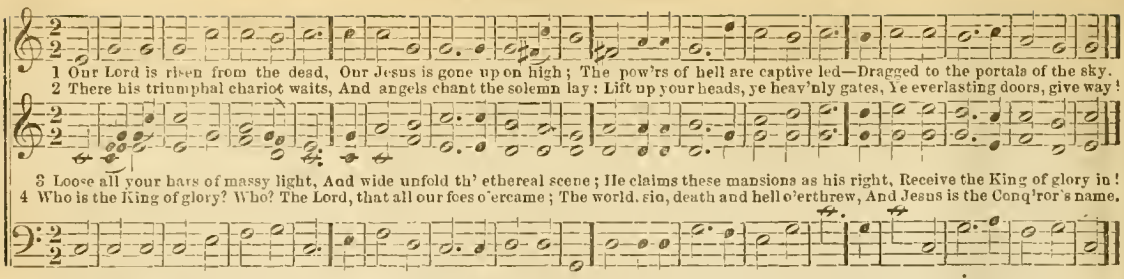
4 For he 's the Lord, supremely good;
His mercy is for ever sure;
His truth, which always firmly stood,
To endless ages shall endure.

8 (OLD HUNDRED.)

1 DISMISS us with Thy blessing, Lord;
Help us to feed upon Thy word;
All that has been amiss, forgive,
And let Thy truth within us live.

2 Though we are guilty, Thou art good;
Wash all our works in Jesus' blood;
Give every burdened soul release,
And bid us all depart in peace.

9 ARNHEIM. L. M.



5 Lo! his triumphal chariot waits,
And angels chant the solemn lay:
Lift up your heads, ye heavenly gates;
Ye everlasting doors, give way!

6 Who is the King of glory? Who?
The Lord, of glorious power possessed;
The King of saints and angels too;
God over all, for ever blest!

10

1 HIGH in the heavens, eternal God,
Thy goodness in full glory shines;
Thy truth shall break through every cloud
That veils and darkens thy designs.

2 For ever firm thy justice stands,
As mountains their foundations keep;
Wise are the wonders of thy hands:
Thy judgments are a mighty deep.

3 Thy providence is kind and large;
Both man and beast thy bounty share;
The whole creation is thy charge,
But saints are thy peculiar care.

4 My God! how excellent thy grace,
Whence all our hopes and comforts springs!
The sons of Adam in distress
Fly to the shadow of thy wings.

11

1 THE Lord! how absolute he reigns!
Let every angel bend the knee,
Sing of his love in heavenly strains,
And speak how fierce his terrors be.

2 High on a throne his glories dwell,
An awful throne of shining bliss:
Fly through the world, O sun, and tell
How dark thy beams compared to his!

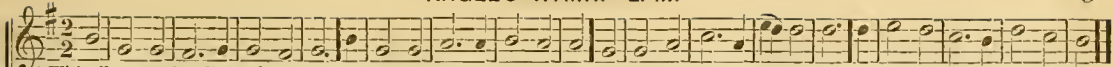
3 Awake, ye tempests, and his fame
In sounds of dreadful praise declare;
And the sweet whisper of his name
Fill every gentler breeze of air.

4 Let clouds, and winds, and waves, agree
To join their praise with blazing fire;
Let the firm earth and rolling sea
In this eternal song conspire.

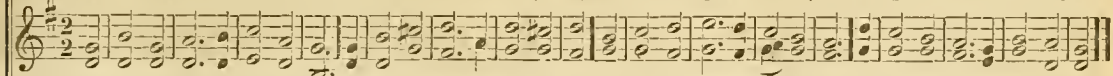
12

1 ALL-POWERFUL, self-existent God,
Who all creation dost sustain!
Thou wast, and art, and art to come,
And everlasting is thy reign.

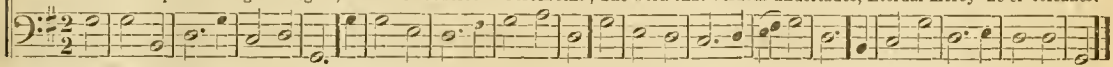
2 Fixed and eternal as thy days,
Each glorious attribute divine,
Through ages infinite, shall still
With undiminished lustre shine.



1 With all my pow'rs of heart & tongue, I'll praise my Maker in my song, Angels shall hear the notes I raise, Approve the song, and join the praise.
2 To God I cried when troubles rose, He heard me and subdued my foes; He did my rising fears control, And strength diffus'd thro' all my soul.



3 Amidst a thousand snares I stand, Upheld and guarded by Thy hand; Thy words my fainting word revive, And keep my dying faith alive.
4 Grace will complete what grace begins, To save from sorrow or from sins; The work that wisdom undertakes, Eternal mercy ne'er forsakes.



14

1 O COME, loud anthems let us sing,
Loud thanks to our Almighty King;
For we our voices high should raise,
When our salvation's Rock we praise.

2 The depths of earth are in His hand,
Her secret wealth at His command;
The strength of hills, that threat the skies,
Subjected to His empire lies.

3 The rolling ocean's vast abyss
By the same sovereign right is His;
'T is moved by His almighty hand,
That formed and fixed the solid land.

4 O let us to His courts repair,
And bow with adoration there;
Down on our knees devoutly all
Before the Lord our Maker fall.

15

1 HOW blest the sacred tie that binds
In union sweet, according minds!
How swift the heavenly course they run,
Whose faith, whose hopes, whose joys are one.

2 To each the soul of each how dear!
What ardent love! what tender fear!
How doth the fire of grace within
Refine from earth, and cleanse from sin!

3 Their hearts with mutual sorrows melt
For human woe and human guilt;
Their fervent prayers together rise,
Like mingling flames in sacrifice.

4 With eager step they seek the place
Where God reveals his awful face;
Join with one heart in songs of praise,
And thankful hymns together raise.

16

1 MY blessed Redeemer and my Lord,
I read my duty in thy word;
But in thy life the law appears,
Drawn out in living characters.

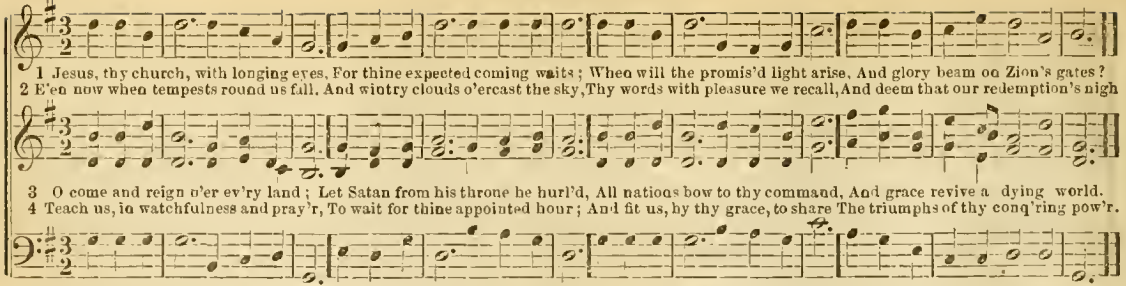
2 What truth and love thy bosom fill!
What zeal to do thy Father's will!
Such zeal, and truth, and love divine,
I would transcribe, and make them mine.

3 Cold mountains and the midnight air
Witnessed the fervor of thy prayer;
The desert thy temptations knew,
Thy conflict, and thy vict'ry too.

4 Be thou my pattern; make me bear
More of thy gracious image here;
Then God, the Judge, shall own my name
Among the followers of the Lamb.

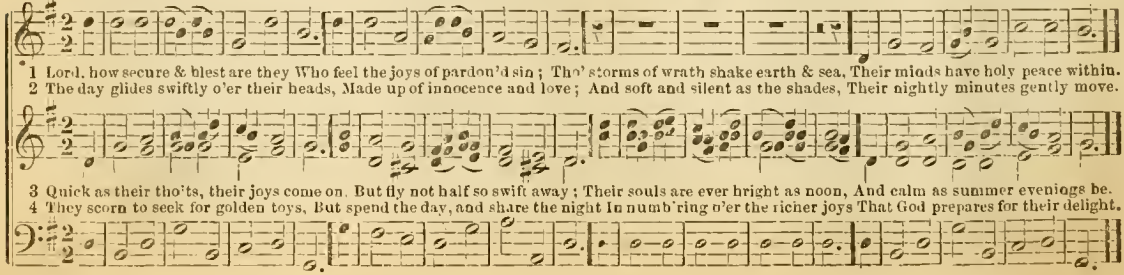
17 WILBRAHAM. L. M.

A. T. G.

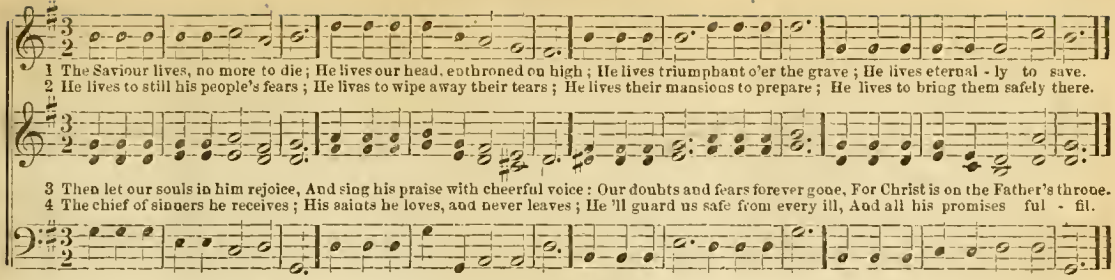


1 Jesus, thy church, with longing eyes, For thine expected coming waits; When will the promis'd light arise, And glory beam on Zion's gates?
2 E'en now when tempests round us fall, And wintry clouds o'ercast the sky, Thy words with pleasure we recall, And deem that our redemption's nigh
3 O come and reign o'er ev'ry land; Let Satan from his throne be hurl'd, All nations bow to thy command, And grace revive a dying world.
4 Teach us, in watchfulness and pray'r, To wait for thine appointed hour; And fit us, by thy grace, to share The triumphs of thy conq'ring pow'r.

18 PORTUGAL. L. M.



1 Lord, how secure & blest are they Who feel the joys of pardon'd sin; Tho' storms of wrath shake earth & sea, Their minds have holy peace within.
2 The day glides swiftly o'er their heads, Made up of innocence and love; And soft and silent as the shades, Their nightly minutes gently move.
3 Quick as their tho'ts, their joys come on, But fly not half so swift away; Their souls are ever bright as noon, And calm as summer evenings be.
4 They scorn to seek for golden toys, But spend the day, and share the night In numb'ring o'er the richer joys That God prepares for their delight.



20

1 PRAISE ye the Lord! 'tis good to raise
Our hearts and voices in his praise;
His nature and his works unite
To make this duty our delight.

2 He formed the stars, those heavenly flames;
He counts their numbers, calls their names;
His wisdom's vast, and knows no bound;
His counsels are a deep profound.

3 Great is the Lord, and great his might!
Kind are his ways, his judgments right;
He loves the meek, rewards the just,
And lifts the humble from the dust.

4 His saints are precious in his sight;
He views his children with delight;
He sees their hope, he knows their fear,
Approves and owns his image there.

21 (WILBBAHAM.)

1 OF him who did salvation bring,
I could for ever think and sing;
Arise, ye needy, he'll relieve;
Arise, ye guilty, he'll forgive.

2 To shame our sins he blush'd in blood,
He closed his eyes to show us God;
Let all the world fall down and know,
That none but God such love can show.

3 'Tis thee I love, for thee alone,
I shed my tears and make my moan!
Where'er I am, where'er I move,
I meet the object of my love.

4 Insatiate to this spring I fly;
I drink, and yet am ever dry;
Ah! who against thy charms is proof?
Ah! who that loves can love enough?

22 (PORTUGAL.)

1 LET everlasting glories crown
Thy head, my Saviour and my Lord;
For thou hast brought salvation down,
And stored its blessings in thy word.

2 In vain the trembling conscience seeks
Some solid ground to rest upon;
With deep despair the spirit breaks,
Till we apply to Christ alone.

3 How well thy blessed truths agree!
How wise and holy thy commands!
Thy promises, how large and free!
Firm on this ground our comfort stands.

4 Should all the schemes that men devise
Assault my faith with treach'rous art,
I'd count them vanity and lies,
And bind the gospel to my heart.

23 GREENWICH. (Double.)

1 Life is the time to serve the Lord, The time t' insure the great re - ward; And while the lamp holds out to burn, The vil - est

1 Life is the time to serve the Lord, The time t' insure the great re - ward; And while the lamp holds out to burn, The vil - est

sin - ner may re - turn.

2 The liv - ing know that they must die; But all the dead for - got - - ten

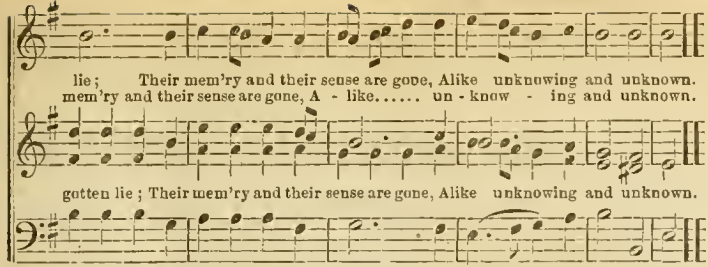
2 The living know that they must die; But all the dead for - got - - ten lie; Their

sin - ner may re - turn.

2 The liv - ing know that they must die; But all the dead for -

2 The living know that they must die; But all..... the dead for - got - ten lie: Their

GREENWICH. (Concluded.)



3 Their hatred, and their love is lost,
Their envy buried in the dust;
They have no share in all that'a done
Beneath the circuit of the sun.

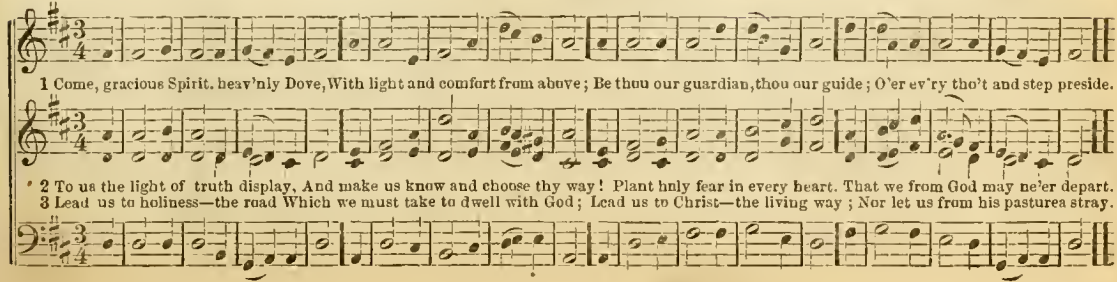
4 Then what my thoughts design to do,
My hands, with all your might pursue,
Since no device, nor work, is found,
Nor faith, nor hope, beneath the ground.

24 (Farnsworth.)

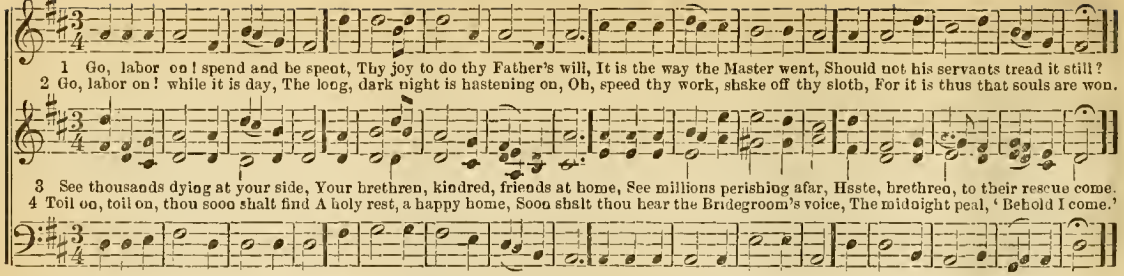
1 COME, Holy Spirit, heavenly guest,
And make thy mansion in my breast;
Dispel my doubts, my fears control,
And heal the anguish of my soul.

2 Thou God of love and peace divine,
O make thy light within me shine!
Forgive my sins, my guilt remove,
And send the tokens of thy love.

25 FARNSWORTH. L. M.



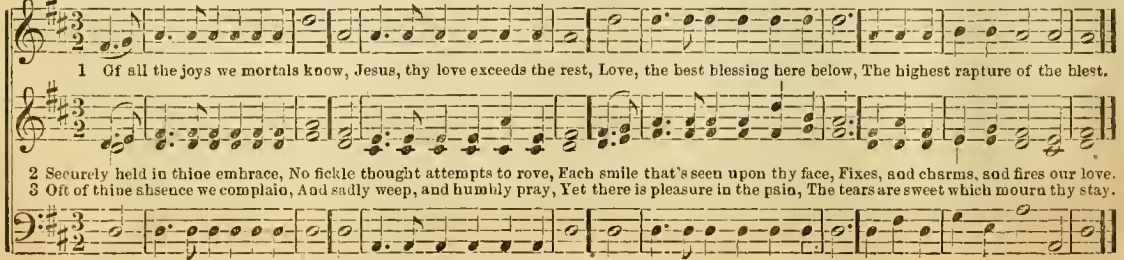
26 BLENDON. L. M.



1 Go, labor on! spend and be spent, Thy joy to do thy Father's will, It is the way the Master went, Should not his servants tread it still?
2 Go, labor on! while it is day, The long, dark night is hastening on, Oh, speed thy work, shake off thy sloth, For it is thus that souls are won.
3 See thousands dying at your side, Your brethren, kindred, friends at home, See millions perishing afar, Haste, brethren, to their rescue come.
4 Toil on, toil on, thou soon shalt find A holy rest, a happy home, Soon shalt thou hear the Bridegroom's voice, The midnight peal, 'Behold I come.'

CHANTING STYLE.

27 CUMBERLAND. L. M.



1 Of all the joys we mortals know, Jesus, thy love exceeds the rest, Love, the best blessing here below, The highest rapture of the blest.
2 Securely held in thine embrace, No fickle thought attempts to rove, Each smile that's seen upon thy face, Fixes, and charms, and fires our love.
3 Oft of thine absence we complain, And sadly weep, and humbly pray, Yet there is pleasure in the pain, The tears are sweet which mourn thy stay.

28 JUDAH. L. M.

1 Je - sus, my King, proclaims the war; A - wake! a - wake! the foe is near! "To arms! to arms!" I hear him cry; "'Tis yours to conquer or to die!"
2 Roused by the an - i - mat - ing sound, I cast my ea - ger eyes around; I haste to gird my armor on, And bid each trembling fear be gone.
3 Hope is my helmet, faith my shield; The word of God the sword I wield; With sacred truth my loins are girt, And holy zeal inspires my heart.
4 Full-armed, I ven - ture on the fight, Resolved to put my foes to flight, While Jesus kindly deigns to spread His conq'ring banner o'er my head.
5 In him I hope, in him I trust; His bleeding cross is all my boast; Thro' troops of foes he'll lead me on To vict'ry and the victor's crown.

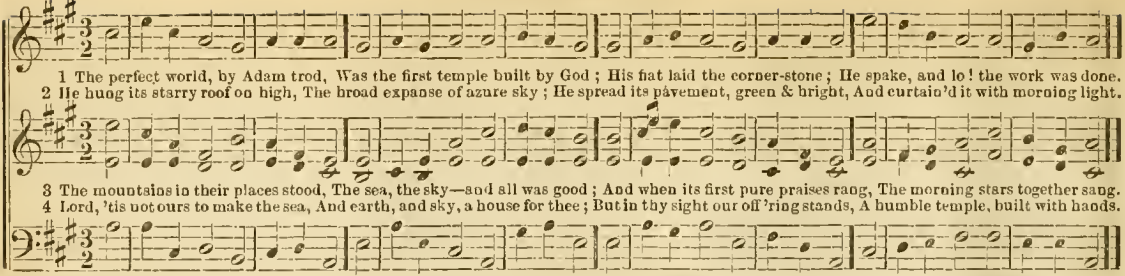
29 NEW ENGLAND. L. M.

W. C. Clark.

1 Wait on the Lord, ye heirs of hope, And let his word support each soul; Well can he bear your courage up, And all your foes and fears control.
2 He waits his own well-chosen hour To intended mercy to display; And his pa - ter - nal pities move, While wisdom dictates the de - lay.
3 Blest are the humble souls that wait With sweet submission to his will; Harmonious all their passions move, And in the midst of storms are still.—
4 Still, till their Father's well-known voice Wakens their silence into songs: Then earth grows vocal with his praise, And heav'n the grateful shout prolongs.

30 DEDICATION. L. M.

Arranged for this work.



1 The perfect world, by Adam trod, Was the first temple built by God; His fiat laid the corner-stone; He spake, and lo! the work was done.
2 He hung its starry roof on high, The broad expanse of azure sky; He spread its pavement, green & bright, And curtain'd it with morning light.
3 The mountains in their places stood, The sea, the sky—and all was good; And when its first pure praises rang, The morning stars together sang.
4 Lord, 'tis not ours to make the sea, And earth, and sky, a house for thee; But in thy sight our off'ring stands, A humble temple, built with hands.

31

1 O, BOW Thine ear, Eternal One!
On Thee our heart adoring calls;
To Thee the followers of Thy Son
Have raised, and now devote these walls.

2 Here let Thy holy days be kept;
And be this place to worship given,
Like that bright spot where Jacob slept,
The house of God, the gate of heaven.

3 Here may Thine honor dwell; and here,
As incense, let Thy children's prayer,
From contrite hearts and lips sincere,
Rise on the still and holy air.

4 Here be Thy praise devoutly sung;
Here let Thy truth beam forth to save,
As when, of old, Thy Spirit hung,
On wings of light, o'er Jordan's wave.

32 (OLD HUNDRED.)

1 HERE, in thy name, eternal God,
We build this earthly house for thee;
O, choose it for thy fixed abode,
And guard it long from error free.

2 When here, O Lord, we seek thy face,
And dying sinners pray to live,
Hear thou in heaven, thy dwelling place,
And when thou hearest, Lord, forgive.

3 When here thy messengers proclaim
The blessed Gospel of thy Son,
Still by the power of his great name
Be mighty signs and wonders done.

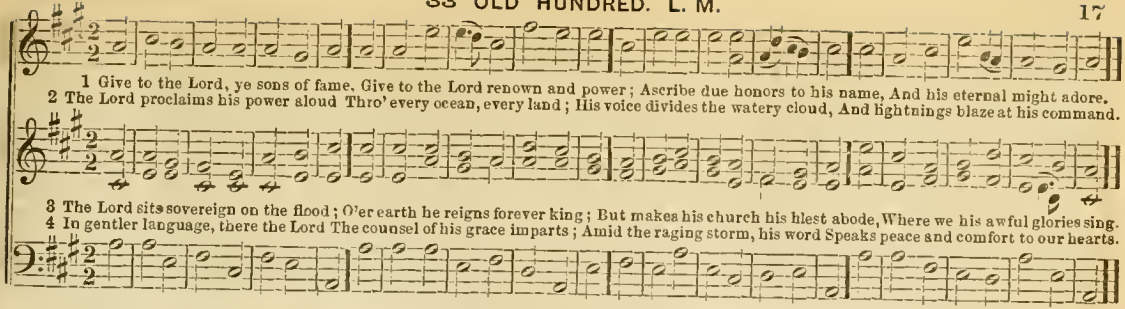
4 And when our voices raise the song—
Hosanna! to our heavenly King—
Let heaven with earth the strain prolong;
Hosanna! let the angels sing.

1 (OLD HUNDRED.)
BE Thou, O God, exalted high,
And, as Thy glory fills the sky,
So let it be on earth displayed,
Till Thou art here as there obeyed.

2 (OLD HUNDRED.)
PRAISE God, from whom all blessings flow;
Praise Him, all creatures here below;
Praise Him above, ye heavenly host;
Praise Father, Son, and Holy Ghost.

3 (DEDICATION.)
ALL glory, while the ages run,
Be to the Father, and the Son,
Who rose from death; the same to Thee,
O Holy Ghost, eternally.

4 (DEDICATION.)
WORTHY the Lamb of boundless sway,—
In earth and heaven the Lord of all!
Let all the powers of earth obey,
And low before His footstool fall.



34

1 Sing to Jehovah's mighty name;
Publish abroad his glorious fame;
Let all the saints, with one accord,
Exalt and magnify the Lord.

2 Praise him in holy strains sublime;
Employ a melody divine;
Let thoughts celestial seize the soul,
While music from the toogue shall roll.

3 Now let our animation rise
Like sacred incense to the skies;
Nor let one passion, base or vile,
The worship of our God defile.

4 So shall our condescending King
Accept the tribute that we bring;
And pour his plenteous blessings down.
And all our years witn favor crown.

5 So shall our tongues be trained in time
To roll the numbers all divine,
When mortal days and years are done,
And the eternal kingdom come.

35

1 YE nations round the earth, rejoice,
Before the Lord, your sovereign King;
Serve him with cheerful heart and voice,
With all your tongues his glory sing.

2 The Lord is God; 'tis he alone
Doth life, and breath, and being give;
We are his work, and not our own—
The sheep that on his pastures live.

3 Enter his gates with songs of joy,
With praises to his courts repair;
And make it your divine employ
To pay your thanks and honors there.

4 The Lord is good, the Lord is kind,
Great is his grace, his mercy sure;
And the whole race of man shall find
His truth from age to age endure.

36

1 Lo, God is here! let us adore,
And humbly bow before His face;
Let all within us feel His power,
Let all within us seek His grace.

2 Lo. God is here! Him, day and night,
United choirs of angels sing;
To Him, enthroned above all height,
Heaven's host their noblest praises bring.

3 Being of beings! may our praise
Thy courts with grateful incense fill;
Still may we stand before Thy face,
Still hear and do Thy sovereign will.

37 WELLS. L. M

1 From all that dwell below the skies, Let the Creator's praise arise; Let the Redeemer's name be sung, Thro' ev'ry land, by ev'ry tongue.
2 Eternal are thy mercies, Lord, Eternal truth attends thy word; Thy praise shall sound from shore to shore, Till suns shall rise and set no more.

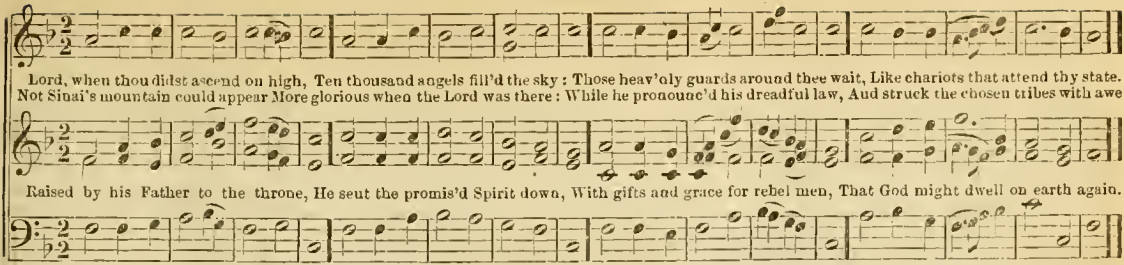
3 Your lofty themes, ye mortals, bring, In songs of praise divinely sing; The great salvation loud proclaim, And shout for joy the Saviour's name
4 In every land begin the song; To every land the strains belong; In cheerful sounds all voices raise, And fill the world with loudest praise

38 WARD. L. M.

Arranged from a Scotch tune by L. Mason.

1 God is the refuge of his saints When storms of sharp distress invade; Ere we can offer our complaints, Behold him present with his aid.
2 Let mountains from their seats be hurled Down to the deep and buried there; Convulsions shake the solid world, Our faith shall never yield to fear.

3 There is a stream, whose gentle flow Supplies the city of our God; Life, love, and joy still gliding through, And wat'ring our divine abode
4 That sacred stream, thy holy word, Our grief allays, our fear controls: Sweet peace thy promises afford, And give new strength to fainting souls.



40 (Wells.)

1 HEAR, gracious Sovereign, from thy throne,
And send thy various blessings down;
While by thy children thou art sought,
Attend the prayer thy word hath taught.

2 Come, sacred Spirit, from above,
And fill the coldest heart with love;
Soften to flesh the flinty stone,
And let thy gracious power be known.

3 O, let the joyful converts wait
Num'rous around thy temple-gate;
Each pressing on with zeal, to be
A living sacrifice to Thee!

41 (Ward.)

1 WHEN I survey the wondrous cross,
On which the Prince of glory died,
My richest gain I count but loss,
And pour contempt on all my pride.

2 Forbid it, Lord, that I should boast,
Save in thy death, thou Just and Good!
All the vain things which charm me most,
I leave them for thy precious blood.

3 See from his head, his hands, his feet,
Sorrow and love flow mingled down;
Did e'er such love and sorrow meet,
Or thorns compose so rich a crown?

4 Were the whole realm of nature mine,
That were an offering far too small;
Love so amazing, so divine,
Demands my soul, my life, my all!

42 (Duke St.)

1 AWAKE, my soul, and with the sun,
The daily stage of duty run;
Shake off dull sloth, and joyful rise
To pay the morning sacrifice.

2 Thy precious time misspent, redeem;
Each present day thy last esteem;
Improve thy talent with due care;
For the great day thyself prepare.

3 Let all thy converse be sincere;
Thy conscience as the noontide clear;
Think how th' all-seeing God thy ways
And all thy secret thoughts surveys.

4 Lord, I my vows to thee renew;
Scatter my sins as morning dew;
Guard my first springs of thought and will
And with Thyself my spirit fill.

5 Direct, control, suggest, this day,
All I design, or do, or say,
That all my powers, with all their might,
In Thy sole glory may unite.

43 UXBRIDGE. L. M.

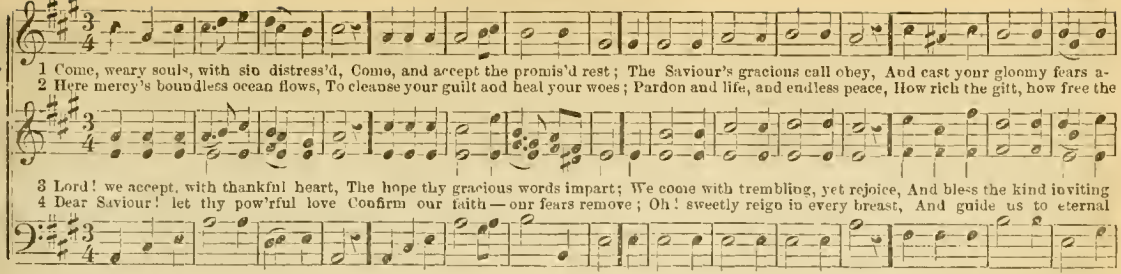
1 The heavens declare thy glory, Lord, In ev'ry star thy wisdom shines; But when our eyes behold thy word, We read thy name in fairer lines.
2 Sun, moon and stars convey thy praise Round all the earth, and never stand; So when thy truth began its race, It touch'd and glanc'd on ev'ry land.

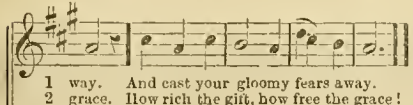
3 Nor shall thy spreading gospel rest, Till thro' the world thy truth has run; Till Christ has all the nations blest, Which see the light, or feel the sun.
4 Great Sun of Righteousness, arise! O bless the world with heav'nly light! Thy gospel makes the simple wise; Thy laws are pure, thy judgments right.

44 ROCKINGHAM. L. M.

1 O render thanks to God above, The fountain of eternal love; Whose mercy firm, through ages past, Hath stood, and shall forever last.
2 Who can his mighty deeds express, Not only vast — but numberless? What mortal eloquence can raise His tribute of immortal praise?

3 Extend to me that favor, Lord, Thou to thy chosen dost afford; When thou return'st to set them free, Let thy salvation visit me.
4 O render thanks to God above, The fountain of eternal love; His mercy firm, through ages past, Hath stood, and shall forever last.





46 (Uxbridge.)

1 GOD, in the gospel of his Son,
Makes his eternal counsels known;
'Tis here his richest mercy shines,
And truth is drawn in fairest lines

2 Wisdom its dictates here imparts,
To form our minds, to cheer our hearts;
Its influence makes the sinner live;
It bids the drooping saint revive.

3 Our raging passions it controls,
And comfort yields to contrite souls;
It brings a better world in view,
And guides us all our journey through.

4 May this blest volume ever lie
Close to my heart, and near my eye,
Till life's last hour my soul engage,
And be my chosen heritage.

47 (Park St.)

1 COME, O my soul, in sacred lays,
Attempt thy great Creator's praise!
But O, what tongue can speak his fame?
What mortal verse can reach the theme?

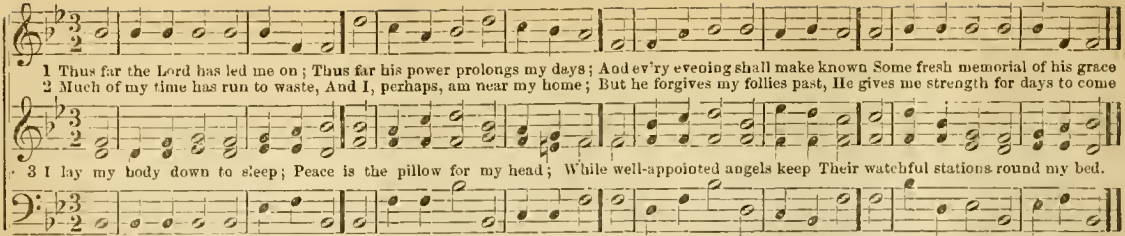
2 Enthron'd amid the radiant spheres,
He glory like a garment wears;
To form a robe of light divine,
Ten thousand suns around him shine.

3 In all our Maker's grand designs,
Omnipotence with wisdom shines,
His works, thro' all this wondrous frame,
Declare the glory of his name.

4 Raised on devotion's lofty wing,
Do thou, my soul, his glories sing;
And let his praise employ thy tongue,
Till listening worlds shall join the song.

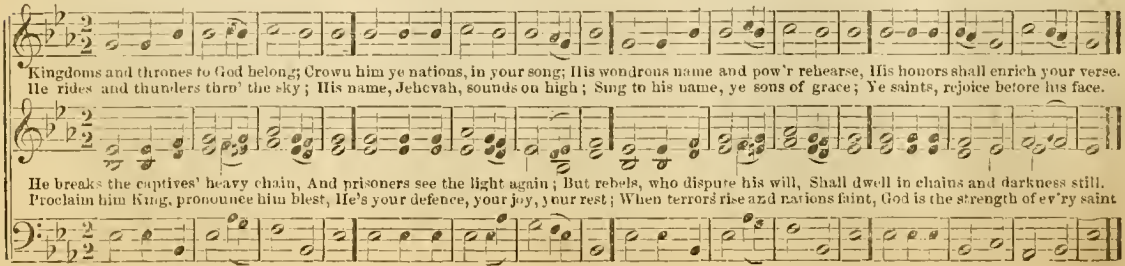
48 HEBRON L. M.

L. Mason.

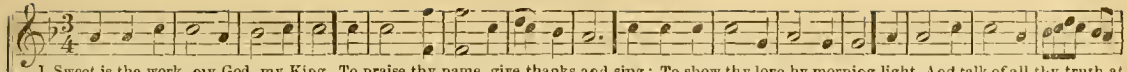


1 Thus far the Lord has led me on; Thus far his power prolongs my days; And ev'ry evening shall make known Some fresh memorial of his grace
2 Much of my time has run to waste, And I, perhaps, am near my home; But he forgives my follies past, He gives me strength for days to come
3 I lay my body down to sleep; Peace is the pillow for my head; While well-appointed angels keep Their watchful stations round my bed.
Thus, when the night of death shall come, My flesh shall rest beneath the ground, And wait thy voice to rouse my tomb, With sweet salvation in the sound.

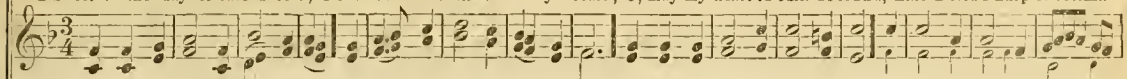
49 HAMBURG. L. M.



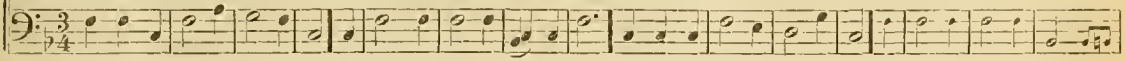
Kingdoms and thrones to God belong; Crown him ye nations, in your song; His wondrous name and pow'r rehearse, His honors shall enrich your verse.
He rides and thunders thro' the sky; His name, Jehovah, sounds on high; Sing to his name, ye sons of grace; Ye saints, rejoice before his face.
He breaks the captives' heavy chain, And prisoners see the light again; But rebels, who dispute his will, Shall dwell in chains and darkness still.
Proclaim him King, pronounce him blest, He's your defence, your joy, your rest; When terrors rise and nations faint, God is the strength of ev'ry saint

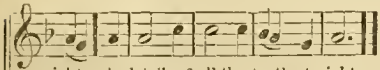


1 Sweet is the work, my God, my King, To praise thy name, give thanks and sing; To show thy love by morning light, And talk of all thy truth at
2 Sweet is the day of sacred rest; No mortal care shall fill my breast; O, may my heart in tune be found, Like David's harp of solemn

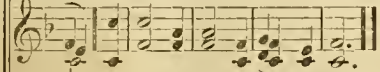


3 My heart shall triumph in the Lord, And bless his works, and bless his word: His works of grace, how bright they shine! How deep his counsels, how di-
4 And I shall share a glorious part, When grace hath well refined my heart, And fresh supplies of joy are shed, Like holy oil, to cheer my

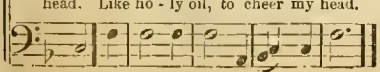




night. And talk of all thy truth at night.
sound. Like David's harp of solemn sound!



vine. How deep his counsels, how divine!
head. Like ho - ly oil, to cheer my head.



5 Then shall I see, and hear, and know,
All I desired or wished below,
And every power find sweet employ
In that eternal world of joy!

51 (HEBRON.)

1 BLEST hour, when mortal man retires
To hold communion with his God;
To send to heaven his warm desires,
And listen to the sacred word.

2 Blest hour, when God himself draws nigh,
Well pleased his people's voice to hear,
To hush the penitential sigh,
And wipe away the mourner's tear.

3 Blest hour; for, where the Lord resorts,
Foretastes of future bliss are given,
And mortals find his earthly courts
The house of God, the gate of heaven.

52 (HAMBURG.)

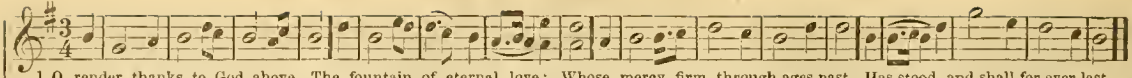
1 JEHOVAH reigns! he dwells in light,
Girded with majesty and might;
The world, created by his hands,
Still on its first foundation stands.

2 But ere this spacious world was made,
Or had its first foundation laid,
Thy throne eternal ages stood,
Thyself the ever-living God.

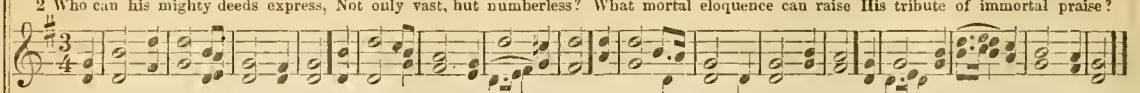
3 Like floods the angry nations rise,
And aim their rage against the skies.
In vain their rage they aim so high!
At thy rebuke the billows die.

4 Forever shall thy throne endure:
Thy promise stands forever sure;
And everlasting holiness
Becomes the dwellings of thy grace.

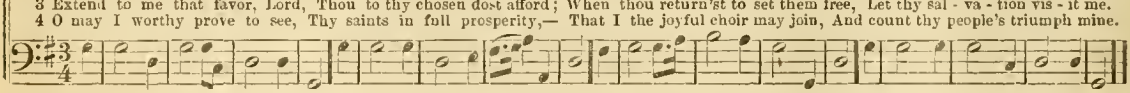
53 PILESGROVE. L. M.



1 O render thanks to God above, The fountain of eternal love; Whose mercy firm, through ages past, Has stood, and shall for ever last
2 Who can his mighty deeds express, Not only vast, but numberless? What mortal eloquence can raise His tribute of immortal praise?

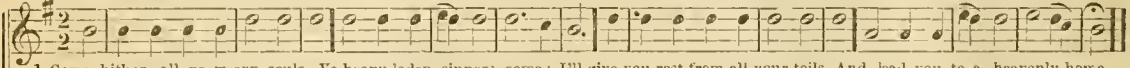


3 Extend to me that favor, Lord, Thou to thy chosen dost afford; When thou return'st to set them free, Let thy sal - va - tion vis - it me.
4 O may I worthy prove to see, Thy saints in full prosperity,— That I the joyful choir may join, And count thy people's triumph mine.

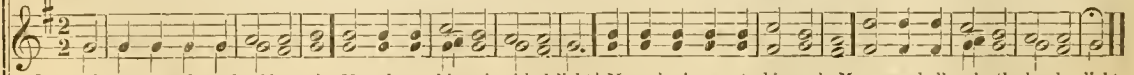


Chanting Style.

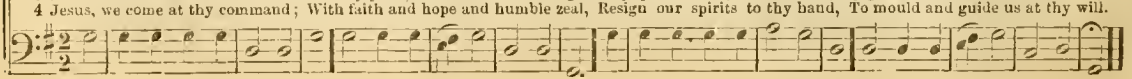
54 STERLING. L. M.

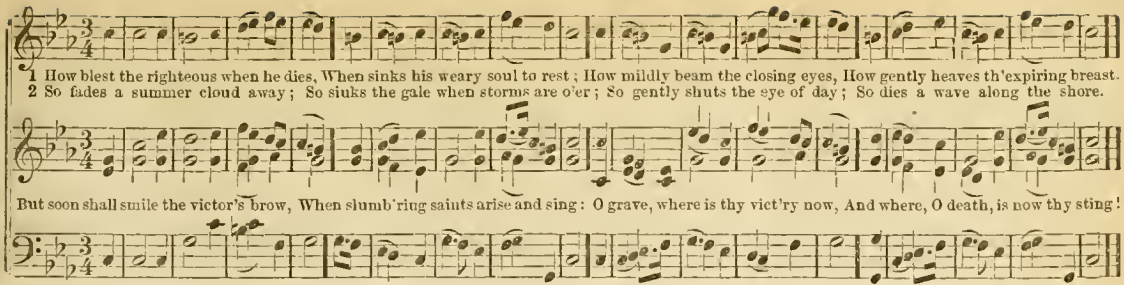


1 Come hither, all ye weary souls, Ye heavy laden sinners, come; I'll give you rest from all your toils, And lead you to a heavenly home.
2 They shall find rest that learn of me; I'm of a meek and lowly mind; But passion rages like the sea, And pride is restless as the wind



3 Blest is the man whose shoulders take My yoke, and bear it with delight! My yoke is easy to his neck, My grace shall make the burden light.
4 Jesus, we come at thy command; With faith and hope and humble zeal, Resign our spirits to thy hand, To mould and guide us at thy will.





56 (PILESGROVE.)

1 EMPTIED of earth I fain would be,
Of sin, of self, of all but thee;
Reserved for Christ that bled and died,
Surrendered to the Crucified.

2 Sequestered from the noise and strife,
The lust, the pomp, the pride of life;
Prepared for heaven, my noblest care,
And have my conversation there.

3 Nothing save Jesus would I know;
My friend and my companion thou;
Constrain my soul thy sway to own;
Self-will, self-righteousness dethrone.

4 Detach from sublunary joys
One that would only hear thy voice,
Thy beauty see, thy grace admire,
Nor glow but with celestial fire.

57 (STERLING.)

1 THE Lord is Judge: before his throne
All nations shall his justice own:
O, may my soul be found sincere,
And stand, approved, with courage there!

2 The Lord, in righteousness arrayed,
Surveys the world his hands have made;
Pierces the heart, and tries the reins,
And judgment from on high ordains.

3 My God, my Shield! around me place
The shelter of the Saviour's grace:
Then, when thine arm the just shall save,
My life shall triumph o'er the grave

58 (DARWENT.)

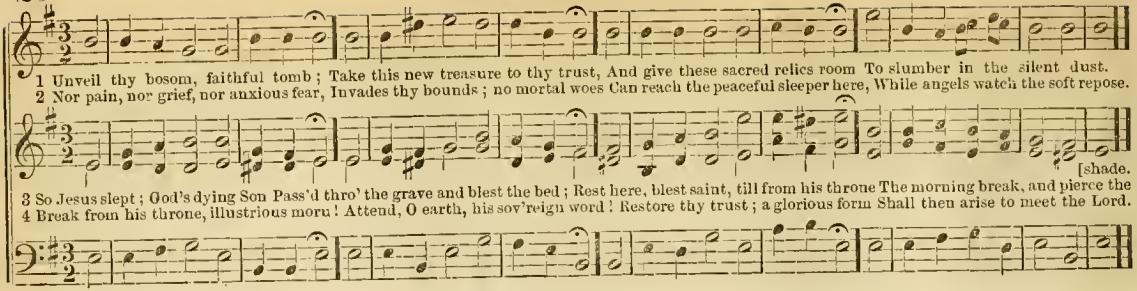
1 WHO, from the shades of gloomy night,
When the last tear of hope is shed,
Can bid the soul return to light,
And break the slumber of the dead!

2 Tho' in the dust I lay my head:
Yet, gracious God, thou wilt not leave
My soul forever with the dead,
Nor lose thy children in the grave.

3 My flesh shall slumber in the ground,
Till the last trumpet's joyful sound;
Then burst the chains with sweet surprise,
And in my Saviour's image rise.

4 O glorious hour! O blest abode.
I shall be near, and like my God!
And flesh and sin no more control
The sacred pleasures of the soul.

59 WINDHAM. L. M.



60

1 THE morning flowers display their sweets,
And gay their silken leaves unfold,
As careless of the noontide heats,
As fearless of the evening cold.

2 Nipt by the winds' untimely blast,
Parched by the sun's directer ray,
The momentary glories waste,
The short-lived beauties die away.

3 So blooms the human face divine,
When youth its pride of beauty shows,
Fairer than spring the colors shine,
And sweeter than the virgin rose.

4 But worn by slowly rolling years
Or broke by sickness in a day
The fading glory disappears,
The short-lived beauties die away.

5 Yet these, new rising from the tomb,
With lustre brighter far shall shine;
Revive the ever-during bloom,
Safe from diseases and decline.

61

1 I'M not ashamed to own my Lord,
Who lives by angels now adored;
That Jesus who once died for me,
Who bore my sins in agony.

2 I 'm not ashamed to own his laws,
Nor to defend his noble cause;
The way he's gone is lined with blood;
O may I tread the steps he trod!

3 I 'm not ashamed his name to bear,
With those who his disciples were;
Christian, sweet name! its worth I view,
O may I wear the nature too!

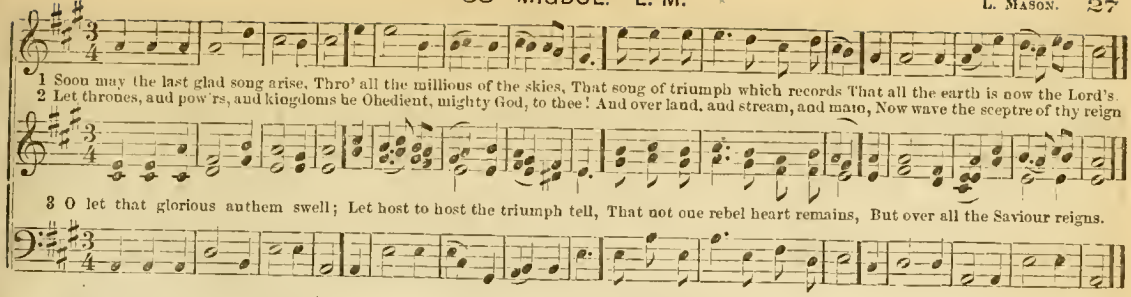
4 I 'm not ashamed to bear my cross.
For which I count all things but dross;
Whate' er I 'm bid to do or say,
When Christ commands, I will obey.

5 This world's vain honors will I shun,
The narrow way to life I 'll run;
That this at last my boast may be,
My Saviour's not ashamed of me.

62

1 BROAD is the road that leads to death,
And thousands walk together there;
But wisdom shows a narrow path,
With here and there a traveller.

2 "Deny thyself and take thy cross,"
Is thy Redeemer's great command;
Nature must count her gold but dross,
If she would gain the heavenly land



64

1 THE Saviour comes, his advent's nigh,
He soon will rend the azure sky;
Descending swift to earth again,
When God shall dwell indeed with men.

2 O happy day, when wars shall cease,
And ransomed earth be filled with peace;
When sin and death no more shall reign,
And Eden bloom on earth again!

3 Saints, lift your heads; that day is near,
When your Redeemer shall appear,
To take the kingdom and the crown,
And make his ransomed bride his own.

4 Shall not his people sing for joy?
Shall not the church their songs employ?
Sing, ye who will; sing while ye may,
And shout for joy th' approaching day.

65

1 GO forth, ye heralds, in my name;
Sweetly the Gospel trumpet sound;
The glorious jubilee proclaim
Where'er the human race is found.

2 The joyful news to all impart,
And teach them where salvation lies;
With care bind up the broken heart,
And wipe the tears from weeping eyes.

3 Be wise as serpents, where you go,
But harmless as the peaceful dove;
And let your heaven-taught conduct show
That ye're commissioned from above.

4 Freely from me ye have received,
Freely, in love, to others give;
Thus shall your doctrines be believed,
And, by your labors, sinners live.

66

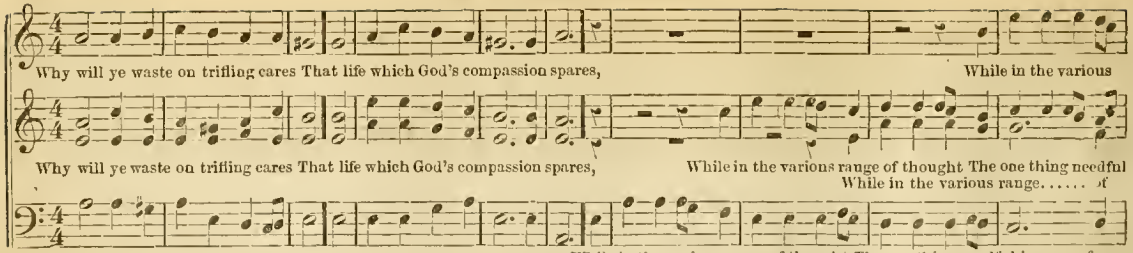
1 AWAKE, my soul, lift up thine eyes;
See where thy foes against thee rise,
In long array, a numerous host;
Awake, my soul, or thou art lost.

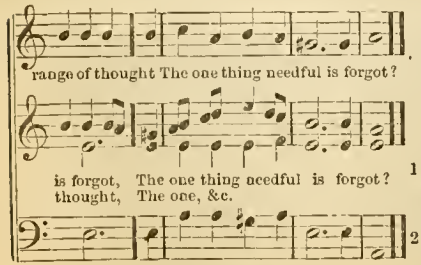
2 Thou tread'st upon enchanted ground;
Perils and snares beset thee round;
Beware of all, guard every part,
But most the traitor in thy heart.

3 Come then, my soul, now learn to wield
The weight of thine immortal shield;
Put on the armor, from above,
Of heavenly truth and heavenly love.

4 The terror and the charm repel,
And powers of earth, and powers of hell;
The man of Calv'ry triumphed here:
Why should his faithful followers fear?

67 RUSSIA. L. M.





2 Shall God invite you from above?
Shall Jesus urge his dying love?
Shall troubled conscience give you pain?
And all these pleas unite in vain?

3 Almighty God! thy grace impart;
And fix conviction on each heart;
Then we no more on trifling cares
Shall waste that life thy mercy spares

68

1 LORD, thou hast search'd and seen me thro';
Thine eye commands, with piercing view,
My rising and my resting hours,
My heart and flesh, with all their powers.

2 My thoughts before they are my own,
Are to my God distinctly known;
He knows the words I mean to speak
Ere from my opening lips they break.

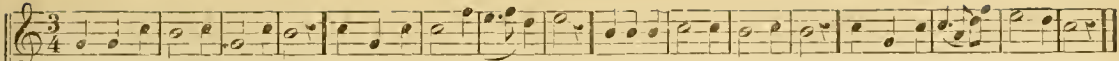
3 Within thy circling power I stand;
On every side I find thy hand;
Awake, asleep, at home, abroad,
I am surrounded still with God.

4 O may these thoughts possess my breast,
Where'er I rove, where'er I rest!
Nor let my weaker passions dare
Consent to sin, for God is there.

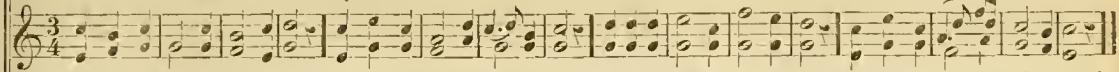
69

1 WHAT sinners value I resign;
Lord, 't is enough that thou art mine;
I shall behold thy blissful face,
And stand complete in righteousness.

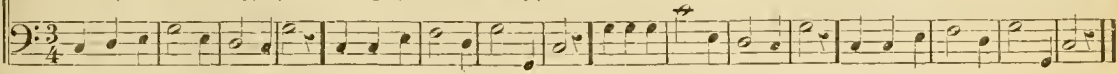
2 This life 's a dream, an empty show;
But that bright world to which I go
Hath joys substantial and sincere:
When shall I wake and find me there?



1 He reigns, the Lord, the Saviour reigns, Praise him in evangelic strains; Let the whole earth in songs rejoice, And distant islands join their voice.
2 Deep are his counsels and unknown, But grace and truth support his throne, Tho' gloomy clouds his way surround, Justice is their eternal ground.



3 In robes of judgment, lo, he comes! Shakes the wide earth and cleaves the tombs; Before him burns devouring fire, The mountains melt, the seas retire
4 His enemies, with sore dismay, Fly from the sight, and shun the day; Then lift your heads, ye saints, on high, And sing, for your redemption's nigh.



71

1 ETERNAL Power, whose high abode
Becomes the grandeur of a God;
Infinite lengths, beyond the bounds
Where stars revolve their little rounds.

2 Thee while the first archangel sings,
He hides his face behind his wings;
And ranks of shining thrones around
Fall worshipping, and spread the ground.

3 Lord, what shall earth and ashes do?
We would adore our Maker too;
From sin and dust to thee we cry,
The Great, the Holy, and the High!

4 Earth from afar hath heard thy fame,
And worms have learn'd to lisp thy name;
But O! the glories of thy mind
Leave all our soaring thoughts behind!

5 God is in heaven, and man below:
Be short our tunes; our words but few!
A solemn reverence checks our songs,
And praise sits silent on our tongues.

72

1 'TIS by the faith of joys to come,
We walk through deserts dark as night;
Till we shall gain our endless home,
Faith is our guide, and faith our light.

2 The want of sight she well supplies,
She makes the pearly gates appear;
Far into things unseen she pries,
And brings eternal glories near.

3 Cheerful we tread the desert through,
While faith inspires a heavenly ray,
Though lions roar, and tempests blow,
And rocks and dangers fill the way.

73 (RUSSIA.)

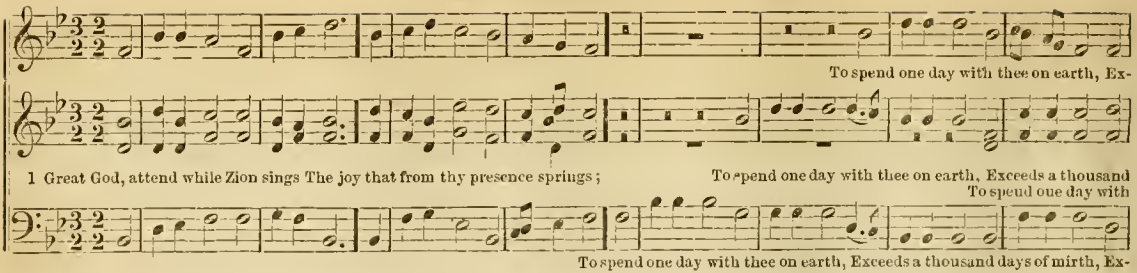
1 THUS far my God hath led me on,
And made his truth and mercy known;
My hopes and fears alternate rise,
And comforts mingle with my sighs.

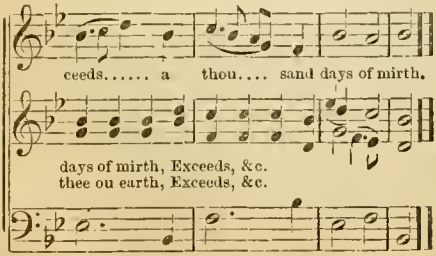
2 Temptations everywhere annoy,
And sins and snares my peace destroy;
My earthly joys are from me torn,
And oft an absent God I mourn.

3 Is this, dear Lord, that thorny road
Which leads us to the mount of God?
Are these the toils thy people know,
While in the wilderness below?

4 'Tis even so; thy faithful love
Doth all thy children's graces prove;
'Tis thus our pride and self must fall,
That Jesus may be all in all.

74 BRIDGEWATER. L. M.





2 Might I enjoy the meanest place
Within thy house, O God of grace,
Not tents of ease, nor thrones of power,
Should tempt my feet to leave thy door.

3 God is our sun—he makes our day;
God is our shield—he guards our way
From all th' assaults of hell and sin;
From foes without and foes within.

4 All needful grace will God bestow,
And crown that grace with glory, too;
He gives us all things, and withholds
No real good from upright souls.

75

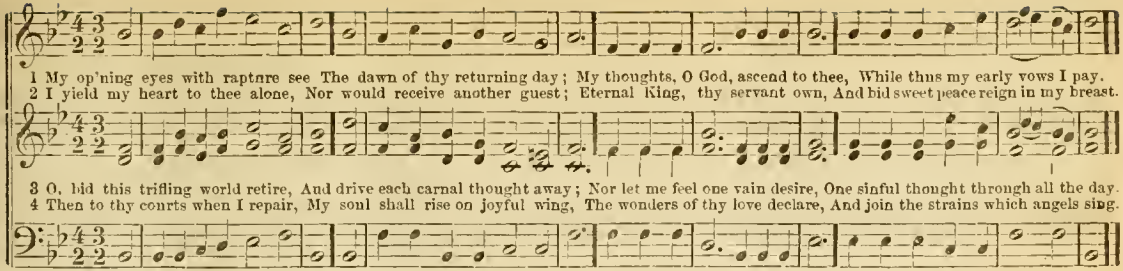
1 IN God let all his saints rejoice,
With thankful hearts and cheerful voice:
Thus saith his word, so kind, so true:
I, even I, will comfort you.

2 Sweet words! O, let us bless his name,
And joyful all his praise proclaim!
These words shall foes and fears subdue
I, even I, will comfort you.

3 Do sore afflictions on you lay,
And pungent sorrows day by day?
'Look to this word, 'twill bear you thro':
I, even I, will comfort you.

4 If death in gloomy form appear,
And overwhelm your souls with fear,
Let this sweet word your faith renew:
I, even I, will comfort you.

5 And when each happy soul attains
That blissful state where glory reigns,
This song shall all his powers employ:
God is my comfort and my joy



77 (BRIDGEWATER.)

1 NATURE, with all her powers, shall sing
Her great Creator and her King;
Nor air, nor earth, nor skies, nor seas,
Deny the tribute of their praise.

2 Ye seraphs, who sit near his throne,
Begin to make his glories known;
Tune high your harps, and spread the sound
Throughout creation's utmost bound.

3 O, may our ardent zeal employ
Our loftiest thoughts and loudest songs!
Let there be sung, with warmest joy,
Hosanna from ten thousand tongues.

4 Yet, mighty God, our feeble frame
Attempts in vain to reach thy name;
The highest notes that angels raise
Fall far below thy glorious praise.

78

1 SO let our lips and lives express
The holy gospel we profess;
So let our works and virtues shine
To prove the doctrine all divine.

2 Thus shall we best proclaim abroad
The honors of our Saviour God,
When the salvation reigns within,
And grace subdues the power of sin.

3 Our flesh and sense must be denied,
Passion, and envy, lust and pride;
While justice, temperance, truth, and love,
Our inward piety approve.

4 Religion hears our spirits up,
While we expect that blessed hope,
The bright appearance of the Lord;
And faith stands leaning on his word.

79

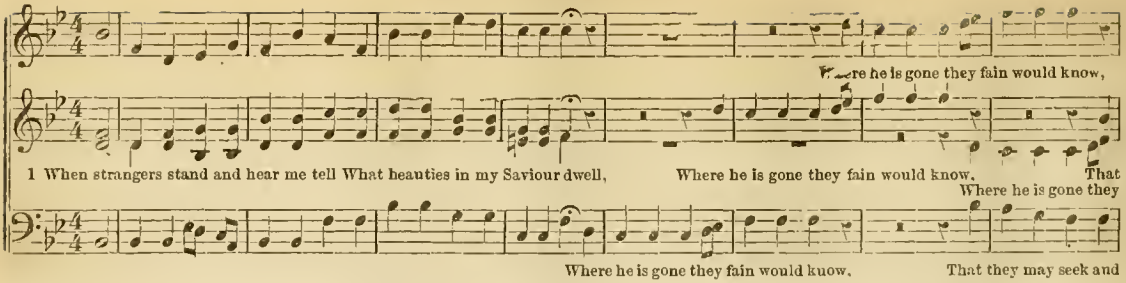
1 BLEST are the merciful, who prove
By acts, their sympathy and love;
From Christ, the Lord, shall they obtain
Like sympathy and love again.

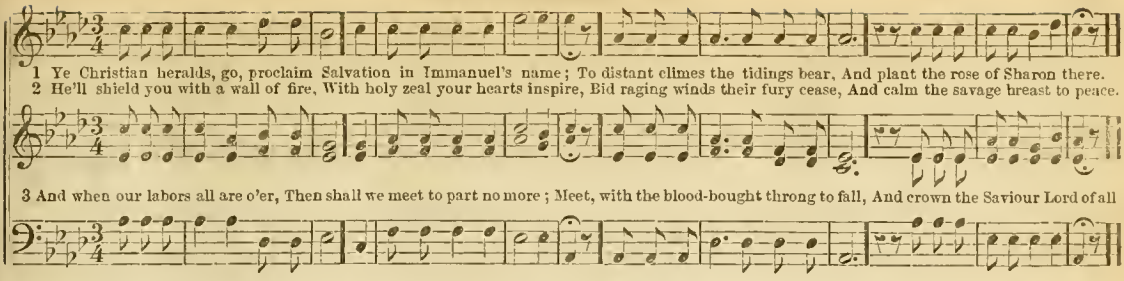
2 Blest are the pure, whose hearts are clean
From the defiling power of sin;
With endless pleasure they shall see
A God of spotless purity.

3 Blest are the men of peaceful life,
Who quench the coals of growing strife;
They shall be called the heirs of bliss,
The sons of God, the God of peace.

4 Blest are the sufferers, who partake
Of pain and shame for Jesus' sake!
Their souls shall triumph in the Lord,
Glory and joy are their reward.

80 BUCKFIELD. L. M.





(BUCKFIELD.)

2 O may my spirit daily rise
On wings of faith, above the skies,
Till I shall make my last remove,
To dwell forever with my love!

3 In paradise, within the gates,
A higher entertainment waits;
Fruits new and old laid up in store;
There we shall feed, but want no more.

4 Religion bears our spirits up,
While we expect that blessed hope,
The bright appearance of the Lord,
And faith stands leaning on his word

5 Come, my beloved, haste away,
Cut short the hours of thy delay;
Fly, like a youthful hart or roe,
Over the hills where spices grow.

82 (BUCKFIELD.)

1 HOW sweetly flowed the gospel's sound
From lips of gentleness and grace.
When listening thousands gathered round,
And joy and reverence filled the place!

2 From heaven he came, of heaven he spoke,
To heaven he led his followers' way;
Dark clouds of gloomy night he broke,
Unvailing an immortal day.

3 "Come, wanderers, to my Father's home;
Come, all ye weary ones, and rest:"
Yes, sacred Teacher, we will come,
Obey thee, love thee, and be blest.

4 Decay, then, tenements of dust;
Pillars of earthly pride, decay:
A nobler mansion waits the just,
And Jesus has prepared the way

83 (MISS'Y CHANT

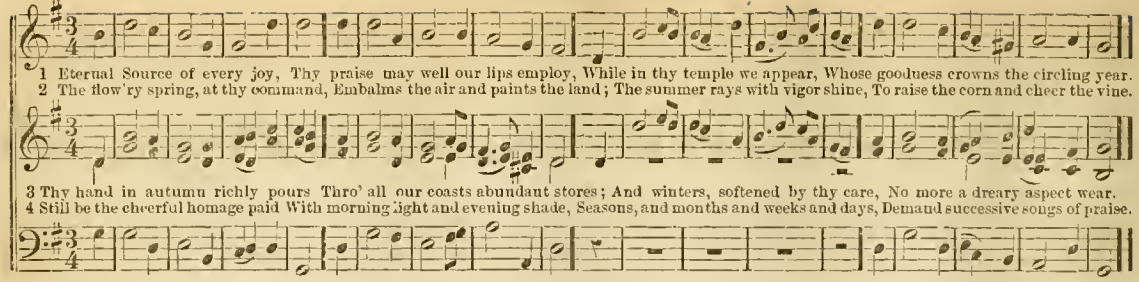
1 THE Christian warrior, see him stand,
In the whole armor of his God;
The Spirit's sword is in his hand;
His feet are with the gospel shod.

2 In panoply of truth complete,
Salvation's helmet on his head,
With righteousness, a breastplate meet,
And faith's broad shield before him spread

3 With this omnipotence he moves,
From this the alien armies flee;
Till more than conqueror he proves,
Through Christ, who gives him victory.

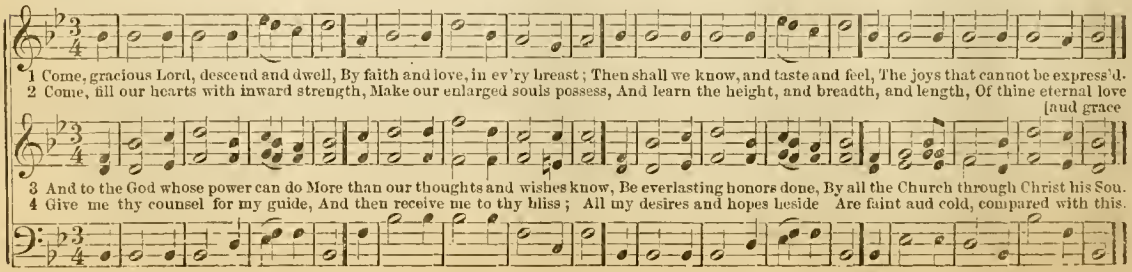
4 Thus strong in his Redeemer's strength,
Sin, death and hell he tramples down;
Fights the good fight, and wins at length,
Through mercy, an immortal crown

84 SEASONS. L. M.

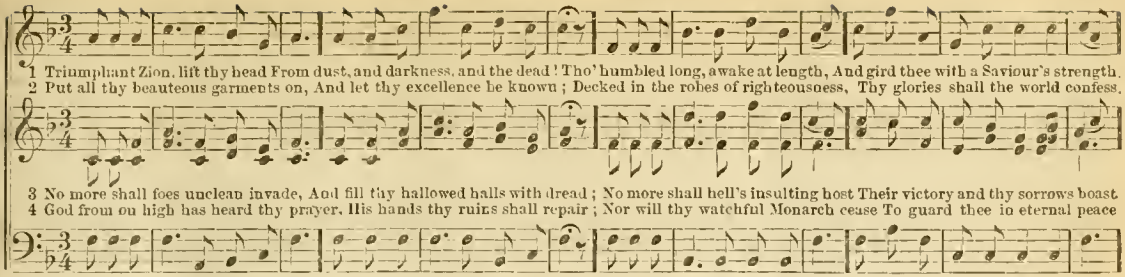


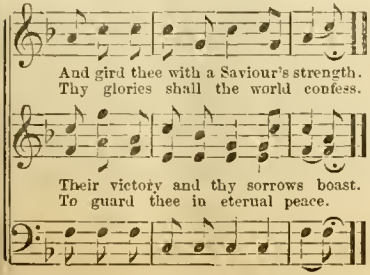
1 Eternal Source of every joy, Thy praise may well our lips employ, While in thy temple we appear, Whose goodness crowns the circling year.
2 The flow'ry spring, at thy command, Embalms the air and paints the land; The summer rays with vigor shine, To raise the corn and cheer the vine.
3 Thy hand in autumn richly pours Thro' all our coasts abundant stores; And winters, softened by thy care, No more a dreary aspect wear.
4 Still be the cheerful homage paid With morning light and evening shade, Seasons, and months and weeks and days, Demand successive songs of praise.

85 DESIRE. L. M.



1 Come, gracious Lord, descend and dwell, By faith and love, in ev'ry breast; Then shall we know, and taste and feel, The joys that cannot be express'd.
2 Come, fill our hearts with inward strength, Make our enlarged souls possess, And learn the height, and breadth, and length, Of thine eternal love and grace
3 And to the God whose power can do More than our thoughts and wishes know, Be everlasting honors done, By all the Church through Christ his Son.
4 Give me thy counsel for my guide, And then receive me to thy bliss; All my desires and hopes beside Are faint and cold, compared with this.





87

1 BLEST are the humble souls that see
Their emptiness and poverty;
Treasures of grace to them are given,
And crowns of joy laid up in heaven.

2 Blest are the men of broken heart,
Who mourn for sin with inward smart;
The blood of Christ divinely flows
A healing balm for all their woes.

3 Blest are the meek, who stand afar
From rage and passion, noise and war;
God will secure their happy state,
And plead their cause against the great.

4 Blest are the souls, that thirst for grace,
Hunger and long for righteousness;
They shall be well supplied, and fed
With living streams, and living bread.

88

1 COMMAND thy blessing from above,
O God, on all assembled here!
Behold us with a Father's love,
While we look up with filial fear.

2 Command thy blessing, Jesus, Lord;
May we thy true disciples be;
Speak to each heart the mighty word,
Say to the weakest, "Follow me."

3 O thou, our Maker, Saviour, Guide,
Our gracious God, by us confess'd;
May naught in life or death divide
The saints in thy communion bless'd.

4 With thee, and these, forever bound,
May all who here in prayer unite,
With harps and songs thy throne surround,
Rest in thy love, and reign in light

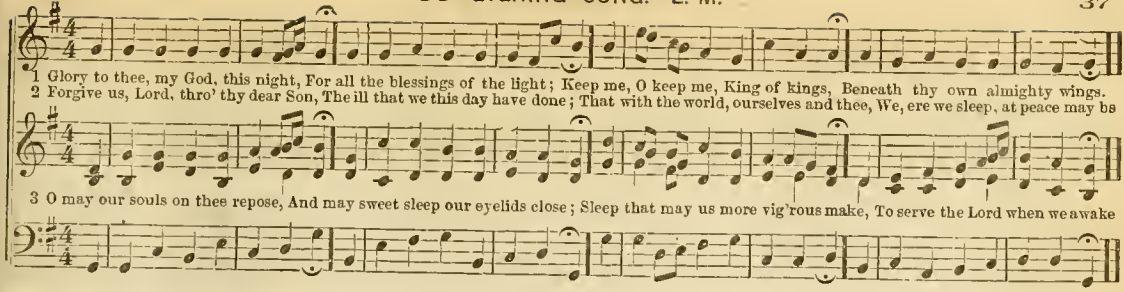
1 The Lord.... will come; the earth.. shall quake, The hills their fix - ed seat for - sake; And, with'ring, from the And,

And, with'ring, from the vault of night, The

Aud, with'ring, from the vault of night, The stars withdraw their feeble light. The stars with - draw their fee - ble light.

vault of night The stars withdraw their feeble light. And, with'ring, from the vault of night, The stars withdraw their fee - ble light.
with'ring from the vault of night The stars withdraw their fee - ble light,..... The stars, &c.

stars withdraw their feeble light. And, with'ring, from the vault..... of night, The stars. &c.



(EXHORTATION.)

2 The Lord will come, but not the same
As once in lowly form he came;
A silent Lamb to slaughter led,
The bruised, the suffering, and the dead.

3 The Lord will come, a dreadful form,
With wreath of flame, and robe of storm,
On cherub wings, and wings of wind,
Anointed Judge of human kind.

4 Can this be he who, wont to stray
A pilgrim on the world's highway,
By power oppressed, and mocked by pride?
O God, is this the Crucified?

5 While sinners in despair shall call,
"Rocks, hide us! mountains, on us fall!"
The saints, ascending from the tomb,
Shall joyful sing, "The Lord is come!"

91 (EVENING SONG.)

1 WHILE in the world we still remain,
We only meet to part again;
But, when we reach that heavenly shore,
We then shall meet to part no more.

2 The hope that we shall see that day
Should chase our present griefs away;
A few short years of conflict past,
We meet around the throne at last.

3 Then let us here improve the hours,
Improve them to a Saviour's praise;
To him with zeal devote our powers,
And run with joy in wisdom's ways.

4 Let all our meetings now be made
Subservient to each other's good;
For worldly joys must quickly fade,
Nor can they yield substantial food.

5 Whene'er required to part from those
With whom the truth unites us here,
We'll call to mind the joyful close,
When Christ, the Saviour, will appear.

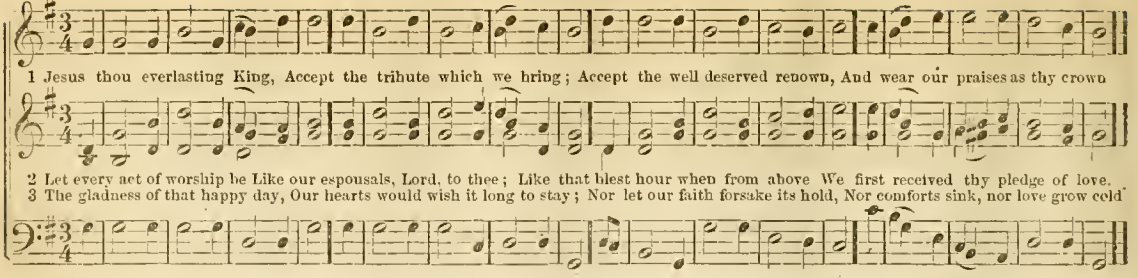
92 (EXHORTATION.)

1 HOW long, O Lord, shall I complain,
Like one that seeks his God in vain?
How long my soul thine absence mourn,
And still despair of thy return?

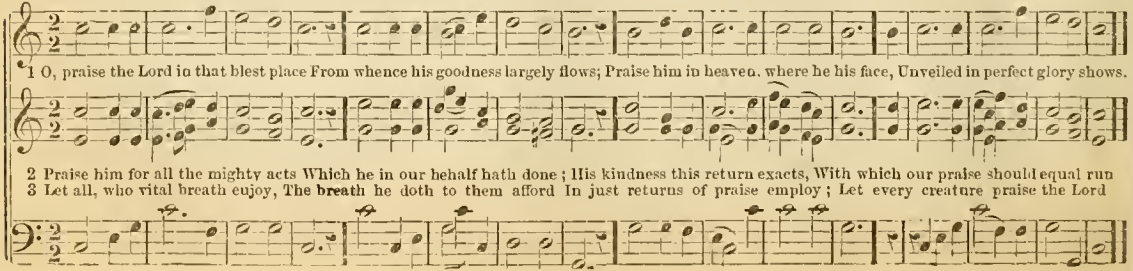
2 How long shall my poor troubled breast
Be with these anxious thoughts oppressed?
If thou withhold thy heavenly light,
I sleep in everlasting night.

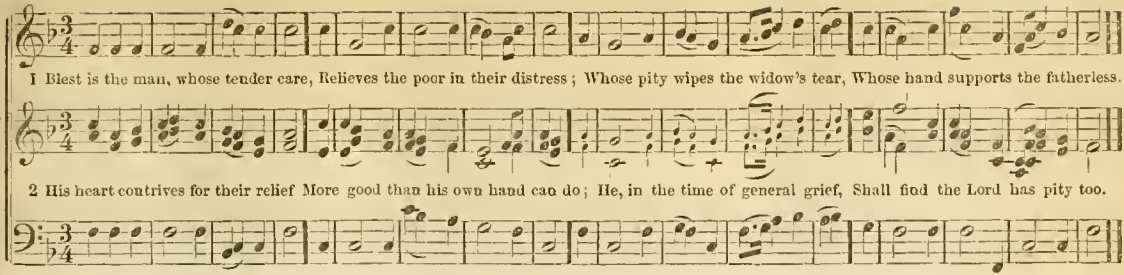
3 Hear, Lord, and grant me quick relief,
Thy mercy now shall end my grief;
For I have trusted in thy grace,
And shall again behold thy face

93 SOULE. L. M.



94 JOHN STREET. L. M.





96

1 I KNOW that my Redeemer lives,
He lives, and on the earth shall stand;
And though to worms my flesh he gives,
My dust lies numbered in his hand.

2 In this reanimated clay
I surely shall behold him near;
Shall see him in the latter day
In all his majesty appear.

3 I feel what then shall raise me up;
Th' eternal Spirit dwells in me,
This is my confidence and hope.
That God I face to face shall see.

4 Mine own, and not another's eyes.
The King shall in his beauty view;
I shall from him receive the prize,
The starry crown to victors due

97

1 BLEST Saviour, we thy will obey;
Not of constraint, but with delight,
Thy servants hither come to-day,
To honor thine appointed rite.

2 Descend, descend, celestial Dove,
On these dear followers of the Lord;
Exalted Head of all the church,
Thy promised aid to them afford.

3 Let faith, assisted now by signs,
The wonders of thy love explore;
And, washed in thy redeeming blood,
Let them depart, and sin no more

98

1 HAPPY the man, whose cautious feet
Shun the broad way that sinners go,
Who hates the place where atheists meet,
And fears to talk as scoffers do

2 He loves t' employ his morning light
Among the statutes of the Lord,
And spends the wakeful hours of night
With pleasure pond'ring o'er his word.

3 He, like a plant by gentle streams,
Shall flourish in immortal green;
And heaven will shine, with kindest beams,
On every work his hands begin

4 But sinners find their counsels crossed,
As chaff before the tempest flies,
So shall their hopes be blown and lost.
When the last trumpet shakes the skies

99 COMPLAINT. L. M.

1 Spare us, O Lord, a - loud we cry,.... Nor let our sun go down at noon; Thy

Thy years are one e-

Thy years are one e - ter - nal day, And

years are one e - ter - nal day; And must thy children die so soon? Thy years, &c.

ter - nal day; And must thy children die..... so soon? Thy years, &c.
Thy years..... are one e - ter - nal day,.... Thy years, &c.

must..... thy chil - dren die..... so soon? Thy years, &c

2 Yet, in the midst of death and grief,
This thought our sorrow shall assuage
Our Father and our Saviour lives,
Christ is the same through every age.

3 'T was he this earth's foundation laid;
Heaven is the building of his hand;
This earth grows old, these heavens shall fade,
And all be changed at his command.

4 The starry curtains of the sky,
Like garments, shall be laid aside,
But still thy throne stands firm and high,
Thy church forever must abide.

5 Before thy face thy saints shall live,
And on thy throne thy children reign;
The fading world they shall survive,
And the dead saints be raised again.

100

1 GOD of my life, to thee I call;
Afflicted, at thy feet I fall:
When the great water-floods prevail,
Leave not my trembling heart to fail.

2 Friend of the friendless and the faint,
Where should I lodge my deep complaint?
Where, but with thee, whose open door
Invites the helpless and the poor?

3 Did ever mourner plead with thee,
And thou refuse that mourner's plea?
Does not the word still fixed, remain,
That none shall seek thy face in vain?

4 Poor though I am, despised, forgot,
Yet God, my God, forgets me not;
And he is safe, and must succeed,
For whom the Lord vouchsafes to plead.

101

1 JESUS, thy blood and righteousness
My beauty are, my glorious dress;
'Midst flaming worlds, in these arrayed,
With joy shall I lift up my head.

2 Bold shall I stand in that great day,
For who aught to my charge shall lay?
Fully, through thee, absolved I am
From sin's tremendous curse and shame.

3 This spotless robe the same appears
When ruined nature sinks in years;
No age can change its glorious hue;
The robe of Christ is ever new.

4 O, let the dead now hear thy voice!
Now bid thy banished ones rejoice!
Their beauty this, their glorious dress,
"Jesus, the Lord our Righteousness."

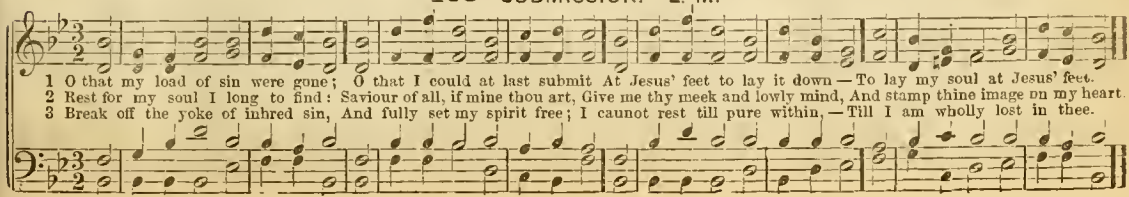
102

1 SHALL man, O God of light and life,
Forever moulder in the grave?
Canst thou forget thy glorious work,
Thy promise, and thy power to save?

2 In those dark, silent realms of night
Shall peace and hope no more arise?
No future morning light the tomb,
Nor day-star gild the darksome skies?

3 Cease, cease, ye vain despouding fears;
When Christ our Lord from darkness sprang,
Death, the last foe, was captive led,
And heaven with praise and wonder rang.

103 SUBMISSION. L. M.



104 CROSS OF THE LORD. L. M.

1 { O shameful cross! on thee was hung The bleeding One who died for me;
There, mock'd by ev'ry railing tongue, I see my Saviour's ag - o - ny.
D. C. Thou dost to all the world proclaim The love that did our sorrows bear.

D. C.

2 O cross of in - famy and shame! Thou didst a Saviour's grace declare:

D. C.

3 { Cross of the Lord! no radiant gem, No glist'ning pearl of lus - tre rare,
No monarch's blazing di - a - dem With thy pale splendor can compare.
D. C. My heart shall ev - er glo - ry most In that rough tree where Jesus died.

4 Cross of the Lord! while others boast Of titles, names, and marks of pride,

105 EXTOLLATION. L. M.

Arranged from an old melody.

1 The Lord is King! lift up thy voice, O earth, and all ye heav'ns, rejoice! From world to world the joy shall ring: The world to world thy joy shall ring:

3 Come, make your wants, your burdens known; The contrite soul He'll ne'er disown; And an - - gel bands are waiting there, His an - gel bands are wait - ing there,

SOLO.

Lord..... om - ni - potent is King. 2 The Lord is King! child of the dust, The judge of all the earth is just; Ho - ly and true are

mes - - - - - sa - ges of love to hear. 4 O when His wisdom can mistake, His might decay, His love forsake; Then may his children

all his ways; Let every creature speak His praise. Let every creature speak His praise.

cease to sing, The Lord omnipo - tent is King! The Lord om - nipo - tent is King!

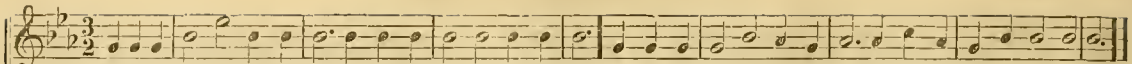
106 (EXTOLLATION.)

1 Til' Almighty reigns, exalted high,
O'er all the earth, o'er all the sky;
Though clouds and darkness vail his feet,
His dwelling is the mercy-seat.

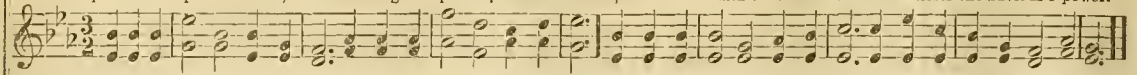
2 O ye that love his holy name,
Hate every work of sin and shame;
He guards the souls of all his friends,
And from the snares of sin defends.

3 Immortal light, and joys unknown,
Are for the saints in darkness sown;
Those glorious seeds shall spring and rise,
And the bright harvest bless our eyes.

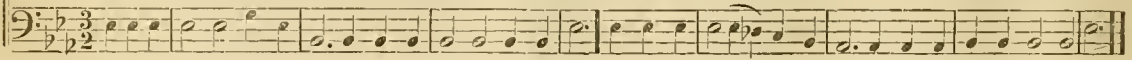
4 Rejoice, ye righteous, and record
The sacred honors of the Lord;
None but the soul that feels His grace,
Can triumph in His holiness.



1 Asleep in Jesus! blessed sleep, From which none ever wakes to weep; A calm and undisturbed repose, Unbroken by the dread of foes.
2 Asleep in Jesus! peaceful rest, Whose waking is supremely blest! No fear, no foe shall dim that hour Which manifests the Saviour's power.



3 Asleep in Jesus! time nor space Affects this precious hiding-place; On India's plains or Lapland's snows Believers find the same repose.
4 Asleep in Jesus! far from thee Thy kindred and their graves may be; But thine is still a blessed sleep, From which none ever wakes to weep.



108

1 SEE mercy, mercy from on high,
Descend to rebels doom'd to die;
'Tis mercy free, which knows no bound,—
How sweet, how blessed is the sound!

2 Brightly it beam'd on men forlorn,
When Christ, the holy child was born;
And brighter still in splendor shone,
When Jesus, dying, cried, "'Tis done!"

3 The work complete when He arose,
Bursting the snares of all His foes,
When captive led captivity,
And took for us His seat on high.

4 Till we around Him then shall throng,
This mercy shall be still our song;
And every scheme shall God confound
Of all who strive its course to bound!

109

1 LIKE shadows gliding o'er the plain,
Or clouds that roll successive on,
Man's busy generations pass,
And while we gaze, their forms are gone.

2 "He lived,—he died;" behold the sum,
The abstract of th' historian's page!
Alike in God's all-seeing eye,
The infant's day, the patriarch's age.

3 O Father! in whose mighty hand
The boundless years and ages lie,
Teach us the boon of life to prize,
And use the moments as they fly;

4 To crowd the narrow span of life
With wise designs and virtuous deeds;
So shall we wake from death's dark night,
To share the glory that succeeds.

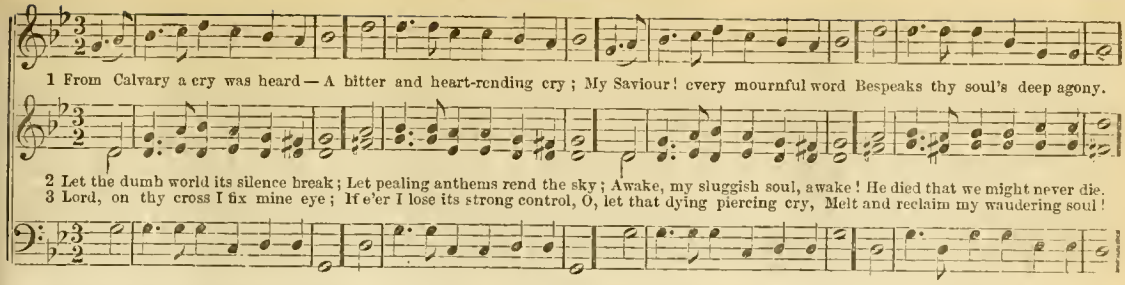
110

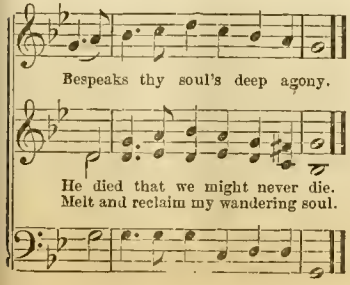
1 AFFLICTED saint, to Christ draw near;
Thy Saviour's gracious promise hear;
His faithful word declares to thee,
That as thy day thy strength shall be.

2 Let not thy heart despond and say,
"How shall I stand the trying day?"
He has engaged by firm decree
That as thy day thy strength shall be.

3 Thy faith is weak, thy foes are strong;
And if the contest should be long,
Thy Lord will make the tempter flee;
For as thy day thy strength shall be.

4 Should persecution rage and flame,
Still trust in thy Redeemer's name;
In fiery trials thou shalt see
That as thy day thy strength shall be





112

1 THOU only sovereign of my heart,
My refuge, my almighty Friend,
And can my soul from thee depart
On whom alone my hopes depend ?

2 Whither, ah, whither shall I go,
A wretched wand'rer from my Lord ?
Can this dark world of sin and woe
One trace of happiness afford ?

3 Eternal life thy words impart ;
On these my fainting spirit lives ;
Here sweeter comforts cheer my heart
Than all the round of nature gives.

4 Let earth's alluring joys combine ;
While thou art near, in vain they call ;
One smile, one blissful smile of thine,
My gracious Lord, outweighs them all.

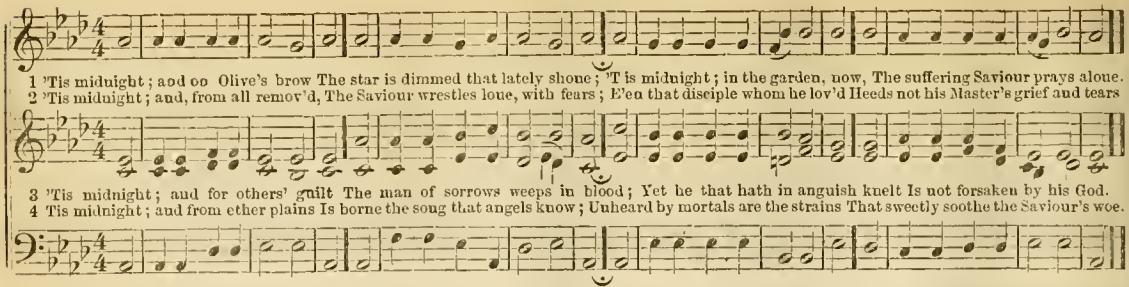
5 Low at thy feet my soul would lie ;
Here safety dwells, and peace divine ;
Still let me live beneath thine eye,
For life, eternal life, is thine.

113

1 ALMIGHTY Maker of my frame,
Teach me the measure of my days ;
Teach me to know how frail I am,
And spend the remnant to thy praise

2 My days are shorter than a span ;
A little point my life appears :
How frail, at best, is dying man !
How vain are all his hopes and fears !

3 O be a nobler portion mine !
My God, I bow before thy throne ;
Earth's fleeting treasure I resign,
And fix my hope on thee alone.



115

1 STRETCHED on the cross, the Saviour dies;
Hark! his expiring groans arise;
See, from his hands, his feet, his side,
Descends the sacred, crimson tide.

2 And didst thou bleed?—for sinners bleed?
And could the sun behold the deed?
No; he withdrew his cheering ray,
And darkness veiled the mourning day.

3 Can I survey this scene of woe,
Where mingling grief and mercy flow,
And yet my heart so hard remain,
Unmoved by either love or pain?

4 Come, dearest Lord, thy grace impart,
To warm this cold, this stupid heart,
Till all its powers and passions move
In melting grief and ardent love.

116

1 WHO shall approach thy holy place,
Dear Lord, and stand before thy face?
The man that minds religion now,
And humbly walks with God below,

2 Whose hands are pure, whose heart is clean;
Whose lips still speak the thing they mean:
No slanders dwell upon his tongue;
He hates to do his neighbor wrong.

3 He loves his enemies, and prays
For these that curse him to his face;
And doth to all men still the same,
That he would hope or wish from them.

4 Yet when his holiest works are done,
His soul depends on grace alone:
This is the man thy face shall see,
And dwell forever, Lord, with thee.

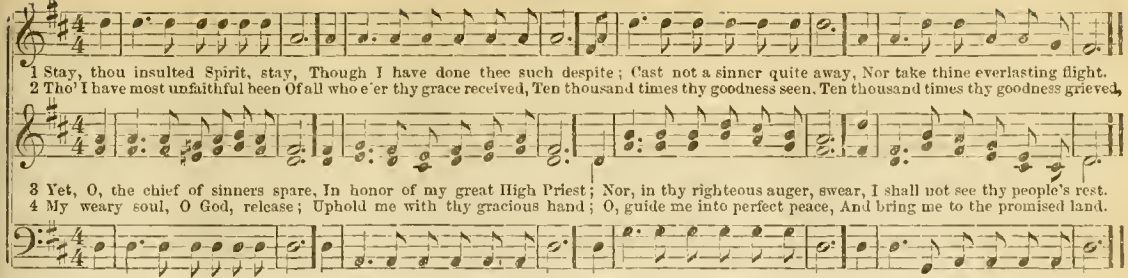
117

1 THERE is a God—all nature speaks,
Thro' earth, and air, and seas, and skies;
See, from the clouds his glory breaks,
When the first beams of morning rise

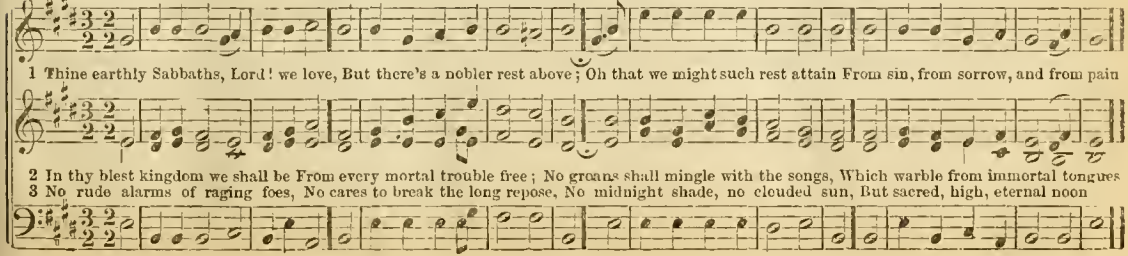
2 The rising sun, serenely bright,
O'er the wide world's extended frame,
Inscribes, in characters of light,
His mighty Maker's glorious name.

3 Ye curious minds, who roam abroad,
And trace creation's wonders o'er,
Confess the footsteps of your God,
And bow before him, and adore.

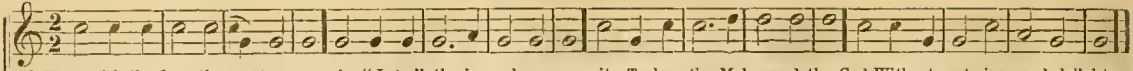
118 MELMORE. L. M.



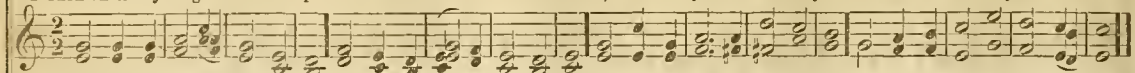
119 BURNETT. L. M.



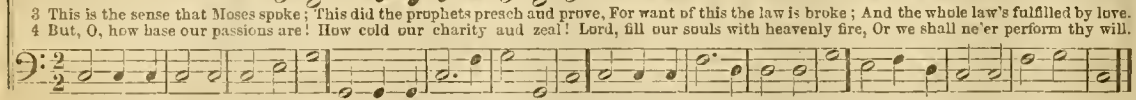
120 ZEPHYR. L. M.



1 Thus saith the first, the great command: "Let all thy inward powers unite To love thy Maker and thy God With utmost vigor and delight.
2 Then shall thy neighbor next in place Share thine affections and esteem; And let thy kindness to thyself Measure and rule thy love to him."

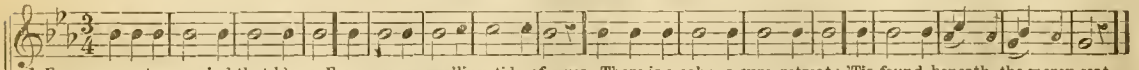


3 This is the sense that Moses spoke; This did the prophets preach and prove, For want of this the law is broke; And the whole law's fulfilled by love.
4 But, O, how base our passions are! How cold our charity and zeal! Lord, fill our souls with heavenly fire, Or we shall ne'er perform thy will.

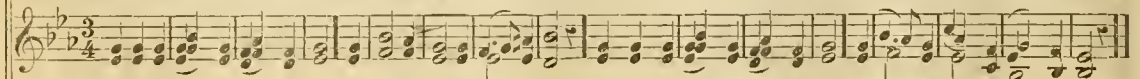


121 THE MERCY-SEAT. L. M.

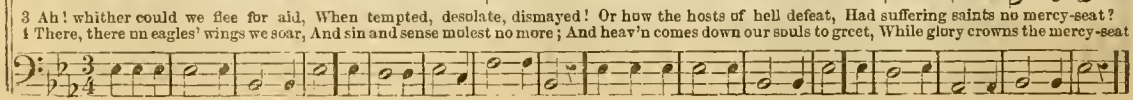
G. F. Root.

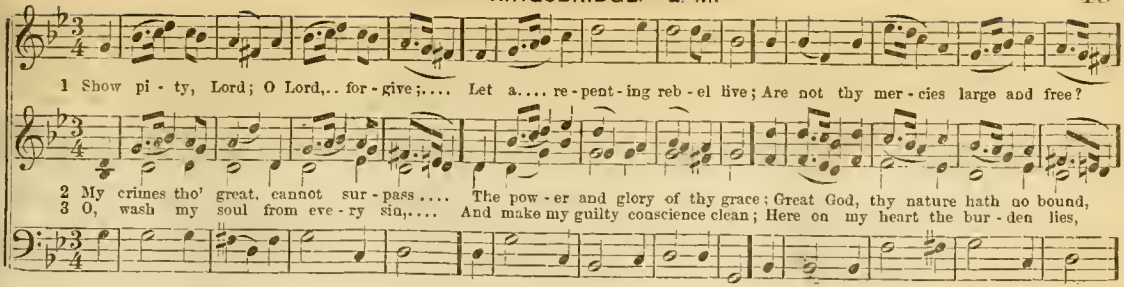


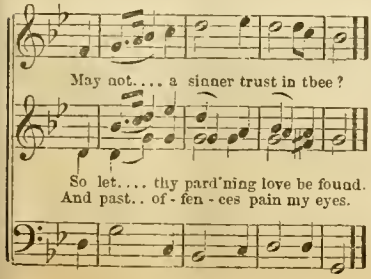
1 From every stormy wind that blows, From every swelling tide of woes, There is a calm, a sure retreat; 'Tis found beneath the mercy-seat.
2 There is a place, where Jesus sheds The oil of gladness on our heads; A place than all besides most sweet, It is the blood-bought mercy-seat.



3 Ah! whither could we flee for aid, When tempted, desolate, dismayed! Or how the hosts of hell defeat, Had suffering saints no mercy-seat?
4 There, there on eagles' wings we soar, And sin and sense molest no more; And heav'n comes down our souls to greet, While glory crowns the mercy-seat







123

1 LORD, in thy great, thy glorious name,
I place my hope, my only trust;
Save me from sorrow, guilt, and shame.
Thou ever gracious, ever just.

2 Thou art my rock—thy name alone
The fortress where my hopes retreat;
O, make thy power and mercy known;
To safety guide my wandering feet.

3 Blessed be the Lord—forever blessed,
Whose mercy bids my fears remove;
The sacred walls, which guard my rest,
Are his almighty power and love.

4 Ye humble souls, who seek his face,
Let sacred courage fill your heart!
Hope in the Lord, and trust his grace,
And he shall heavenly strength impart.

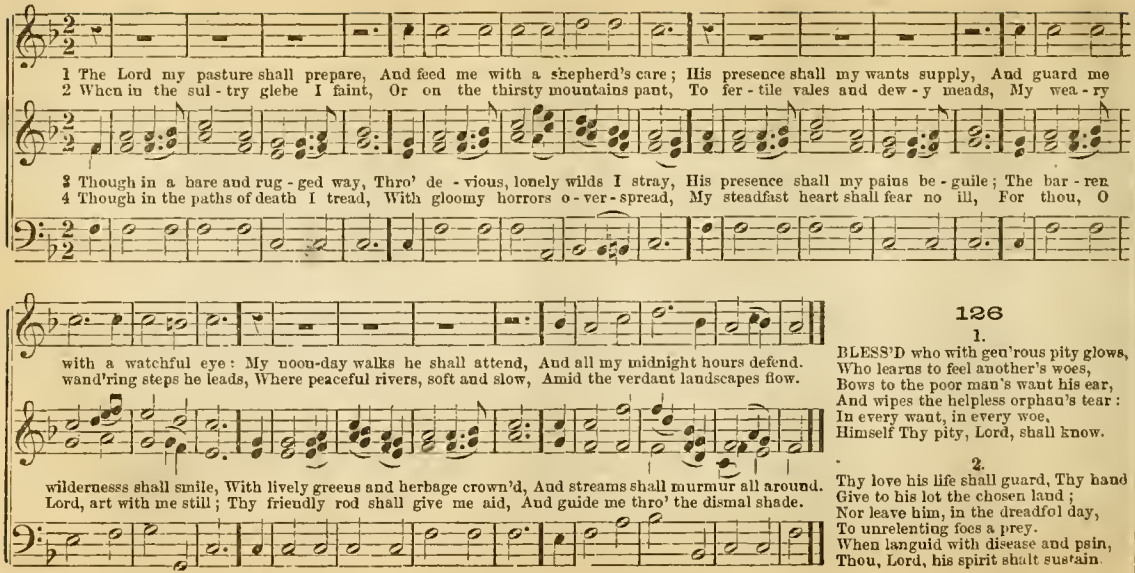
124

1 THE righteous Lord, supremely great,
Maintains his universal state;
O'er all the earth his power extends;
All heaven before his footstool bends.

2 Yet justice still with power presides;
And mercy all his empire guides;
Mercy and truth are his delight,
And saints are lovely in his sight.

3 No more, ye wise! your wisdom boast;
No more, ye strong! your valor trust;
No more, ye rich! survey your store,
Elate with heaps of shining ore!

4 Glory, ye saints, in this alone,
That God, your God, to you is known;
That you have owned his sovereign sway,—
That you have felt his cheering ray



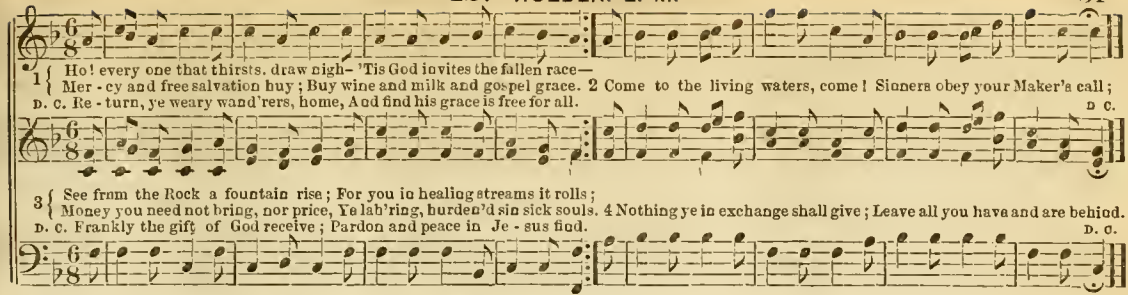
126

1.

BLESS'D who with gen'rous pity glows,
Who learns to feel another's woes,
Bows to the poor man's want his ear,
And wipes the helpless orphan's tear:
In every want, in every woe,
Himself Thy pity, Lord, shall know.

2.

Thy love his life shall guard, Thy hand
Give to his lot the chosen land;
Nor leave him, in the dreadful day,
To unrelenting foes a prey.
When languid with disease and pain,
Thou, Lord, his spirit shalt sustain.



128

1 HE lives—the great Redeemer lives!
What joy the blest assurance gives!
And now, enthroned above the skies,
He pleads his holy sacrifice.

2 Thus has he met our desp'rate case,
And given us lasting joy and peace;
The Lamb, whose life can never end,
At once our sacrifice and friend.

3 Great Advocate, almighty Friend,
On thee do all our hopes depend!
Our cause can never, never fail,
For thou dost plead, and must prevail.

4 In every dark, distressing hour,
When sin and Satan join their power,
Let this blest truth repel each dart,
That Jesus bears us on his heart.

129

1 COME, Holy Spirit, Dove divine!
On these baptismal waters shine.
And teach our hearts, in highest strain,
To praise the Lamb, for sinners slain.

2 We love thy name, we love thy laws,
And joyfully embrace thy cause;
We love thy cross, the shame, the pain,
O Lamb of God, for sinners slain!

3 We plunge beneath the mystic flood;
O plunge us in thy cleansing blood!
We die to sin, and seek a grave
With thee, beneath the yielding wave.

4 And as we rise with thee to live,
O, let the Holy Spirit give
The sealing unction from above,
The breath of life, the fire of love!

130

1 GREAT God, to thee my evening song
With humble gratitude I raise;
O let thy mercy tune my tongue,
And fill my heart with lively praise!

2 My days unclouded as they pass,
And every gently rolling hour,
Are monuments of wondrous grace,
And witness to thy love and power.

3 Seal my forgiveness in the blood
Of Jesus; his dear name alone
I plead for pardon, gracious God,
And kind acceptance at thy throne.

4 Let this blest hope mine eyelids close;
With sleep refresh my feeble frame;
Safe in thy care may I repose,
And wake with praises to thy name.

131 CONFIDENCE. L. M. Double.

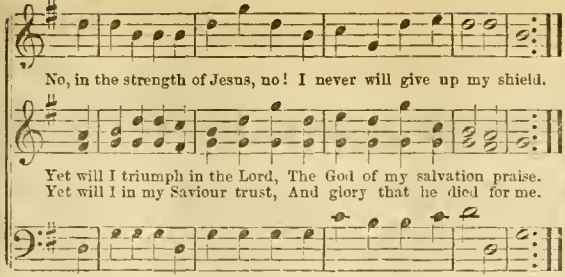
HOLDEN

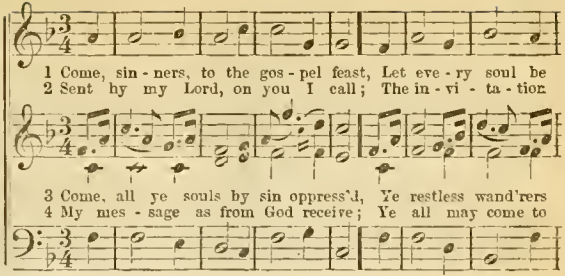
1 Away, my unbelieving fear! Fear shall in me no more have place; My Saviour doth not yet appear, He hides the brightness of his face;

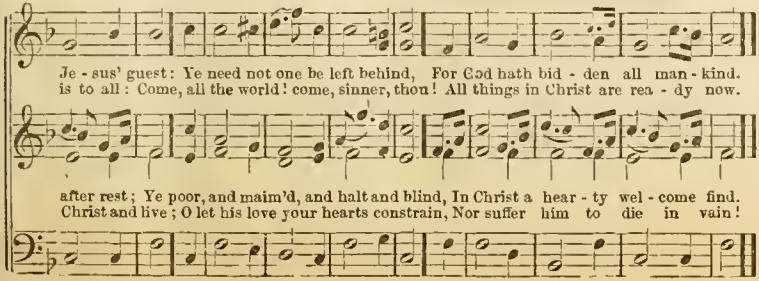
2 Although the vine its fruit deny, Although the olive yield no oil, The with'ring fig-trees droop and die, The fields elude the tiller's toil;
3 Barren although my soul remain, And not one bud of grace appear; No fruit of all my toil and pain, But sin, and only sin, is here;

But shall I therefore let him go, And basely to the tempter yield? No, in the strength of Jesus, no! I never will give up my shield.

The empty stall no herd afford, And perish all the bleating race; Yet will I triumph in the Lord, The God of my salvation praise.
Although my gifts and comforts lost, My blooming hopes cut off I see; Yet will I in my Saviour trust, And glory that he died for me.







133

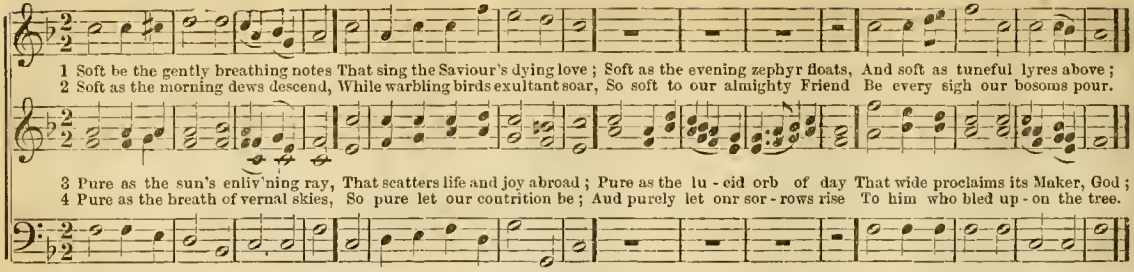
1 THOSE evening bells—those evening bells,
How many a tale their music tells
Of youth, and home, and native clime,
When I last heard their soothing chime.

2 Those pleasant hours have passed away,
And many a heart, that then was gay,
Within the tomb now darkly dwells,
And hears no more those evening bells.

3 And so 't will be when I am gone:
That tuneful peal will still ring on,
When other bards shall walk these dells,
And sing your praise, sweet evening bells.

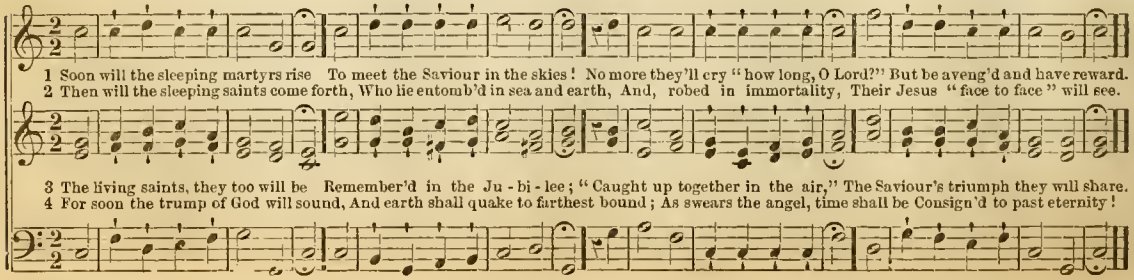
134 HOBAH. L. M.

U T. Levi.



135 SLEEPING MARTYRS. L. M.

Ch. Zeuner.



136 ST. MARTIN'S. C. M.

1 Spirit divine, attend our prayer; Now make this place thy home; Descend with all thy gracious power; O come, great Spirit, come!

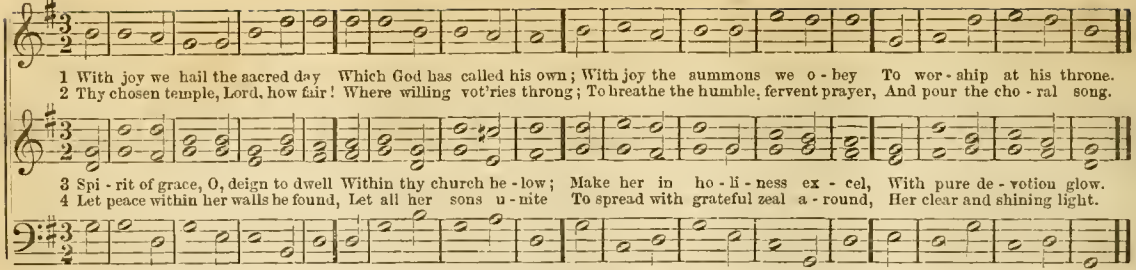
2 Come as the light; to us re - veal Our sin - fulness and woe, And lead us in the paths of life, Where all the righteous go.
3 Come as the fire, and purge our hearts, Like sa - cri - ficial flame; Let eve - ry soul an off' - ring be To our Redeemer's name.

137 BANGOR. C. M.

1 Hark! from the tombs a doleful sound! Mine ears, at - tend the cry: "Ye liv - ing men, come, view the ground Where you must shortly lie.

2 "Princes, this clay must be your bed, In spite of all your tow'rs; The tall, the wise, the rev' - rend head Must lie as low as ours."
3 Great God, is this our cer - tain doom? And are we still se - cure? Still walk - ing down - ward to our tomb, And yet pre - pare no more?

138 MEAR. C. M.



139

1 LORD, in the morning thou shalt hear
My voice ascending high;
To thee I will direct my prayer;
To thee lift up mine eye:

2 Up to the hills where Christ is gone
To plead for all his saints,
Presenting at his Father's throne
Our songs and our complaint.

3 Thou art a God before whose sight
The wicked shall not stand;
Sinners shall ne'er be thy delight,
Nor dwell at thy right hand.

4 But to thy house will I resort,
To taste thy mercies there;
I will frequent thy holy court
And worship in thy fear.

5 O, may thy Spirit guide my feet
In ways of righteousness;
Make every path of duty straight
And plain before my face!

140

1 MAY we throughout this day of thine
Be in thy spirit, Lord;
And full of humble fear divine,
That trembles at thy word.

2 And full of faith, each heart to raise,
And fix on things above;
And full of sacrifice and praise,
Of holiness and love.

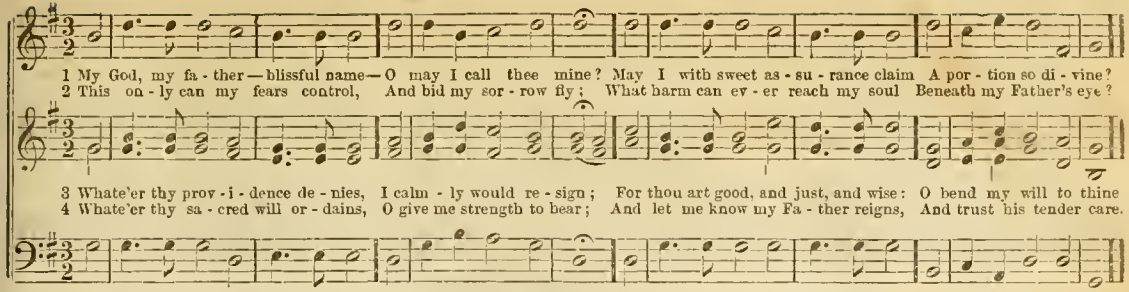
141

1 NO longer far from rest I roam,
And search in vain for bliss;
My soul is satisfied at home;
The Lord my portion is.

2 His person fixes all my love;
His blood removes my fear;
And, while he pleads for me above,
His arm preserves me here.

3 His word of promise is my food;
His spirit is my guide;
Thus daily is my strength renewed,
And all my wants supplied.

4 For him I count as gain each loss;
Disgrace, for him, renown;
Well may I glory in his cross,
While he prepares my crown.



143

1 HOPE of our hearts! O Lord, appear,
Thou glorious Star of day!
Shine forth and chase the dreary night,
With all our fears, away.

2 No resting place we seek on earth,
No loveliness we see;
Our eye is on the royal crown
Prepared for us and Thee.

3 But O the thought of sharing, Lord,
Thy glory from above,
What is it to the brighter hope
Of dwelling in Thy love?

4 What to the joy — the deeper joy,
Unmingled, pure, and free,
Of union with our living Head, —
Of fellowship with Thee?

5 This joy e'en now on earth is ours;
But when thou, Lord, shalt come,
We'll learn the fulness of thy love,
In our eternal home.

6 There, near Thy heart, upon the throne,
Thy ransom'd Bride shall see
What grace was in the bleeding Lamb,
Who died to make her free.

144

1 GOD moves in a mysterious way,
His wonders to perform;
He plants his footsteps in the sea,
And rides upon the storm.

2 Deep in unfathomable mines
Of never-failing skill,
He treasures up his bright designs,
And works his sovereign will.

3 Ye fearful saints, fresh courage take;
The clouds ye so much dread
Are big with mercy, and shall break
In blessings on your head.

4 Judge not the Lord by feeble sense,
But trust him for his grace;
Behind a frowning providence
He hides a smiling face.

5 His purposes will ripen fast,
Unfolding every hour;
The bud may have a bitter taste,
But sweet will be the flower.

6 Blind unbelief is sure to err,
And scan his work in vain:
God is his own interpreter,
And he will make it plain

145 FOUNTAIN. C. M.

L. MASON.

1 There is a fountain fill'd with blood, Drawn from Immanuel's veins; And sinners, plung'd beneath that flood, Lose all their guilty stains,
2 Dear dying Lamb, thy precious blood Shall ne - ver lose its power, Till all the ransom'd church of God Be sav'd, to sin no more.

3 E'er since, by faith, I saw the stream Thy flowing wounds sup - ply, Redeeming love has been my theme, And shall be till I die.
4 Then in a no - bler, sweeter song, I'll sing thy power to save, When this poor lisping, stamm'ring tongue Is ransom'd from the grave.

146 ORTONVILLE. C. M.

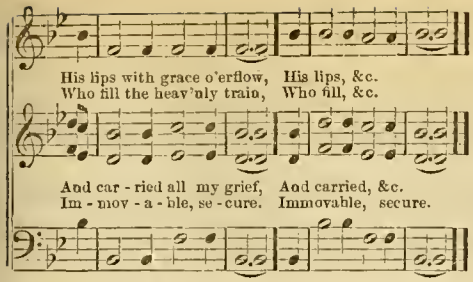
HASTINGS.

Lose all their guilty stains.
Be sav'd, to sin no more.

And shall be till I die.
Is ransom'd from the grave.

1 Majestic sweetness sits enthron'd Upon the Saviour's brow; His head with radiant glories crown'd,
2 No mortal can with him compare Among the sons of men; Fair - er is he than all the fair

3 He saw me plung'd in deep distress, And flew to my re - lief; For me he bore the shameful cross,
4 He saves our souls from sin and hell; His words are true and sure; And on this Rock our faith may rest



147 ORTONVILLE.)

1 REPENT! the voice celestial cries;
No longer dare delay:
The soul that scorns the mandate dies,
And meets a fiery day.

2 No more the sovereign eye of God
O'erlooks the crimes of men;
His heralds now are sent abroad
To warn the world of sin.

3 O sinners, in his presence bow,
And all your guilt confess;
Accept the offered Saviour now,
Nor trifle with his grace!

4 Amazing love, that yet will call,
And yet prolong our days!
Our hearts, subdued by goodness, fall,
And weep, and love, and praise.

148 (NAOMI.)

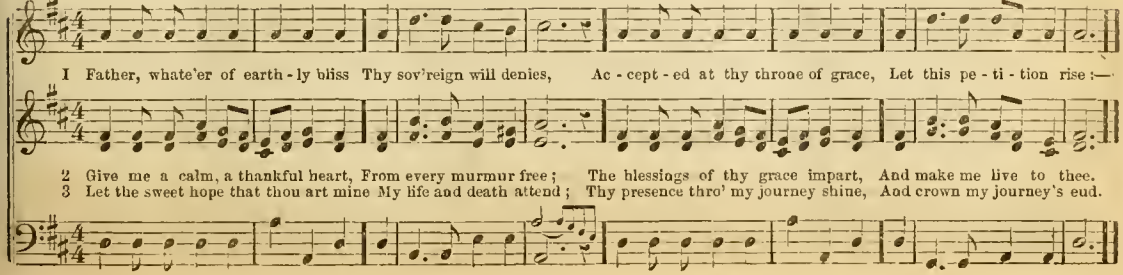
1 ANOTHER weary day is past,
I'm waiting still for thee;
O keep me, Saviour, till the last,
And set me fully free.

2 I long to know thee as thou art,
And reign with thee in life;
O let this longing, fainting heart
Now end the mortal strife!

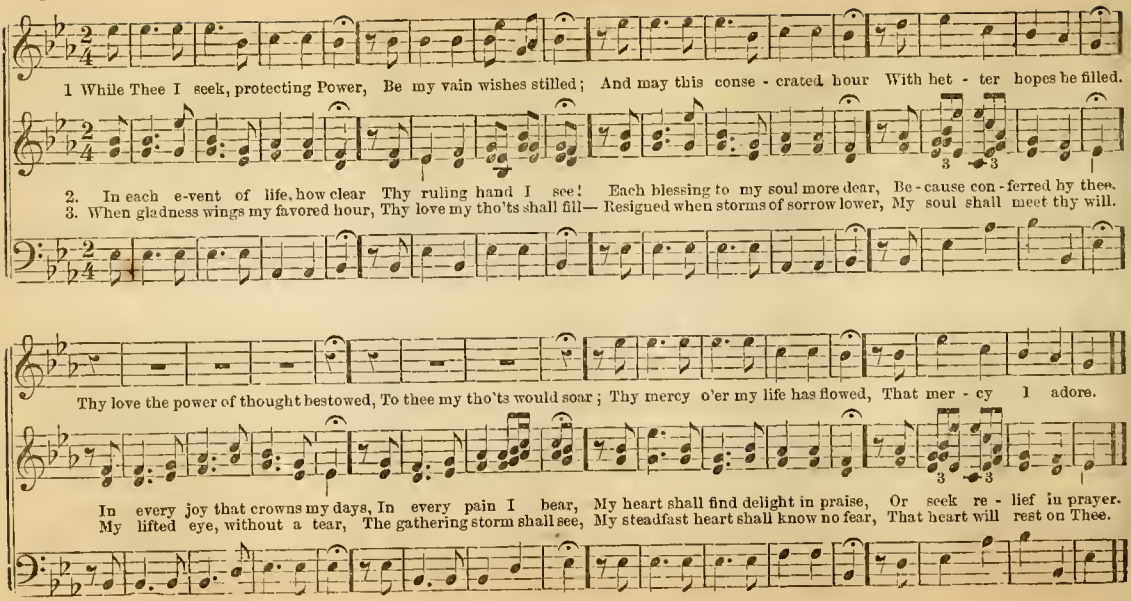
3 With thine immortal image seal
This feeble creature thine;
And all thy glory then reveal,
And let me in it shine

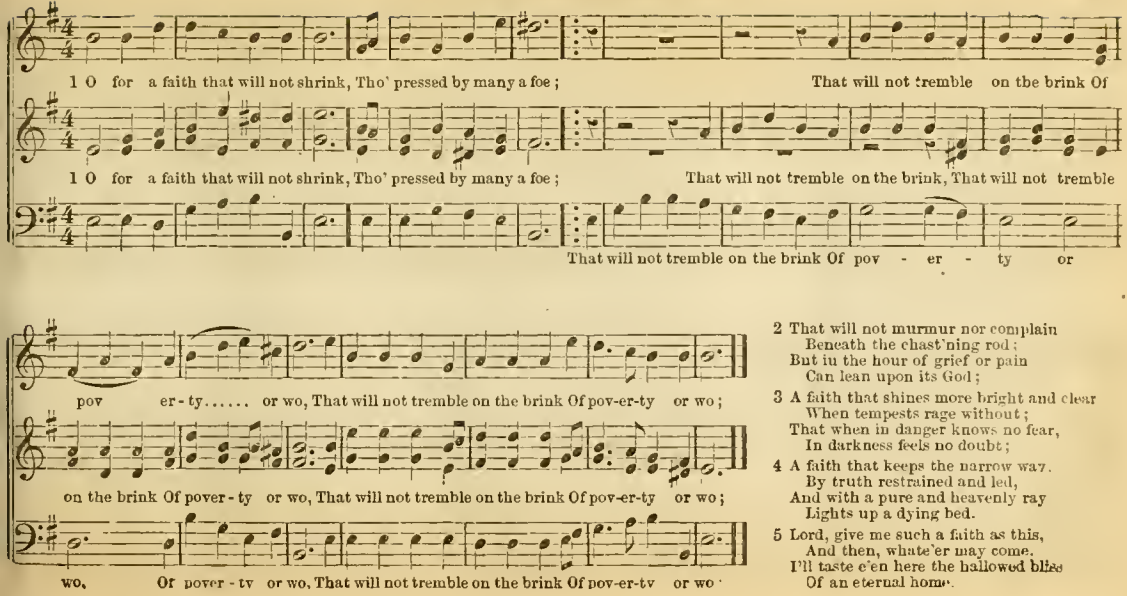
4 I would be where thou art: O come!
No longer now delay;
But take thy weeping children home,
From sin and grief away.

149 NAOMI. C. M.



150 BRATTLE STREET. C. M.





2 That will not murmur nor complain
Beneath the chast'ning rod;
But in the hour of grief or pain
Can lean upon its God;

3 A faith that shines more bright and clear
When tempests rage without;
That when in danger knows no fear,
In darkness feels no doubt;

4 A faith that keeps the narrow way,
By truth restrained and led,
And with a pure and heavenly ray
Lights up a dying bed.

5 Lord, give me such a faith as this,
And then, whate'er may come,
I'll taste e'en here the hallowed bliss
Of an eternal home.

152 SHERBURNE. C. M.

The angel of the Lord came down, And

While shepherds watch'd their flocks by night, All seated on the ground, The angel of the Lord came down, And glo - - - ry shone around, And

The angel of the Lord came down, And glo - - ry

The angel of the Lord came down, And glo - - - - - - ry shone around, And

glo - - - ry shone around, And glo - - ry shone a - round, The angel, &c.

glo - - - ry shone around, The angel, &c, And glory shone around.

shone around. And glo - - - ry shone a - round, The angel, &c.

glo - - - - - - - ry shone around, The angel, &c.

2 "Fear not," said he—for mighty dread
Had seized their troubled mind—
"Glad tidings of great joy I bring,
To you and all mankind.

3 "To you, in David's town, this day,
Is born of David's line,
The Saviour, who is Christ, the Lord,
And this shall be the sign:

4 "The heavenly babe you there shall find,
To human view displayed,
All meanly wrapped in swathing bands,
And in a manger laid."

5 Thus spake the seraph; and forthwith
Appeared a shining throng
Of angels, praising God, who thus
Addressed their joyful song:

6 "All glory be to God on high,
And to the earth be peace;
Good-will henceforth from heaven to men
Begin, and never cease!"

153

1 "SHEPHERDS, rejoice; lift up your eyes,
And send your fears away;
News from the region of the skies—
Salvation's born to-day!

2 "Jesus, the Lord, whom angels fear,
Comes down to dwell with you;
To-day he makes his entrance here,
But not as monarchs do.

3 "No gold, nor purple swaddling bands,
Nor royal shining things;
A manger for his cradle stands,
And holds the King of kings!

4 "Go, shepherds, where the Infant lies,
And see his humble throne;
With tears of joy in all your eyes,
Go, shepherds, kiss the Son."

5 Thus Gabriel sang—and straight around
The heav'nly armies throng;
They tune their harps to lofty sound,
And thus conclude the song:—

6 "Glory to God who reigns above,
Let peace surround the earth;
Mortals shall know their Maker's love,
At their Redeemer's birth."

154

1 CALM on the listening ear of night
Come heaven's melodious strains,
Where wild Judea stretches far
Her silver-mantled plains.

2 Celestial choirs, from courts above,
Shed sacred glories there,
And angels, with their sparkling lyres,
Make music on the air.

3 The answering hills of Palestine
Send back the glad reply;
And greet, from all their holy heights,
The day-spring from on high.

4 O'er the blue depths of Galilee
There comes a holier calm,
And Sharon waves, in solemn praise,
Her silent groves of palm.

5 "Glory to God!" the sounding skies
Loud with their anthems ring—
"Peace to the earth, good-will to men,
From heaven's eternal King!"

154½

1 AWAKE—awake the sacred song
To our incarnate Lord!
Let every heart, and every tongue,
Adore th' eternal Word.

2 That awful Word, that sovereign Power,
By whom the worlds were made—
Oh! happy morn—illustrious hour!—
Was once in flesh arrayed.

3 Then shone almighty power and love,
In all their glorious forms,
When Jesus left his throne above,
To dwell with sinful worms

4 To dwell with misery here below,
The Saviour left the skies,
And sunk to wretchedness and wo,
That worthless man might rise.

155

1 MORTALS, awake, with angels join,
And chant the solemn lay;
Joy, love, and gratitude, combine
To hail th' auspicious day.

2 In heaven the rapturous song began,
And sweet seraphic fire
Through all the shining legions ran,
And strung and tuned the lyre.

3 Hark! the cherubic armies shout,
And glory leads the song;
Good-will and peace are heard throughout
Th' harmonious angel throng.

4 Hail, Prince of life! forever hail,
Redeemer, brother, friend!
Though earth, and time, and life should fail,
Thy praise shall never end.

156 CORONATION. C. M.

O. Holden

1 All hail the power of Jesus' name! Let angels prostrate fall; Bring forth the royal di - a - dem, And crown him Lord of all; Bring
2 Ye chosen seed of Israel's race, Ye ransomed from the fall, Hail him who saves you by his grace, And crown him Lord of all; Hail

3 Sinners, whose love can ne'er forget The wormwood and the gall: Go, spread your trophies at his feet, And crown him Lord of all; Go
4 Let every kindred, every tribe, On this ter-restrial ball, To him all majes - ty ascribe, And crown him Lord of all; To

forth the roy - al di - a - dem, And crown him Lord of all.
him who saves you by his grace, And crown him Lord of all.

spread your trophies at his feet, And crown him Lord of all.
him all maj - es - ty as-cribe, And crown him Lord of all.

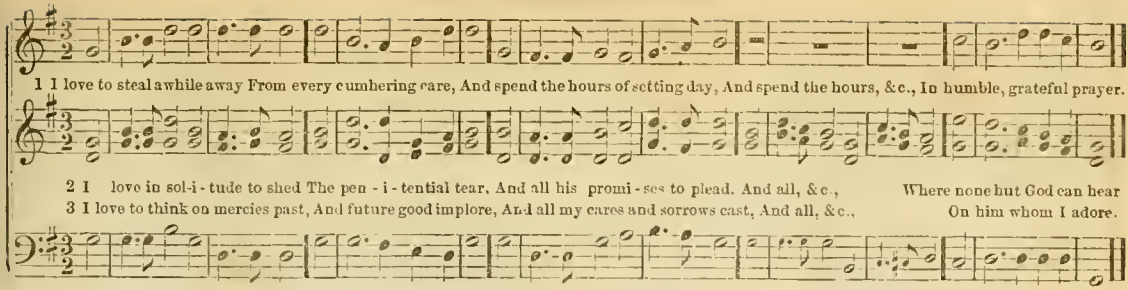
157

1 Soon all shall hail our Jesus' name,
Angels shall prostrate fall;
For Him the brightest glory claim,
And hail Him Lord of all.

2 The risen saints shall sound the lyre,
And, as they sound it, fall
Before His face, who formed their choir,
And hail Him Lord of all.

3 The remnant saved from Israel's race,
Redeemed from Israel's fall,
Shall praise Him for His wondrous grace.
And hail Him Lord of all.

4 Gentiles shall come—and every king
Throughout this earthly hall,
To Zion come—and tribute bring,
And hail Him Lord of all



4 I love by faith to take a view
Of brighter scenes in heaven:
The prospect doth my strength renew,
While here by tempests driven.

5 Thus, when life's toilsome day is o'er,
May its departing ray
Be calm as this impressive hour,
And lead to endless day

159

1 HOW sweet the Christian's hope to me,
While here I'm called to roam;
It points me to a better land
That I may call my home.

2 This hope reminds me of the time
When Jesus will appear;
It gives me joy, it gives me peace,
And drives away my fear

3 When darkness hovers o'er my path,
And I no light can see,
This hope sustains my drooping soul,
And bids me joyful be

4 When friends that once I loved so well,
Leave me alone to sigh,
This hope bids me rejoice and sing,
For my redemption's nigh.'

5 This hope—it purifies my heart,
And turns my night to day;
It plants my feet upon the Rock,
And keeps me in the way.

6 The day is near—O joyful thought—
When I shall gain the prize;
This hope will then be turned to sight
Before my wondering eyes.

160 (CORONATION)

1 SALVATION! O, the joyful sound!
'Tis pleasure to our ears;
A sovereign balm for every wound,
A cordial for our fears.

2 Buried in sorrow and in sin,
At death's dark door we lay;
But we arise by grace divine
To see a heavenly day.

3 Salvation! let the echo fly
The spacious earth around,
While all the armies of the sky
Conspire to raise the sound

161 NORTHFIELD. C. M.

1 Am I a sol - dier of the cross, A follower of the Lamb? And shall I fear to

1 Am I a sol - dier of the cross, A follower of the Lamb? And shall I fear to own his cause, Or blush to speak his

And shall I fear to own his

And shall I fear to own his cause, And shall I fear to own his

own his cause, Or blush to speak his name?

name,.... Or blush to speak his name?
cause,.... Or blush to speak his name?

cause .... Or blush to speak his name?

2 Must I be borne to Paradise
On flowery beds of ease,
While others fought to win the prize,
And sailed through bloody seas?

3 Are there no foes for me to face?
Must I not stem the flood?
Is this vile world a friend to grace,
To help me on to God?

4 Sure I must fight if I would reign;
Increase my courage, Lord;
I'll bear the toil, endure the pain,
Supported by thy word.

5 Thy saints in all this glorious war
Shall conquer, though they die;
They see the triumph from afar,
And seize it with their eye.

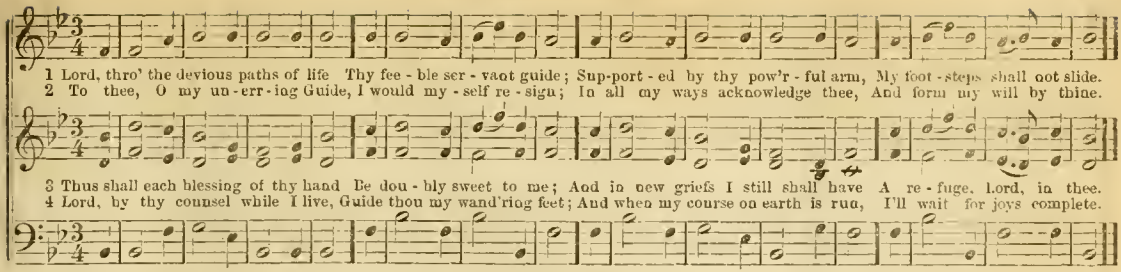
6 When that illustrious day shall rise,
And all thy armies shine
In robes of vict'ry through the skies,
The glory shall be thine.

162

1 TIME hastens on; ye longing saints
Now raise your voices high;
And magnify that sóv'reign love
Which shows salvation nigh.

2 As time departs salvation comes;
Each moment brings it near:
Then welcome each declining day,
Welcome each closing year.

3 Not many years their course shall run,
Not many mornings rise,
Ere all its glories stand revealed
To our transported eyes.



164 (NORTHFIELD.)

1 THOU boundless Source of every good,
Our best desires fulfil;
We would adore thy wondrous grace,
And mark thy sovereign will.

2 In all thy mercies may our souls
Thy bounteous goodness see;
Nor let the gifts thy hand imparts
Estrange our hearts from thee.

3 Teach us, in time of deep distress,
To own thy hand, O God,
And in submissive silence learn
The lessons of thy rod!

4 In every changing scene of life,
Whate'er that scene may be,
Give us a meek and humble mind,
A mind at peace with thee.

5 Do thou direct our steps aright,
Help us thy name to fear;
And give us grace to watch and pray,
And strength to persevere.

165

1 THE Lord our Saviour will appear;
His day is nigh at hand;
The signs bespeak his coming near,
And all may understand.

2 Behold, he comes! he comes to reign
On earth with all his saints;
Jesus, the Lamb of God, once slain,
Will end our long complaints.

3 The prince of darkness he'll destroy;
The hosts of sin o'erthrow:
Satan shall then no more annoy,
But Christ shall reign below;

4 Then, those who suffered in his name,
And did obey his word,
Shall rise in glory, and proclaim
The goodness of their Lord.

5 The wonders of that happy age
What mortal can declare?
We view with joy the sacred page,
For we can read them there.

166 WICKLIFFE. C. M.

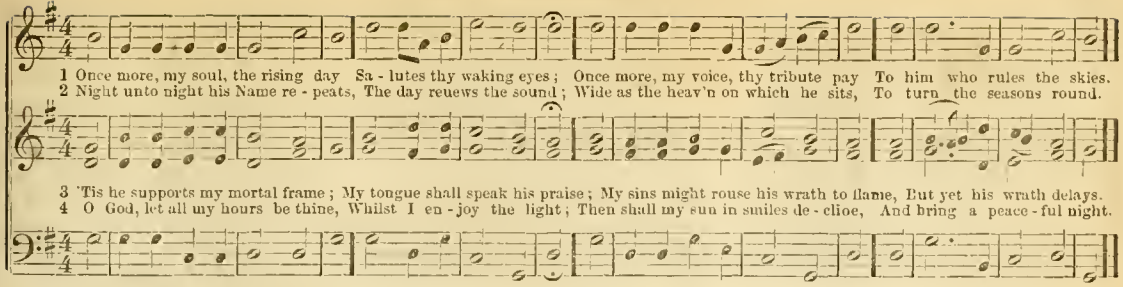
1 O, Thou! whose ten - der mer - cy hears Contrition's humble sigh, Whose hand, indulgent, wipes the tears From sorrow's weeping eye.
2 See, low before thy throne of grace, A wretched wand'rer mourn; Hast thou not bid me seek thy face? Hast thou not said, "Return"?

3 And shall my guil - ty fears pre - vail, To drive me from thy feet? O! let not this dear re - fuge fail— This on - ly safe re - treat.
4 Oh! shine on this benighted heart, With beams of mercy shine; And let thy heal - ing voice im - part A taste of joys di - vine.

167 CLARENDON. C. M.

1 Ye servants of the liv - ing God Let praise your hearts em - ploy; And, as you tread salvation's road, Lift up the voice of joy.
2 Have they not reason to re - joice, Whose sins have been forgiven; Called by a gracious Fa - ther's choice To be the heirs of heaven?

3 How do the captive's transports flow When rescued from his chains! And how must sinners joy to know Their own Mes - si - ah reigns!
4 O, grant us, Lord, to feel and own The power of love di - vine; The blood which doth for sin atone, The grace which makes us thine.



169 (Clarendon.)

1 WHAT shall I render to my God
For all his kindness shown ?
My feet shall visit thine abode,
My songs address thy throne.

2 Among the saints who fill thy house,
My offering shall be paid ;
There shall my zeal perform the vows
My soul in anguish made.

3 How happy all thy servants are !
How great thy grace to me !
My life, which thou hast made thy care,
Lord, I devote to thee.

4 Now I am thine, forever thine,
Nor shall my purpose move ;
Thy hand hath loosed my bonds of pain,
And bound me with thy love.

5 Here in thy courts I leave my vow,
And thy rich grace record ;
Witness, ye saints who hear me now,
If I forsake the Lord.

170

1 LO ! I behold the scattering shades,
The dawn of heaven appears ;
The sweet immortal morning spreads
Its blushes round the spheres.

2 I see the Lord of glory come,
And flaming guards around ;
The skies divide to make him room
The trumpet shakes the ground.

3 I hear the voice,—" Ye dead, arise !"
And, lo ! the graves obey ,
And waking saints, with joyful eyes,
Salute th' expected day.

4 They leave the dust, and on the wing
Rise to the midway air,
In shining garments meet their King,
And loud adore him there.

5 How will our joy and wonder rise,
When our returning King
Shall hasten downward, thro' the skies,
On love's triumphant wing

171 EXHORTATION. C. M.

1 How cheer - ing is the Chris - tian's hope, While toil - ing here be - low! It buoys us up while

1 How cheer - ing is the Chris - tian's hope, While toil - ing here be - low! It buoys us up while passing thro' This
It buoys us up while

It buoys us up while passing thro' This wilderness of

passing thro' This wil - der - ness of woe..... This wil - der - ness of woe.

wil - der - ness of woe..... It buoys us up while passing thro' This wil - der - ness of woe.
pass - ing thro' This wil - der - ness of woe..... This wil - der - ness of woe.

woe..... It buoys us up, &c.

2 It points us to a land of rest.
Where saints with Christ will reign,
Where we shall meet the loved of earth,
And never part again.

3 A land where sin can never come,
Temptations ne'er annoy;
Where happiness will ever dwell,
And that without alloy.

4 O how unlike the present world
Will be the one to come!
Here, pain and sorrow, care and fear,
Attend where'er we roam

5 In that bright world no tears will flow,
Death ne'er can enter there—
For all who gain that heavenly land
Will be as angels are.

6 Fly, lingering moments, fly, O fly!
Dear Saviour, quickly come!
We long to see thee as thou art,
And reach that blissful home.

172

1 THINE oath and promise, mighty God,
Recorded in thy word,
Become our hope's foundation broad,
And surety afford.

2 Like Abraham, the friend of God,
Thy faithfulness we prove;
We tread in paths the fathers trod,
Blest with thy light and love.

3 Largely our consolation flows,
While we expect the day
That ends our griefs, and pains, and woes,
And drives our fears away.

4 Let floods of mighty vengeance roll,
And compass earth around;
Let thunder sound from pole to pole,
And earthquakes vast astound;

5 Let nature all convulse and shake,
And angry nations rage;
Thy name our hiding-place we make;
To save thou dost engage.

173

1 LET us rejoice in Christ the Lord,
Who claims us for His own;
The hope that 's built upon His word,
Can ne'er be overthrown.

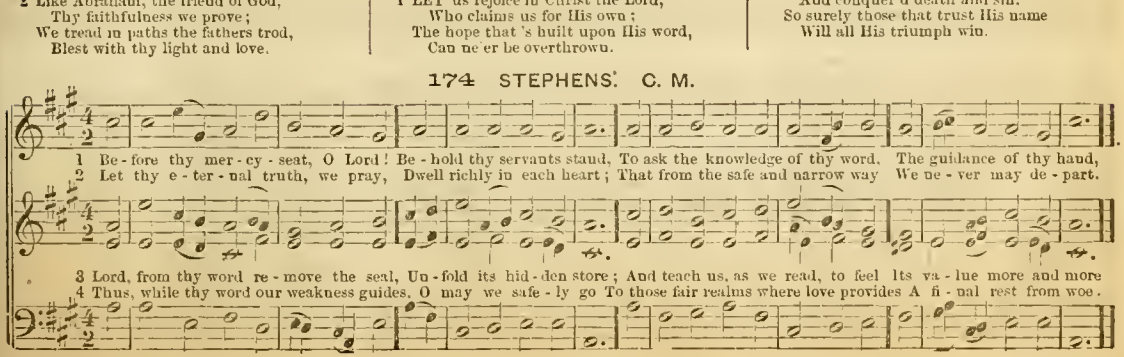
2 Though many foes beset us round,
And feeble is our arm,
Our life is hid with Christ in God
Beyond the reach of harm.

3 Weak as we are, we will not faint,
Or, fainting, cannot fail;
Jesus, the strength of ev'ry saint,
Must in the end prevail.

4 Though now He 's unperceived by sense,
Faith sees Him always near,—
A guide, a glory, a defence,
To save from ev'ry fear.

5 As surely as He overcame,
And conquer'd death and sin,
So surely those that trust His name
Will all His triumph win.

174 STEPHENS. C. M.



175 ZERAH. C. M.

L. Mason.

1 To us a Child of hope is born, To us a Son is given: Him shall the tribes of earth o - bey, Him all the hosts of heaven.
2 His name shall be the Prince of peace, For - ev - er more adored; The Won - der - ful, the Coun - sel - lor, The great and mighty Lord.

3 His pow'r, increasing, still shall spread; His reign no end shall know; Justice shall guard his throne of love, And peace a - bound be - low.
4 To us a child of hope is born; To us a Son is given; The Won - der - ful, the Coun - sel - lor, The mighty Lord of heaven.

Him shall the tribes of earth o - bey, Him all the hosts of heaven.
The Won - der - ful, the Coun - sel - lor, The great and migh - ty Lord.

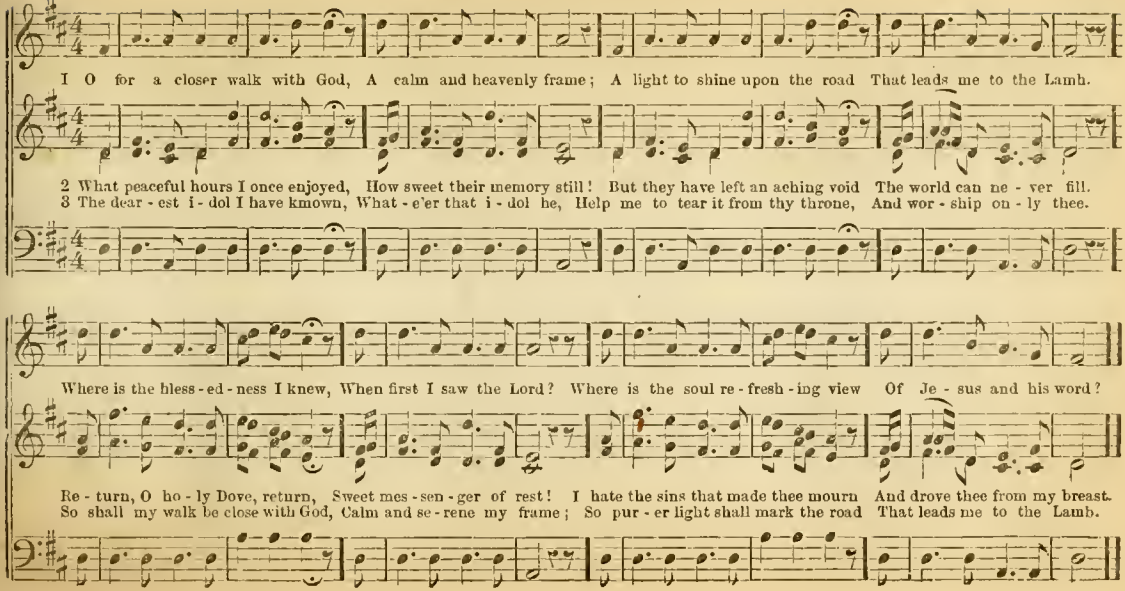
Jus - tice shall guard his throne of love, And peace a - bound be - low.
The Won - der - ful, the Coun - sel - lor, The migh - ty Lord of heaven.

176

(p. 61.)

1 There 's not a bright and beaming smile,
Which in this world I see,
But turns my heart to future joy,
And whispers "heaven" to me.
Though often here my soul is sad,
And falls the silent tear,
There is a world where all are glad,
And sorrow dwells not there.

2 I never clasp a friendly hand,
In greeting, or farewell,
But thoughts of an eternal home
Within my bosom swell:
A prayer to meet in heaven at last
Where all the ransomed come,
And where eternal ages still
Shall find us all at home.


I O for a closer walk with God, A calm and heavenly frame; A light to shine upon the road That leads me to the Lamb.
2 What peaceful hours I once enjoyed, How sweet their memory still! But they have left an aching void The world can ne - ver fill.
3 The dear - est i - dol I have known, What - e'er that i - dol be, Help me to tear it from thy throne, And wor - ship on - ly thee.
Where is the bless - ed - ness I knew, When first I saw the Lord? Where is the soul re - fresh - ing view Of Je - sus and his word?
Re - turn, O ho - ly Dove, return, Sweet mes - sen - ger of rest! I hate the sins that made thee mourn And drove thee from my breast.
So shall my walk be close with God, Calm and se - rene my frame; So pur - er light shall mark the road That leads me to the Lamb.

178 WOODSTOCK. C. M.

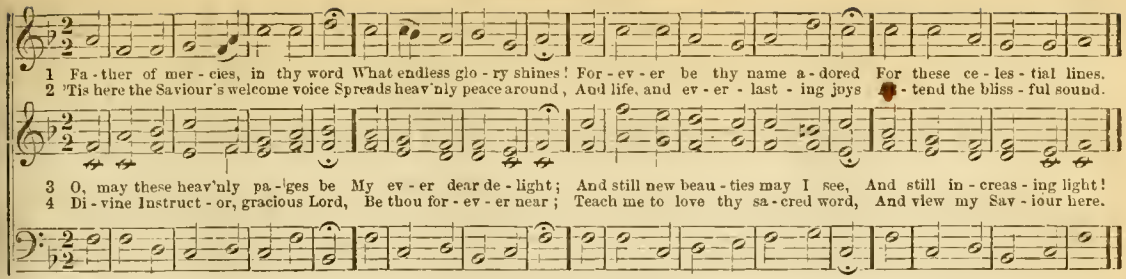
1 Au - thor of good, to thee we turn; Thine ev - er wake - ful eye A - lone can all our wants discern; Thy hand a - lone sup - ply.
2 O, let thy love with - in us dwell. Thy fear our foot - steps guide! That love shall vainer loves expel; That fear all fears be - side.

3 And O, by er - ror's force sub - dued, Since oft, with stubborn will, We blind - ly shun the latent good, And grasp the spe - cious ill;
4 Not what we wish, but what we want, Let mer - cy still sup - ply; The good we ask not, Father, grant; The ill we ask, de - ny.

179 CHINA. C. M.

1 And must I be to judgment brought, And an - swer, in that day, For eve - ry vain and idle thought, And eve - ry word I say?
2 Yes, eve - ry se - cret of my heart Shall short - ly be made known, And I.... re - ceive my just de - sert For all that I have done.

3 How careful, then, ought I to live, With what re - li - gious fear, Who such a strict account must give For my be - hav - ior here!
4 Thou mighty Judge of quick and dead, The watchful power bestow; So shall I to my ways take heed In all I speak or do.



181

1 LIFE is a span, a fleeting hour;
How soon the vapor flies!
Man is a tender, transient flower,
That e'en in blooming dies.

2 The once loved form, now cold and dead,
Each mournful thought employs;
And nature weeps her comforts fled,
And withered all her joys.

3 Hope looks beyond the bounds of time,
When what we now deplore
Shall rise in full immortal prime,
And bloom to fade no more.

4 Cease, then, fond nature, cease thy tears,
Behold the Saviour nigh;
And when in glory he appears,
Thy joys shall never die.

182 (CHINA.)

1 HOW long shall death, the tyrant, reign
And triumph o'er the just;
While the rich blood of martyrs slain
Lies mingled with the dust?

2 When shall this tedious night be gone?
When will our Lord appear?
Our fond desires would pray him down,
Our love embrace him here.

3 Let faith arise and climb the hills,
And from afar descry
How distant are his chariot wheels,
And tell how fast they fly.

4 We hear the voice, "Ye dead, arise!"
And, lo, the graves obey!
And waking saints, with joyful eyes,
Salute th' expected day.

5 How shall our joy and wonder rise,
When our returning King
Shall bear us upward to the skies
On love's triumphant wing!

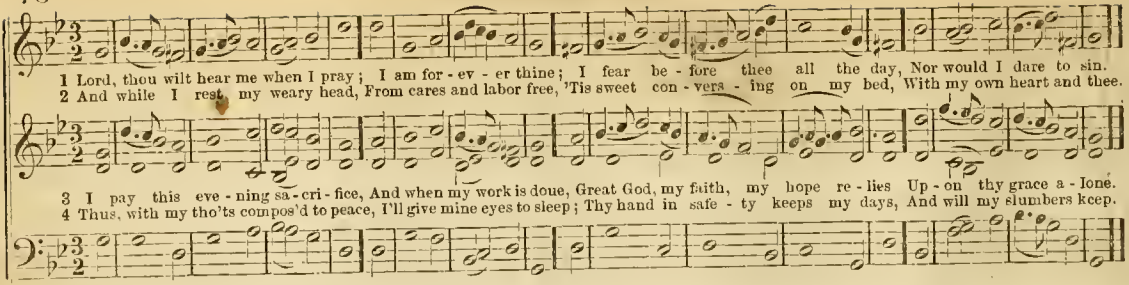
183 (DUNDEE.)

1 MY Father, God! how sweet the sound,
How tender and how dear!
Not all the melody of heaven
Could so delight the ear.

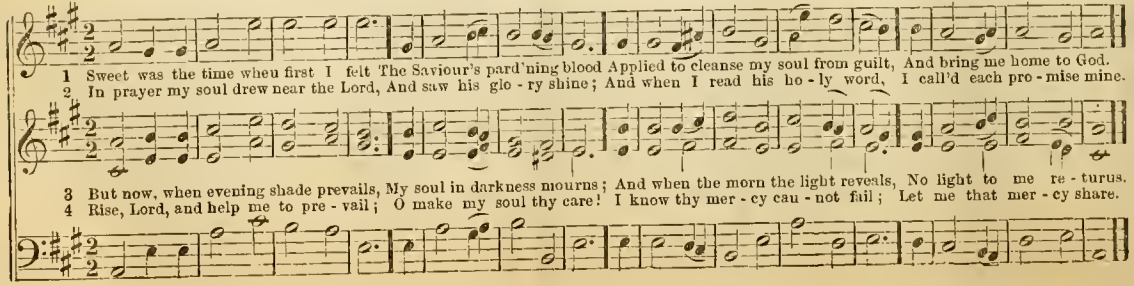
2 Come, sacred Spirit, seal the name
On my expanding heart,
And show, that in Jehovah's grace
I share a filial part.

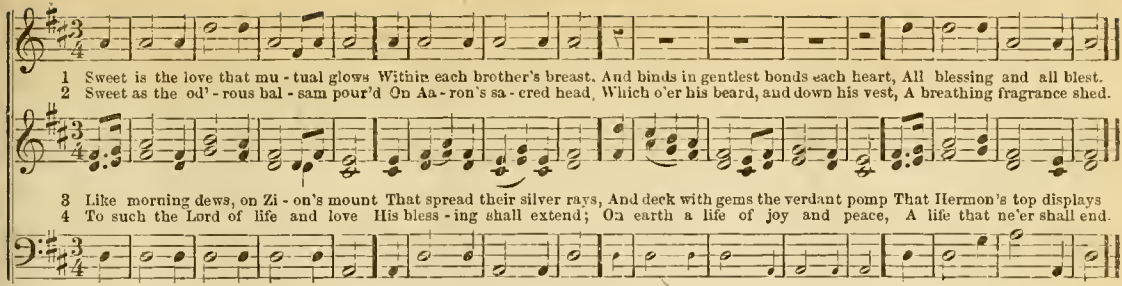
3 Cheered by a signal so divine,
Unwavering I believe;
My spirit Abba, Father, cries,
Nor can the sign deceive

184 BUCKINGHAM. C. M.



185 DEDHAM. C. M.





187 (BUCKINGHAM.)

1 RETURN, O wanderer, return,
And seek thy Father's face;
These new desires which in thee burn
Were kindled by his grace.

2 Return. O wanderer, now return,
He hears thy humble sigh;
He sees thy softened spirit mourn,
When no one else is nigh.

3 Return, O wanderer, now return;
Thy Saviour bids thee live;
Go to his feet, and grateful learn
How freely he 'll forgive.

4 Return, O wanderer, now return,
And wipe the falling tear;
Thy Father calls, no longer mourn,
'T is love invites thee near.

188 (DEDHAM.)

1 SINNERS, the voice of God regard;
'T is mercy speaks to-day;
He calls you by his sacred word
From sin's destructive way.

2 Like the rough sea that cannot rest,
You live, devoid of peace;
A thousand stings within your breast
Deprive your souls of ease.

3 Your way is dark, and leads to death:
Why will you persevere?
O flee from swift approaching wrath,
From darkness and despair.

4 But he that turns to God shall live,
Through his abounding grace;
His mercy will the guilt forgive
Of those that seek his face.

5 Bow to the sceptre of his word,
Renouncing every sin;
Submit to him, your sovereign Lord,
And learn his will divine.

189 (SILOAM.)

1 THE Saviour! O, what endless charms
Dwell in the blissful sound!
Its influence every fear disarms
And spreads sweet peace around.

2 O, the rich depths of love divine
Of bliss, a boundless store!
Dear Saviour, let me call thee mine:
I cannot wish for more.

3 On thee alone my hope relies;
Beneath thy cross I fall;
My Lord, my life, my sacrifice,
My Saviour, and my all.

190 BERRIEN. C. M.

SLOW.

1 Sit - ting around our Father's board, We raise our tune - ful breath; Our faith beholds her dy - ing Lord, And
2 We see the blood of Je - sus shed, Whence all our par - dons rise; The sin - ner views th' atonement made, And

3 Thy cru - el thorns, thy shameful cross Pro - cure us heavenly crowns; Our high - est gain springs from thy loss; Our
4 O, 'tis im - pos - si - ble that we, Who dwell in fee - ble clay, Should e - qual suff'rings bear for thee, Or

dooms our sins to death.
loves the sa - cri - fice.

heal - ing from thy wounds.
e - qual thanks re - pay.

191

1 COME, Saviour, let thy tokens prove
Fitted by heavenly art,
As channels to convey thy love
To every faithful heart.

2 The living bread sent down from heaven,
In us vouchsafe to be;
Thy flesh for all the world is given,
And all may live by thee.

3 Now, Lord, on us thy flesh bestow,
And let us drink thy blood,
Till all our souls are filled, below,
With all the life of God

4 Determined nothing else to know
But Jesus crucified,
We will not from our Jesus go,
Or leave his wounded side.

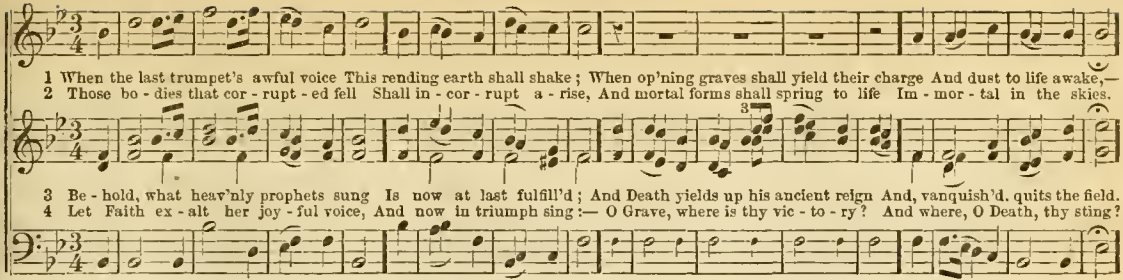
192

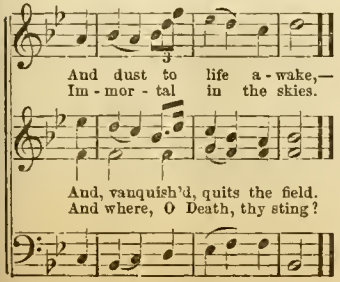
1 ACCORDING to thy gracious word,
In meek humility,
This will I do, my dying Lord,
I will remember thee.

2 Thy body, broken for my sake,
My bread from heaven shall be;
Thy testamental cup I take,
And thus remember thee.

3 Gethsemane can I forget?
Or there thy conflict see,
Thine agony and bloody sweat,
And not remember thee?

4 When to the cross I turn mine eyes,
And rest on Calvary,
O Lamb of God, my Sacrifice,
I must remember thee!





194

1 O, WHAT hath Jesus bought for me!
Before my ravished eyes
Rivers of life divine I see,
And trees of paradise.

2 I see the blessed saints in light,
Who taste the pleasure there;
They are all robed in spotless white,
And conq'ring palms they bear.

3 In hope of that immortal crown
I now the cross sustain;
And gladly wander up and down,
And smile at toil and pain.

4 O, what are all my suffrings here,
If, Lord, thou count me meet
With that enraptured host t' appear,
And worship at thy feet?

5 Give joy or grief, give ease or pain,
Take life or friends away;
But let me find them all again
In that eventful day.

195

1 HOW happy is the Christian's state!
His sins are all forgiven;
A cheering ray confirms the grace,
And lifts his hopes to heaven.

2 Though, in the rugged path of life,
He heaves the pensive sigh,
Yet, trusting in the Lord, he finds
Supporting grace is nigh.

3 If, to prevent his wand'ring steps,
He feels the chast'ning rod,
The gentle stroke shall bring him back
To his forgiving God.

196 GARLAND. C. M.

1 Oh for that ten - der - ness of heart That bows before the Lord; That owns how good and just thou art, And trembles at thy word!

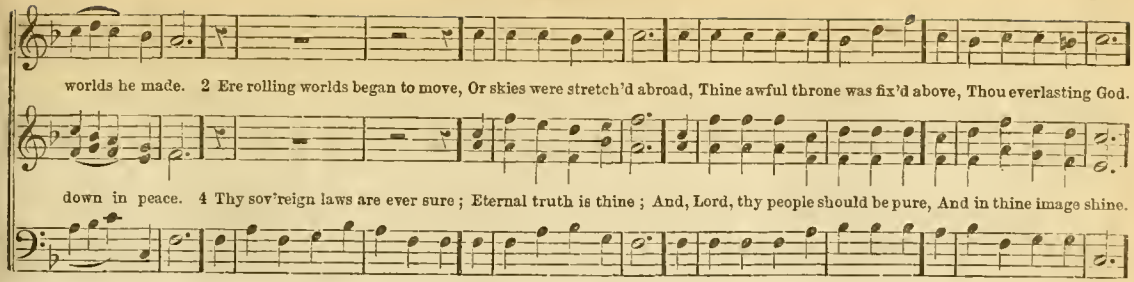
2 Oh for those humble, contrite tears, Which from repentance flow! That sense of guilt, which, trembling, fears The long-suspended blow!

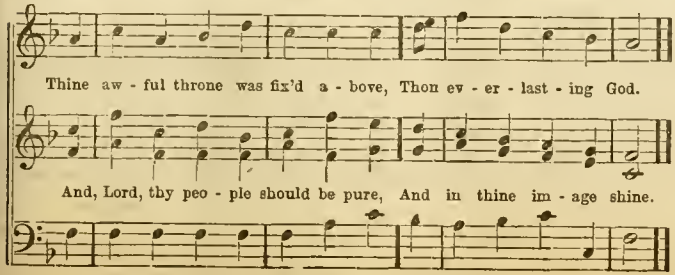
3 Saviour, to me in pi - ty give, For sin, the deep distress. The pledge thou wilt at last receive, And bid me go in peace.

197 MAJESTY. C. M. Double.

1 The Lord, the God of glo - ry, reigns, In ma - jes - ty ar - ray'd; His rule om - ni - po - tence sus - tains, And guides..... the

3 The Lord, the migh - ty God on high, Controls the ra - ging seas; He speaks!—and noise and tempests fly, The waves..... sink





198

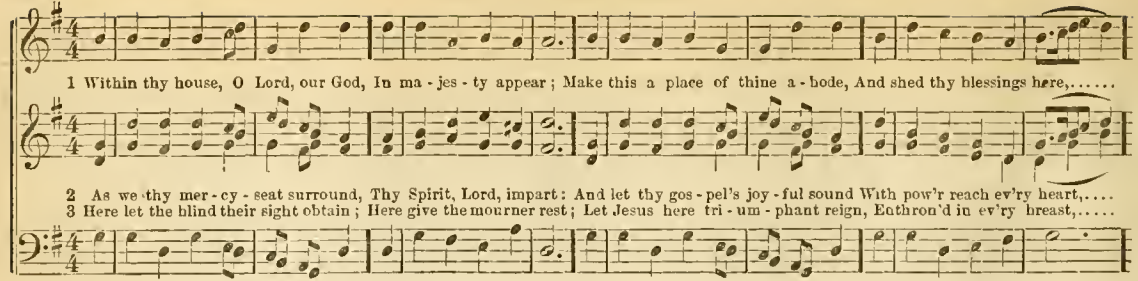
1 All nature dies, and lives again:
The flow'rs, that paint the field,
The trees, that crown the mountain's brow,
And boughs and blossoms yield,—

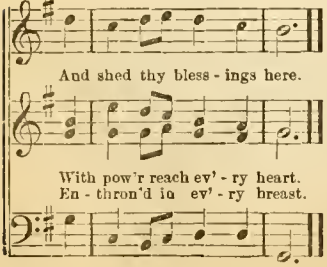
2 Resign the honors of their form
At winter's stormy blast,
And leave the naked, leafless plain,
A desolated waste.

3 Yet soon reviving plants and flowers
Anew shall deck the plain;
The woods shall hear the voice of spring,
And flourish green again.

4 So, to the dreary grave consigned,
Man sleeps in death's dark gloom,
Until the final morning wake
The slumbers of the tomb.

199 BRAY. C. M.





200

1 LET every mortal ear attend,
And every heart rejoice;
The trumpet of the gospel sounds
With an inviting voice.

2 Ho! all ye hungry, starving souls,
That feed upon the wind,
And vainly strive with earthly toys
To fill an empty mind:—

3 Eternal Wisdom hath prepared
A soul-reviving feast,
And bids your longing appetites
The rich provision taste.

4 Ho! ye that pant for living streams,
And pine away and die,
Here you may quench your raging thirst
From springs that never dry.

201

1 THE gospel comes with welcome news
To sinners lost like me;
Their various schemes while others choose,
Saviour, I come to thee.

2 Of merit now I cannot speak,
For merit I have none:
I 'm justified for Jesus' sake,
I 'm saved by grace alone

3 'T was grace my wayward heart first won;
'T is grace that holds me fast;
Grace will complete the work begun,
And save me to the last.

4 Then shall my soul with rapture trace
What God hath done for me,
And celebrate redeeming grace
Throughout eternity.

202 WARWICK. C. M.

1 Je - sus, our Lord, how rich thy grace! Thy bounties how complete! How shall we count the matchless sum? How pay the mighty debt?
2 High on a throne of ra - diant light Dost thou ex - alt - ed shine; What can our pov - er - ty be - stow, When all the worlds are thine?

3 But thou hast brethren here be - low, The part - ners of thy grace, And wilt confess their humble names Be - fore thy Father's face.
4 In them thou mayst be cloth'd, and fed, And vis - it - ed, and cheer'd; And in their ac - cents of dis - tress Our Saviour's voice is heard.

203 BURFORD. C. M.

1 O God! our help in a - ges past, Our hope for years to come, Our shel - ter from the storm - y blast, And our e - ter - nal home,—
2 Beneath the shadow of thy throne, Thy saints have dwelt secure; Suf - fi - cient is thine arm a - lone, And our de - fence is sure.

3 Before the hills in or - der stood, Or earth re - ceiv'd her frame; From ev - er - last - ing thou art God— To end - less years the same.
4 Thy word commands our flesh to dust— "Return, ye sons of men!" All nations rose from earth at first, And turn to earth a - gain.

204 TURNER. C. M.

1 Come, Holy Spirit, heav'nly Dove, With all thy quick'ning pow'rs; Kin - dle a flame of sa - cred love In

1 Come, Holy Spirit, heav'nly Dove, With all thy quick'ning pow'rs; Kin - dle a flame of sacred love, Kin - dle a flame of
Kin - dle a flame of

Kin - dle a flame of sa - - - cred love..... In these cold hearts of

these..... cold hearts.... of ours, Kindle, &c.

sacred love In these cold hearts of ours, Kindle, &c.
sacred love, &c.

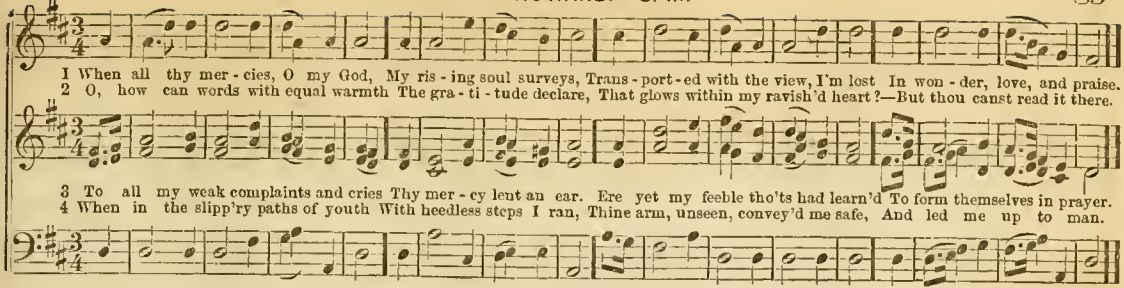
ours..... In these cold hearts of ours. Kindle. &c.

2 Look how we grovel here below
Fond of these earthly toys;
Our souls how heavily they go,
To reach eternal joys!

3 In vain we tune our formal songs,
In vain we strive to rise;
Hosannas languish on our tongues.
And our devotion dies.

4 Father, and shall we ever live,
At this poor dying rate?
Our love so faint, so cold to thee,
And thine to us so great?

5 Come, Holy Spirit, &c.



5 Through hidden dangers, toils, and deaths,
It gently cleared my way;
And through the pleasing snares of vice,
More to be feared than they.

6 Through all eternity to thee
A grateful song I 'll raise;
But, O, eternity 's too short
To utter all thy praise!

206 (TURNER.)

1 SWEET rivers of redeeming love
I see before me lie;
Had I the pinions of a dove,
I 'd to those rivers fly.

2 I 'd rise superior to my pain,
With joy outstrip the wind;
I 'd cross bold Jordan's stormy main,
And leave the world behind.

3 A few more days, or months, at most,
My troubles will be o'er;
I hope to join the heavenly host
On Canaan's happy shore.

4 My rapturous soul shall drink and feast
In love's unbounded sea;
The glorious hope of endless rest
Is ravishing to me.

5 O, come, my Saviour, come away,
And bear me to the sky!
Nor let thy chariot wheels delay;
Make haste and bring it nigh.

6 I long to see thy glorious face,
And in thine image shine;
To triumph in victorious grace,
And be forever thine

207 (TURNER.)

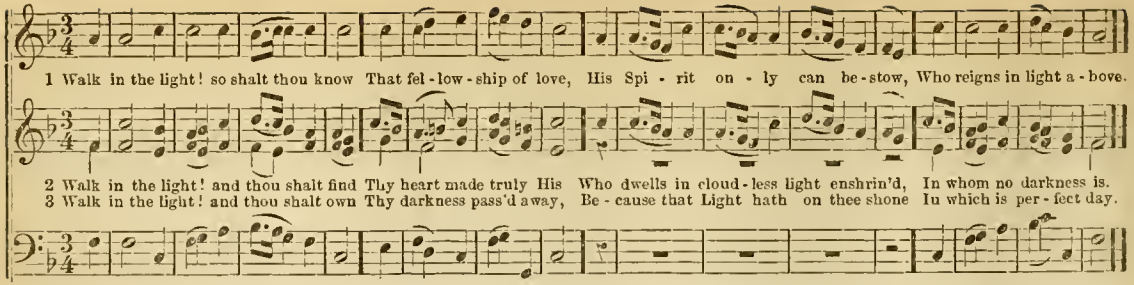
1 MY soul is happy when I hear
The Saviour is so nigh;
I long to see his sign appear
Upon the op'ning sky.

2 I love to wait, and watch, and pray,
And trust his living word,
And feel the coming of that day
No longer is deferred.

3 I do rejoice that life was given
In these last days to me,
That deathless I may rise to heaven,
And my Redeemer see.

4 Then, waiting brethren, let us sing;
He will not tarry long;
And fill with love the hours that bring
The glory of our song.

208 ST. JOHN'S. C. M.



4 Walk in the light! and e'en the tomb
No fearful shade shall wear,
Glory shall chase away its gloom,
For Christ hath conquer'd there.

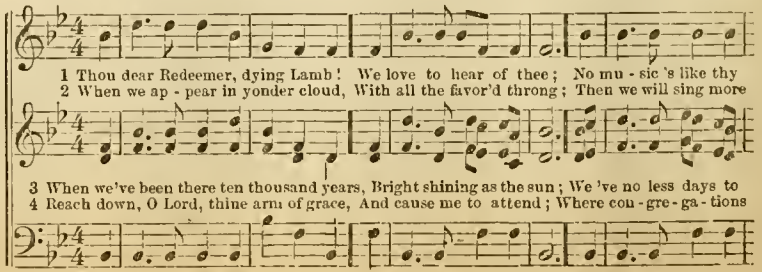
5 Walk in the light! thy path shall be
Peaceful, serene, and bright:
For God, by grace, shall dwell in thee,
And God himself is light.

209 (EMMONS.)

1 NOW to the Lamb that once was slain,
Be endless blessings paid;
Salvation, glory, joy, remain
Forever on thy head

2 Thou hast redeemed us by thy blood,
And set the prisoners free,
Hast made us kings and priests to God,
And we shall reign with thee

210 EMMONS. C. M.



charming name, Nor half so sweet to me, Nor half so sweet to me.
sweet, more loud, And Christ shall be our song, And Christ shall be our song.

sing God's praise, Than when we first be - gun, Than when we first be - gun.
ne'er break up, And Sabbaths ne - ver end, And Sabbaths ne - ver end.

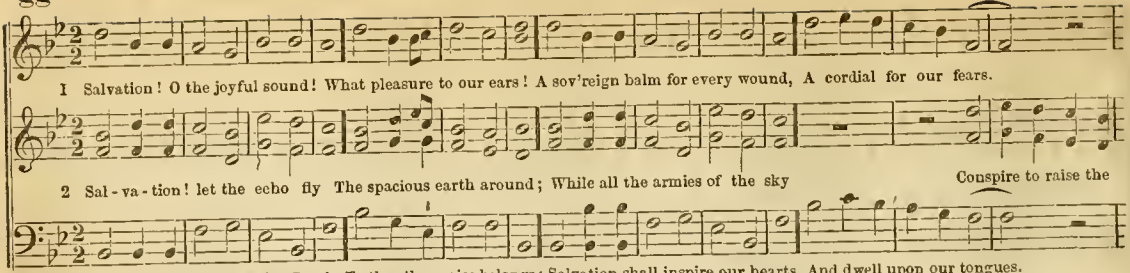
1 As o'er the past my mem' - ry strays,

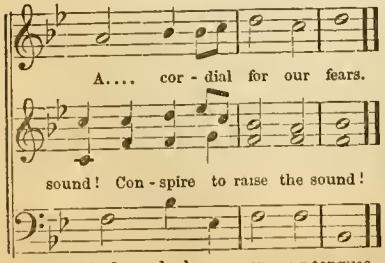
2 The world, and world - ly things be - lov'd,
3 Yet, ho - ly Fa - ther, wild de - spair

Why heaves the se - cret sigh? 'T is that I mourn de - part - ed days, Still un - pre - par'd to die, Still un - pre - par'd to die.

My anxious thought employ'd; And time, un - hal - low'd, un - im - prov'd, Pre - sents a fear - ful void, Pre - sents a fear - ful void.
Chase from my lab'ring breast: Thy grace it is which prompts the prayer; That grace can do the rest, That grace can do the rest.

212 CAMBRIDGE. C. M.





213 (Coventry.)

1 FAITH adds new charms to earthly bliss,
And saves us from its snares;
Its aid in every duty brings,
And softens all our cares.

2 It heals the deadly thirst of sin;
It lights the sacred fire
Of love to God and heavenly things,
And feeds the pure desire.

3 The wounded conscience knows its power
The healing balm to give;
That balm the saddest heart can cheer,
And make the dying live.

4 It shows the precious promise, sealed
With the Redeemer's blood;
And helps our feeble hope to rest
Upon a faithful God.

5 Wide it unveils celestial worlds,
Where deathless pleasures reign;
And bids us seek our portion there,
Nor bids us seek in vain.

214 (Cambridge.)

1 JESUS! O name divinely sweet!
How charming is the sound!
What joyful news, what heavenly power
In Thy dear name is found.

2 Our souls, as guilty and condemn'd,
In hopeless fetters lay—
Our souls with numerous sins depraved,
To death and hell a prey.

3 Jesus, to purge away this guilt,
A willing victim fell,
And on His cross triumphant broke
The hands of death and hell.

215 COVENTRY. C. M

1 Come, ye that know and fear the Lord, And raise your thoughts above: Let ev' - ry heart and voice ac - cord To sing that "God is love."
2 This precious truth his word declares, And all his mer - cies prove; Je - sus, the gift of gifts ap - pears, To show that "God is love."

3 Be - hold his patience, bear - ing long With those who from him rove; Till mighty grace their hearts subdues, To teach them—"God is love."
4 O may we all, while pilgrims here, This best of blessings prove; Till warmer hearts, in par - a - dise, Proclaim that "God is love."

216 WINDSOR. C. M.

1 That aw - ful day will surely come, Th' appointed hour makes haste, When I must stand before my Judge, And pass the solemn test.
2 Je - sus, thou source of all my joys, Thou ru - ler of my heart, How could I bear to hear thy voice Pronounce the sound, "Depart!"

3 What! to be banish'd from my Lord; To rocks and mountains cry; And yet to them must call in vain, For who his wrath can fly?
4 O wretched state, of deep despair, To see my God re - move, And fix my dole - ful sta - tion where I must not taste his love!

217 LIBERTY. C. M.

1 That glorious day is drawing nigh, When Zion's light shall come; She shall a - rise and

1 That glorious day is drawing nigh, When Zion's light shall come; She shall arise and shine on high, She shall a - rise and
She shall arise and shine on high, Bright

She shall arise and shine on high, Bright as the morning sun..... She

shine on high, Bright as the morning sun, She shall arise and shine on high, Bright, &c.

shine on high, Bright as the morning sun, Bright, &c.
as the morning sun, She shall arise and shine on high,..... Bright, &c.

shall..... a - rise and shine on high,..... ..... Bright, &c.

2 The north and south her sons resign,
And earth's foundation rend;
A bride adorn'd, Jerusalem,
All glorious shall descend.

3 When Zion's bleeding, conquering King
Shall sin and death destroy,
The morning stars shall join to sing,
And Zion shout for joy.

4 Descending with sweet melting strains,
Jehovah they adore; (plains,
Such shouts thro' earth's extended
Were never heard before.

5 Let Satan rage and boast no more,
Nor think his reign is long;
Though saints are feeble, frail and poor
Their coming King is strong.

6 A thousand years shall roll around,
The church shall be complete:
Call'd by the last loud trumpet's sound,
Their Saviour's face to meet.

7 With joy they meet him in the sky,
Whom here their souls ador'd;
And in a world where none shall die,
Live ever with the Lord.

218 (LANESBORO'.)

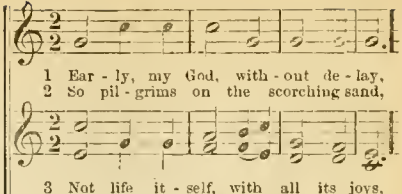
1 WITH my whole heart I 've sought thy face.
O, let me never stray
From thy commands, O God of grace,
Nor tread the sinner's way!

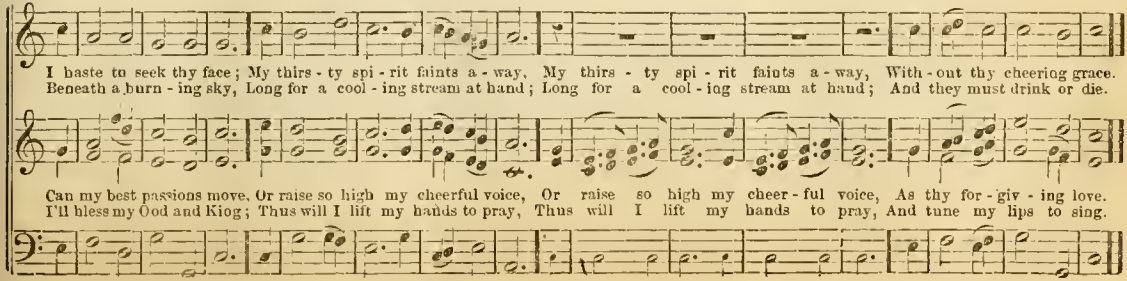
2 Thy word I 've hid within my heart,
To keep my conscience clean,
And be an everlasting guard
From every rising sin.

3 I 'm a companion of the saints,
Who fear and love the Lord;
My sorrows rise, my nature faints,
When men transgress thy word.

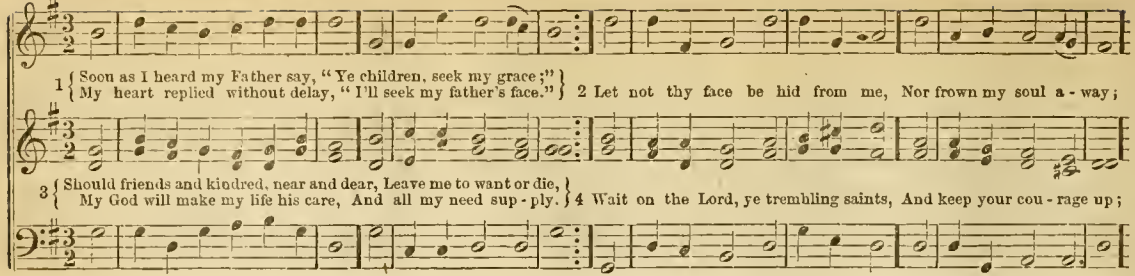
4 My heart with sacred rev'rence hears
The threat'nings of thy word.
My flesh with holy trembling fears
The judgments of the Lord.

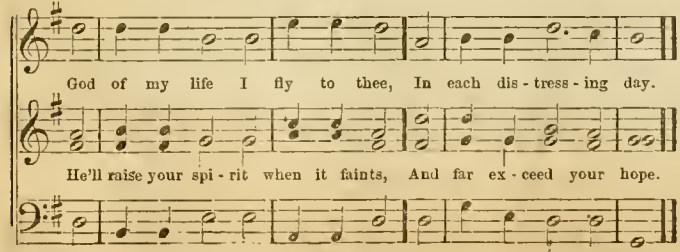
5 My God, I long, I hope, I wait,
For thy salvation still;
Thy holy law is my delight,
And I obey thy will.





220 FARNHAM. C. M. Double.





221

1 O, GLORIOUS day of heavenly rest!
We hail each sign of thee;
With eager hearts and longing eyes
We wait thy dawn to see.
Those gilded rays of glory bright,
Resplendent as the sun,
Must soon to every eye make known
The holy coming One.

2 With cheerful hope and earnest prayer,
Still trusting in thy word,
We long to see the eastern skies
Reveal thy advent, Lord.
Then would our waiting souls rejoice,
Could we thy face behold;
In ages of triumphant bliss
Our joys could ne'er be told

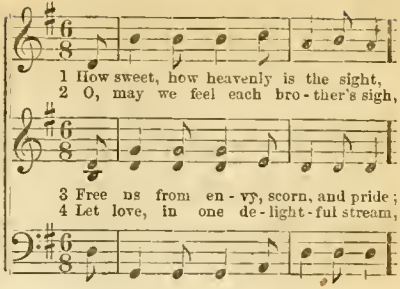
3 O, blissful day of promise blest,
We long to share thy peace!
When pain and every ill shall end,
And pleasures never cease;
When rapt'rous joy, like holy fire,
Shall swell our song of praise,
And every wond'ring, grateful heart
Extol thy work of grace.

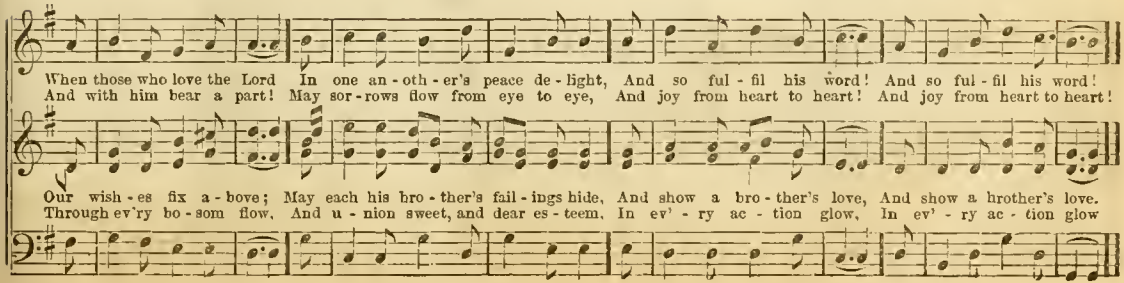
4 Redeemed beyond the reach of sin,
Victorious o'er the grave,
The ransomed shall, with angel tongues,
Adore thy power to save.
Thy wondrous love shall keep each heart
In sweetest union bound;
And naught shall ever cause a tear,
For grief will ne'er be found.

5 There crowns of glory, gemmed with light,
The gifts from Christ's own hand,
Shall every princely saint adorn
Within the promised land.
To golden lyres each voice shall tune
An anthem sweet and long:
"To Christ, who saved us by his blood,
All glory shall belong."

222 (Contrition.)

1 O LORD! whate'er is felt or feared,
This thought is our repose,
That he, by whom this frame was reared,
Its various weakness knows.
2 Thou view'st us with a pitying eye,
While struggling with our load;
In pains and dangers thou art nigh,
Our Father and our God.





224 CONWAY. C. M.

1 Come, let us lift our joy - ful eyes Up to the courts above, And smile to see our Fa - ther there— And smile to see our
2 Come, let us bow be - fore his feet, And venture near the Lord; No fie - ry che - rub guards his seat— No fie - ry che - rub

3 The peaceful gates of heavenly bliss Are opened by the Son; High let us raise our notes of praise— High let us raise our

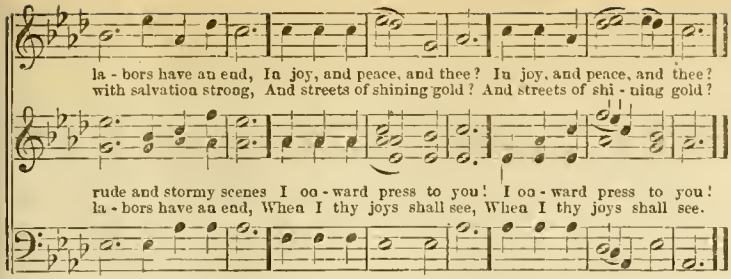
Fa - ther there, Up - on a throne of love.
guards his seat, Nor double-flaming sword.

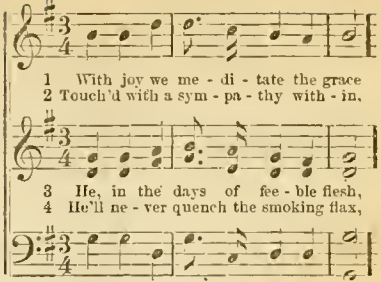
notes of praise, And reach th'almighty throne.

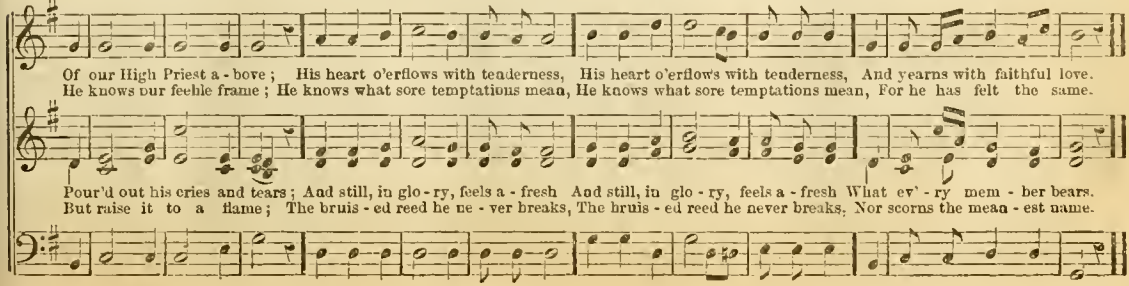
225 CHOPIN. C. M.

1 Je - ru - sa - lem, my glorious home, Name ever dear to me, When shall my
2 When shall these eyes thy heav'n-built walls And pearly gates behold; Thy bulwarks

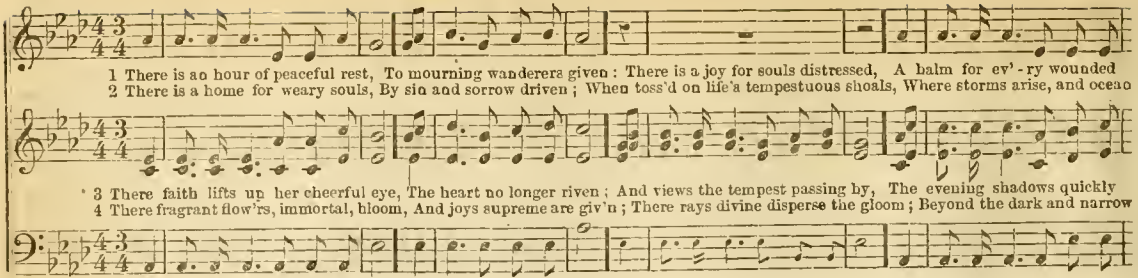
3 There happier bowers than Eden's bloom, Nor sin nor sorrow know; Blest seats, thro'
4 Je - ru - sa - lem, my glorious home, My soul still pants for thee; Then shall my

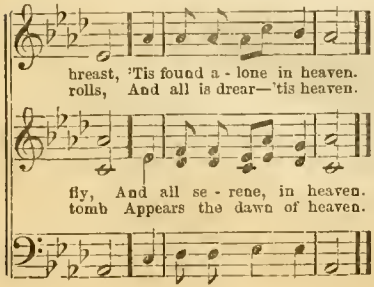

la - bors have an end, In joy, and peace, and thee? In joy, and peace, and thee?
with salvation strong, And streets of shining gold? And streets of shi - ning gold?
rude and stormy scenes I on - ward press to you! I on - ward press to you!
la - bors have an end, When I thy joys shall see, When I thy joys shall see.


1 With joy we me - di - tate the grace
2 Touch'd with a sym - pa - thy with - in,
3 He, in the days of fee - ble flesh,
4 He'll ne - ver quench the smoking flax,


Of our High Priest a - bove; His heart o'erflows with tenderness, His heart o'erflows with tenderness, And yearns with faithful love.
He knows our feeble frame; He knows what sore temptations mean, He knows what sore temptations mean, For he has felt the same.
Pour'd out his cries and tears; And still, in glo - ry, feels a - fresh And still, in glo - ry, feels a - fresh What ev' - ry mem - ber bears.
But raise it to a flame; The bruis - ed reed he ne - ver breaks, The bruis - ed reed he never breaks, Nor scorns the mean - est name.

227 PEACEFUL REST. C. M.





228

1 JESUS, our hope, our life, our heaven,
The lingering times have flown ;
To thee the kingdom now is given ;
Return and claim thine own.

2 And, as we wait, along the skies
Unearthly glory steals,
And our glad spirits seem to rise,
To haste thy chariot wheels.

3 Although they seem to linger, still
Thy retinue on high
Is marshalled, and awaits the will
That hids their myriads fly.

4 Then we will wait, nor deem too long
The closing hours of grace,
But trim our lamps with cheerful song,
Till we shall see thy face

229

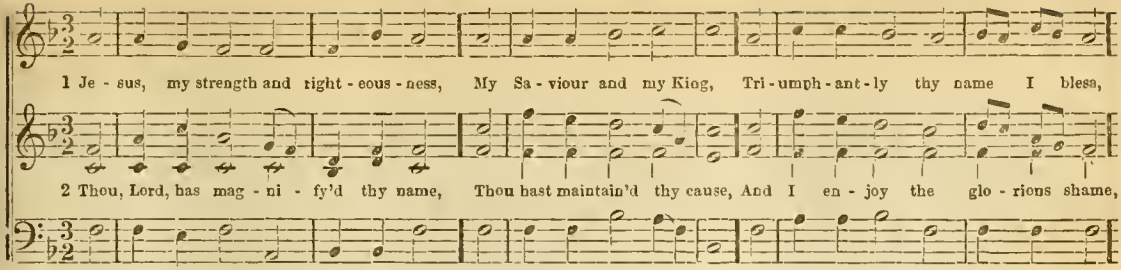
1 AS Jesus died, and rose again
Victorious from the dead ;
So his disciples rise and reign
With their triumphant Head.

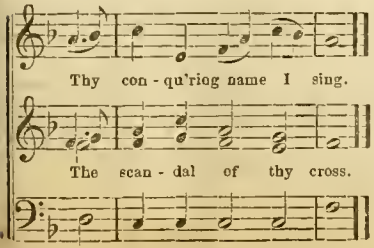
2 The time draws nigh, when from the clouds
Christ shall with shouts descend ;
And the last trumpet's awful voice
The heavens and earth shall rend.

3 The saints of God, from death set free,
With joy shall mount on high ;
The heav'nly hosts, with praises loud,
Shall meet them in the sky.

4 Together to their Father's house
With joyful hearts they go ;
And dwell forever with the Lord,
Beyond the reach of woe.

228 WHITMORE LAKE. C. M.





3 Thou gavest me to speak thy word,
In the appointed hour;
I have proclaim'd my dying Lord,
And felt thy Spirit's power.

4 Superior to my foes I stood,
Above their smile or frown;
On all the strangers to thy blood
With pitying love look down.

5 O let me have thy presence still,
Set as a flint my face,
To show the counsel of thy will,
Which saves a world by grace!

6 O let me never blush to own
The glorious Gospel-word;
Which saves a world through faith alone,
Faith in a dying Lord!

229

1 My song shall always be of him
Who gave himself for me;
Who died a sinner to redeem,
And bled upon the tree.

2 I never can his love forget,
Who suffered for my good;
His wounded head, hands, side, and feet,
Poured forth the sacred flood.

3 Like him, on earth, I wish to be,
That, when he doth appear,
I may rejoice his face to see,
And his blest voice to hear.

4 For time to come I would fulfil
The wishes of my Lord:
Obey his precepts, do his will,
And magnify his word.

230 NEW-JERUSALEM. C. M.

The New-Jerusalem comes down, A-

From the third heav'n where God resides, That holy, happy place, The New-Jerusalem comes down, A - dorn'd ..... The

The New-Jerusalem comes down, A - dorn'd..... with

dorn'd..... with shining grace, The New - Jerusalem comes down, Adorn'd, &c.

..... with shining grace. The New-Je - ru - sa - lem comes down, Adorn'd with shining grace, Adorn'd, &c.

New-Jerusalem come down, A - dorn'd..... with shi - ning grace, Adorn'd, &c.

shining grace, The New-Jerusalem comes down. Adorn'd with shining grace, Adorn'd, &c

2 Attending angels shout for joy.
And the bright armies sing,—
"Mortals, behold the sacred seat
Of your descending King.

3 "The God of glory down to men
Removes his blest abode;
Men, the dear objects of his grace,
And he the loving God.

4 "His own kind hand shall wipe the tears
From every weeping eye;
And pains, and groans, and griefs, and fears,
And death itself, shall die."

5 How long, dear Saviour, O how long
Shall this bright hour delay?
Fly swifter round, ye wheels of time,
And bring the welcome day.

231 (N. Jerusalem.)

1 JERUSALEM, our heavenly home,
Name to us ever dear,
When will the Saviour come, and thou
To us, his saints, appear?

2 When shall these eyes thy jasper walls
And gates of pearl survey;
The fabric reared on precious stones
Of every brilliant ray?

3 Transparent as the crystal glass,
And formed of purest gold;
Perfection's height art thou, of all
That man can e'er behold.

4 In thee the myriads of the saints
Shall in one song unite,
And each the bliss of all shall see
With infinite delight.

5 O when, thou city of our God,
Shall thou for us descend.
And our eternal Sabbath come,
When praise shall never end?

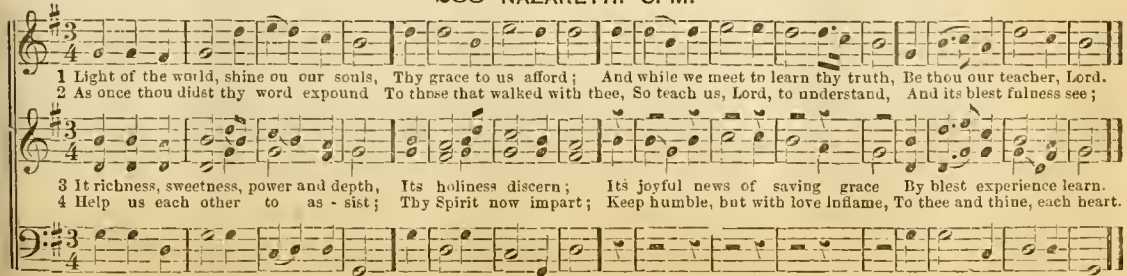
232 (Nazareth.)

1 AGAIN our earthly cares we leave,
And to thy courts repair;
Again with joyful feet we come
To meet our Saviour here.

2 Within these walls let holy peace,
And love, and concord, dwell;
Here give the troubled conscience ease,
The wounded spirit heal.

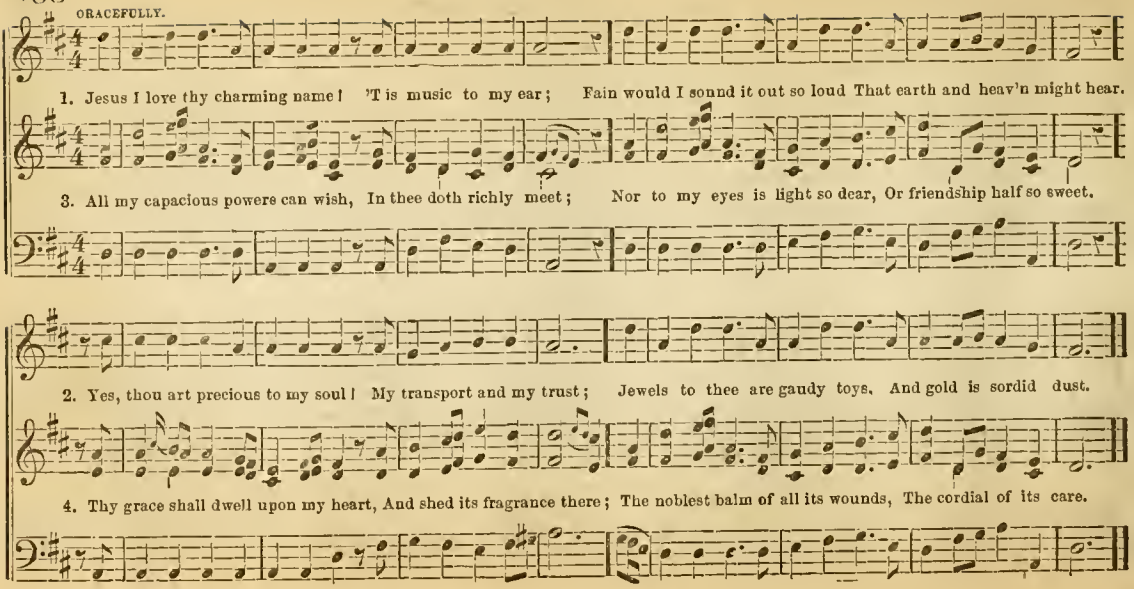
3 The feeling heart, the melting eye,
The humble mind, bestow;
And shine upon us, from on high,
To make our graces grow.

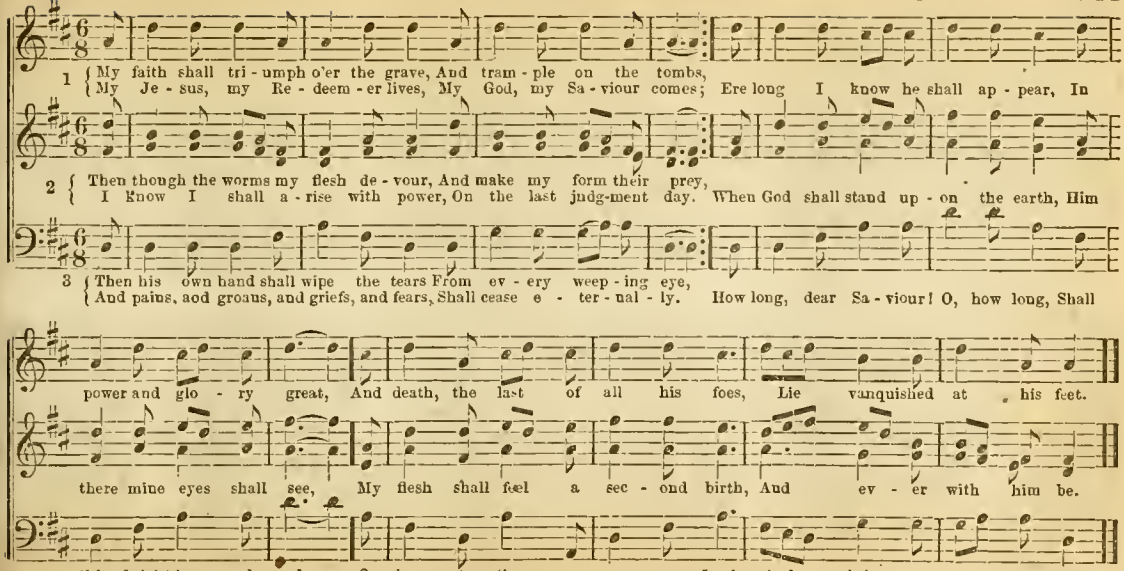
233 NAZARETH. C. M.



234 MEYER. C. M. Double.

Arranged for this work.




1 My faith shall tri - umph o'er the grave, And tram - ple on the tombs,
My Je - sus, my Re - deem - er lives, My God, my Sa - viour comes; Ere long I know he shall ap - pear, In
2 Then though the worms my flesh de - vour, And make my form their prey,
I know I shall a - rise with power, On the last judg-ment day. When God shall stand up - on the earth, Him
3 Then his own hand shall wipe the tears From ev - ery weep - ing eye,
And pains, and groans, and griefs, and fears, Shall cease e - ter - nal - ly. How long, dear Sa - viour! O, how long, Shall
power and glo - ry great, And death, the last of all his foes, Lie vanquished at his feet.
there mine eyes shall see, My flesh shall feel a sec - ond birth, And ev - er with him be.
this bright hour de - lay, O, has - ten thy ap - pear - ance, Lord, And bring the wel - come day.

236 SOUNDING JOY. C. M.

Arranged from J. P. Storm.

1 Bride of the Lamb, a - wake,.. awake! Why sleep for sor - - - row now?

1 Bride of the Lamb, a - wake,.. awake! Why sleep for sor - - - row now?

The hope of glo - ry, The hope of glo - ry, Christ, is thine, A

The hope of glo - ry, Christ, is thine, A child of glo - - ry, thou, A child..... of glo - ry, thou

Christ, is thine, A child of glo - ry, thou, The hope of glo - ry, Christ, is thine, A child of glo - ry, thou.
hope of glo - ry, Christ, is thine, A child of glo - - - - - - ry,..... thou, A child of glo - ry, thou.

child of glo - ry, thou. The hope of glo - ry, Christ, is thine, A child..... of glo - ry, thou.

2 Thy spirit through the lonely night,
From earthly joy apart,
Hath sighed for one that's far away,
The Bridegroom of thy heart.

3 But see, the night is waning fast,
The breaking morn is near;
And Jesus comes, with voice of love,
Thy drooping heart to cheer.

4 He comes, for O, his yearning heart
No more can bear delay,
To scenes of full unmingled joy
To call his bride away.

5 This earth, the scene of all his woe,
A homeless wild to thee.
Full soon upon his heavenly throne
Its rightful King shall see.

237

1 THE Lord our God is clothed with might;
The winds obey his will;
He speaks, and in his heavenly height
The rolling sun stands still.

2 Rebel, ye waves, and o'er the land
With threatening aspect roar!
The Lord uplifts his awful hand,
And chains you to the shore.

3 Howl, winds of night! your force combine;
Without his high behest
Ye shall not, in the mountain pine,
Disturb the sparrow's nest.

4 His voice sublime is heard afar;
In distant peals it dies;
He yokes the whirlwinds to his car,
And sweeps the howling skies.

5 Ye nations, bend—in reverence bend;
Ye monarchs, wait his nod,
And bid the choral song ascend
To celebrate our God.

238 (MARLOW.)

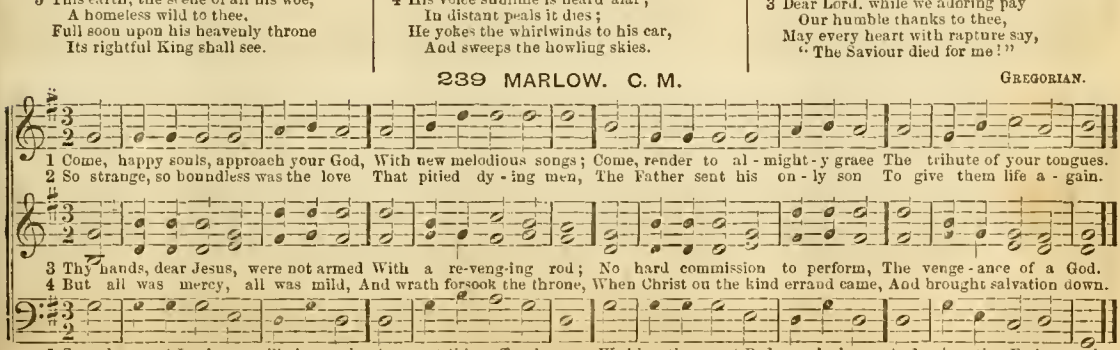
1 TO our Redeemer's glorious name
Awake the sacred song!
O may his love—immortal flame!
Tune every heart and tongue.

2 His love, what mortal thought can reach,
What mortal tongue display!
Imagination's utmost stretch
In wonder dies away.

3 Dear Lord, while we adoring pay
Our humble thanks to thee,
May every heart with rapture say,
"The Saviour died for me!"

239 MARLOW. C. M.

GREGORIAN.



240 JORDAN. C. M. (Double.)

BILLINGS.

1 Plunged in a gulf of deep de - spair, We wretched sin-ners lay, Without one cheerful beam of hope, Or spark of glimm'ring day.

3 Down from the shining seats a - bove With joy - ful haste he fled; Entered the grave in mor - tal flesh, And dwelt among the dead.

2 With pitying eyes the Prince of grace Be - held our helpless grief; He saw, and — oh, a - mazing love! — He flew to our re - lief.

4 Oh, for this love let rocks and hills Their last - ing silence break, And all harmonious human tongues The Saviour's praises speak!

241 (JORDAN.)

1 O FOR a thousand tongues to sing
The great Redeemer's praise,
The glories of our God and King,
The triumphs of his grace!

2 Jesus! the name that soothes our fears,
That bids our sorrows cease;
'Tis music in the sinner's ears,
'Tis life, and health, and peace.

3 He breaks the power of reigning sin,
And sets the prisoners free;
His blood can make the foulest clean;
His blood availed for me.

4 He speaks—and, list'ning to his voice,
New life the dead receive;
The broken, contrite hearts rejoice;
The humble poor believe.

242 (JORDAN.)

1 MY soul shall praise thee, O my God,
Through all my mortal days,
And in eternity prolong
Thy vast, thy boundless praise.

2 In every smiling, happy hour
Be this my sweet employ;
Thy praise refines my earthly bliss,
And heightens all my joy.

3 When anxious grief and gloomy care
Afflict my throbbing breast,
My tongue shall learn to speak thy praise,
And lull each pain to rest.

4 Nor shall my tongue alone proclaim
The honors of my God;
My life with all its active powers,
Shall spread thy praise abroad.

243 (COLCHESTER.)

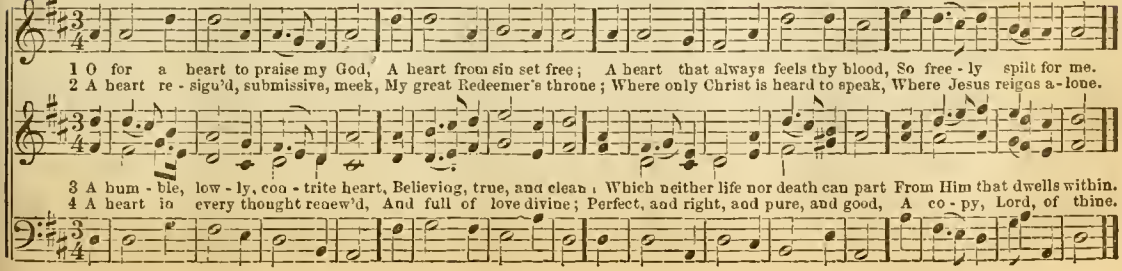
1 WHAT shall I render to my God
For all his kindness shown?
My feet shall visit thine abode,
My songs address thy throne.

2 Among the saints who fill thy house,
My offering shall be paid;
There shall my zeal perform the vows
My soul in anguish made.

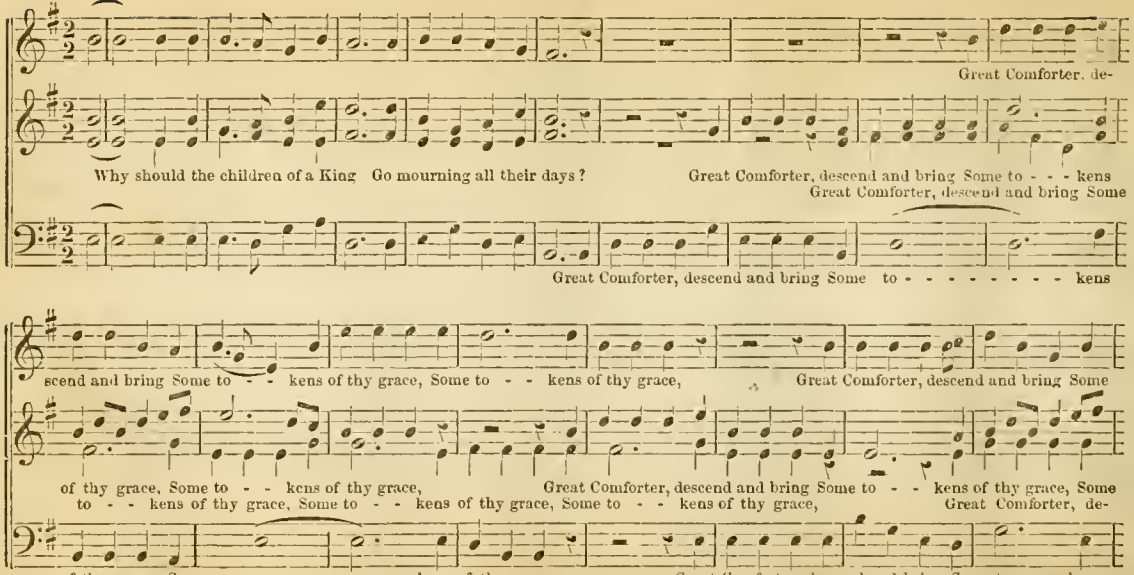
3 How happy all thy servants are!
How great thy grace to me!
My life, which thou hast made thy care,
Lord, I devote to thee.

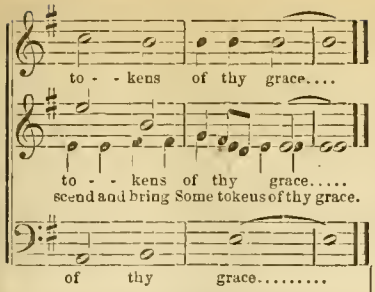
4 Now I am thine, forever thine,
Nor shall my purpose move;
Thy hand hath loosed my bonds of pain,
And bound me with thy love.

244 COLCHESTER. C. M.



245 CANTERBURY-NEW, (or "Old Mortality.") C. M.





2 Dost thou not dwell in all the saints,
And seal the heirs of heav'n?
When wilt thou banish my complaints,
And show my sins forgiv'n?

3 Assure my conscience of her part,
In the Redeemer's blood;
And bear thy witness with my heart,
That I'm a child of God.

4 Thou art the earnest of his love,
The pledge of joys to come;
And thy soft wings, celestial Dove,
Will safe convey me home.

5 Why should the children of a king
Go mourning all their days?
Great Comforter, descend, and bring
Some tokens of thy grace

246

1 LET songs of praises fill the sky!
Christ, our a-cended Lord,
Sends down his Spirit from on high,
According to his word.

2 The Spirit, by his heavenly breath,
New life creates within:
He quickens sinners from the death
Of trespasses and sin.

3 The things of Christ the Spirit takes,
And shows them unto men;
The fallen soul his temple makes,
God's image stamps again.

4 Come, Holy Spirit from above,
With thy celestial fire:
Come, and with flames of zeal and love
Our hearts and tongues inspire.

247

1 GREAT Spirit, by whose mighty power
All creatures live and move,
On us thy benediction shower;
Inspire our souls with love.

2 Hail, Source of light, arise and shine;
All gloom and doubt dispel:
Give peace and joy, for we are thine;
In us forever dwell

3 From death to life our spirits raise,
And full redemption bring;
New tongues impart to speak the praise
Of Christ, our God and King.

4 Thine inward witness bear, unknown
To all the world beside;
With joy we then shall feel and own
Our Saviour glorified.

248

1 HOW helpless guilty nature lies,
Unconscious of its load!
The heart unchanged can never rise
To happiness and God.

2 Can aught, beneath a power divine,
The stubborn will subdue?
'Tis thine, eternal Spirit, thine,
To form the heart anew.

3 'Tis thine, the passions to recall,
And upward bid them rise;
To make the scales of error fall
From reason's darkened eyes.

4 To chase the shades of death away,
And bid the sinner live;
A beam of heaven, a vital ray,
'Tis thine alone to give.

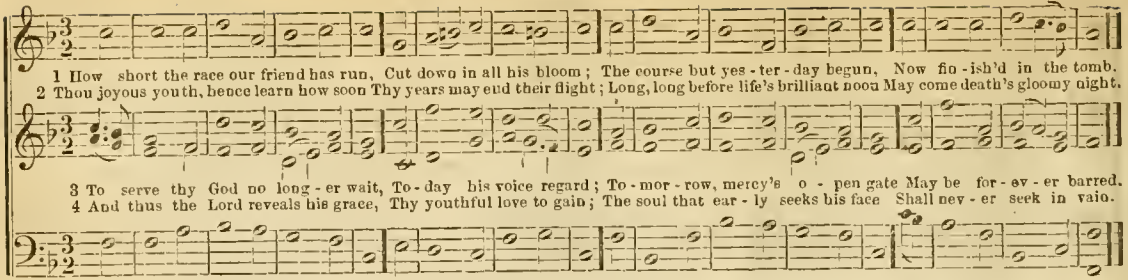
5 Oh change these wretched hearts of ours,
And give them life divine!
Then shall our passions and our powers,
Almighty Lord be thine.

249

1 COME, Holy Spirit, from above,
With thy celestial fire;
Come, and with flames of zeal and love
Our hearts and tongues inspire.

2 The Spirit, by his heavenly breath,
New life creates within;
He quickens sinners from the death
Of trespasses and sin.

3 The things of Christ the Spirit takes,
And to our hearts reveals;
Our bodies he his temple makes,
And our redemption seals



251

1 THE once lov'd form, now cold and dead,
Each mournful thought employs:
And nature weeps her comforts fled,
And wither'd all her joys.

2 But wait the interposing gloom,
And lo! stern winter flies;
And, dress'd in beauty's fairest bloom,
The flow'ry tribes arise.

3 Hope looks beyond the bounds of time,
When what we now deplore,
Shall rise in full immortal prime,
And bloom to fade no more.

252

1 SEE, gracious Lord, before thy throne,
Thy mourning people bend!
'Tis on thy sov'reign grace alone,
Our humble hopes depend.

2 Tremendous judgments, from thy hand,
Thy dreadful pow'rs display;
Yet mercy spares this guilty land,
And still we live to pray.

3 How chang'd, alas! are truths divine,
For error, guilt, and shame!
What impious numbers, bold in sin,
Disgrace the Christian name.

4 O turn us, turn us, mighty Lord,
By thy resistless grace;
Then shall our hearts obey thy word,
And humbly seek thy face.

5 Then, should insulting foes invade,
We shall not sink in fear;
Secure of never failing aid,
When God, our God, is near.

253

1 COME, let us all adore the Lord,
Whose judgments yet delay;
Who yet suspends the lifted sword,
And gives us time to pray.

2 Great is our guilt, our fears are great,
But let us not despair;
Still open is the mercy-seat
To penitence and prayer.

3 Kind Intercessor, to thy love
This blessed hope we owe:
O let thy mercies plead above,
While we implore below.

4 Though justice near thy awful throne
Attends thy dread command,
Lord, hear thy servants, hear thy Son,
And save a guilty land.

1 With sacred joy we lift our eyes... To those bright realms above, That glorious temple in the skies, Where

1 With sacred joy we lift our eyes... To those bright realms above, That glorious temple in the skies, Where dwells..... e- That glorious tem - ple

That glorious temple in the skies, Where dwells e - ter - nal love.

dwells..... e - ter - nal love, That glorious tem - ple in the skies, Where dwells eternal love.

ter - nal love, That glorious temple in the skies, Where dwells eternal love.
in the skies, Where dwells.... e - ter - nal love. Where dwells eternal love.

That glorious tem - ple in the skies, Where dwells eternal love.

2 Before the awful throne we bow
Of heaven's Almighty King:
Here we present the solemn vow,
And hymns of praise we sing.

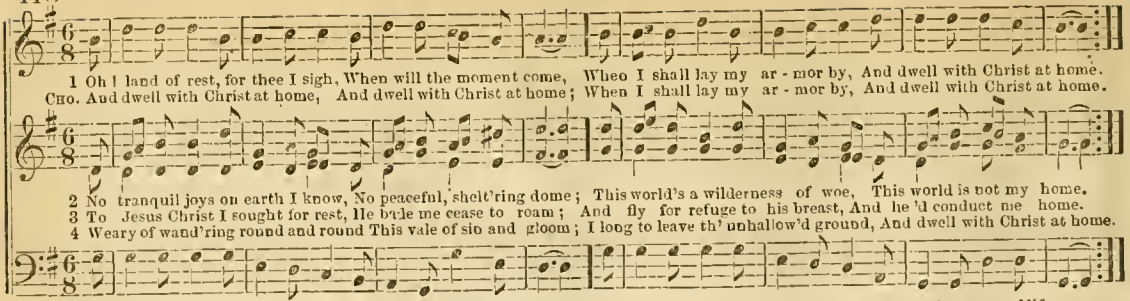
3 Thee we adore; and, Lord, to thee
Our filial duty pay;
Thy service, unconstrained and free,
Conducts to endless day.

4 While in thy house of prayer we kneel,
With trust and holy fear,
Thy mercy and thy truth reveal,
And lend a gracious ear.

5 With fervor teach our hearts to pray,
And tune our lips to sing;
Nor from thy presence cast away
The sacrifice we bring.

255 LAND OF REST. C. M.

Arranged for this work.



256 (*Omit the chorus.*)

1 HARK! listen to the trumpeters,
They call for volunteers;
On Zion's bright and flowery mount
Behold the officers!

2 Their horses white, their armor's bright,
With courage bold they stand,
Enlisting soldiers for their King,
To march to Canaan's land.

3 To see our armies on parade,
How martial they appear;
All armed and dressed in uniform,
They look like men of war.

4 We want no cowards in our bands,
That will our colors fly;
We call for valiant hearted men,
Who're not afraid to die.

5 Sinners, enlist with Jesus Christ,
The eternal Son of God;
And march with us to Canaan's land,
Beyond the swelling flood.

6 There on a green and flowery mount,
Where fruits immortal grow;
With angels all arrayed in white,
We our Redeemer know.

257 (OLD NINETY-FIFTH.)

1 THERE is a place of waveless rest,
Beyond this vale of tears,
Where beauty smiles eternally,
And naught of gloom appears.

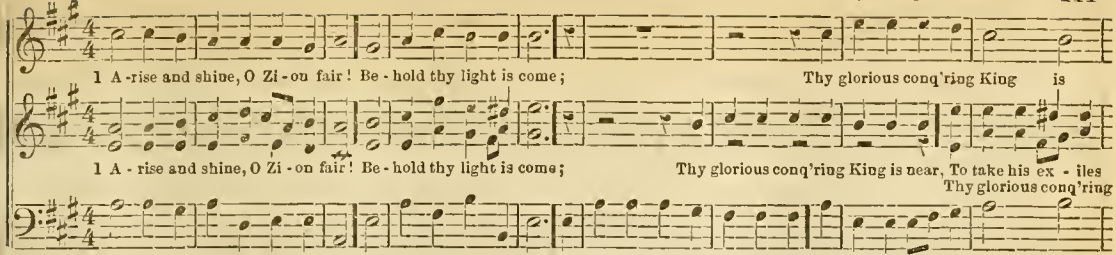
2 My Father's house, my heavenly home,
Where many mansions stand,
Prepared by hands divine, for all
Who seek the better land.

3 When tossed upon the waves of life,
With fear on every side—
When fiercely howls the gathering storm,
And foams the angry tide;

4 Beyond the storm, beyond the gloom,
Breaks forth the light of morn,
Bright beaming from my Father's house,
To cheer the soul forlorn.

5 In that pure home of tearless joy,
Earth's parted friends shall meet
With smiles of love that never fade,
And blessedness complete;

6 There, there adieus are sounds unknown,
Death frowns not in that scene,
But life and glorious beauty shine,
Untroubled and serene.



2 The trumpet sounding through the sky
Will set the captives free;
The day of wonders now is nigh—
The year of Jubilee.

3 Arise, ye nations under ground,
Before the Judge appear;
All tongues, all languages, shall come,
Their final doom to hear.

4 King Jesus on his azure throne,
Ten thousand angels round;
While Gabriel, with his awful trump,
Echoes the dreadful sound.

5 The glorious news of gospel grace
With sinners then is o'er;
The gospel trumpet now is still,
And will be blown no more.

259

1 THE time draws nigh, when from the clouds
Christ shall with shouts descend;
And the last trumpet's awful voice
The heavens and earth shall rend.

2 Then they who live shall changed be,
And they who sleep shall wake;
The graves shall yield their ancient charge;
While earth's foundations shake.

3 The saints of God, from death set free,
With joy shall mount on high;
The heavenly hosts, with praises loud,
Shall meet them in the sky.

4 A few short years of exile past,
We reach the happy shore;
Where death-divided friends, at last,
Shall meet to part no more.

260 LOWELL STREET. C. M.

A. T. G.

EARNESTLY.

1. O Thou from whom all goodness flows, I lift my heart.... to thee; In all my trials, conflicts, woes, Dear Lord, re - mem - ber me.

1. O Thou from whom all goodness flows, I lift my heart.... to thee; In all my trials, conflicts, woes, Dear Lord, re - mem - ber me.

Dear Lord, re - mem - - ber me.
Dear Lord, re - mem - ber me.

Dear Lord, re - mem - ber me.
Dear Lord, re - mem - - ber me.

2 When groaning o'er my burdened heart
My sins lie heavily;
My pardon speak, new peace impart;
In love remember me.

3 If on my face, for thy dear name,
Shame and reproaches be,
I'll hail reproach, and welcome shame,
If thou remember me.

4 If sickness sore should overtake,
And pain my portion be,
Then, Saviour, for thy mercy's sake
I pray remember me.

5 And when the trumpet's dreadful sound
Shakes heaven, and earth, and sea,
And thy dead saints rise from the ground,
Dear Lord, remember me.

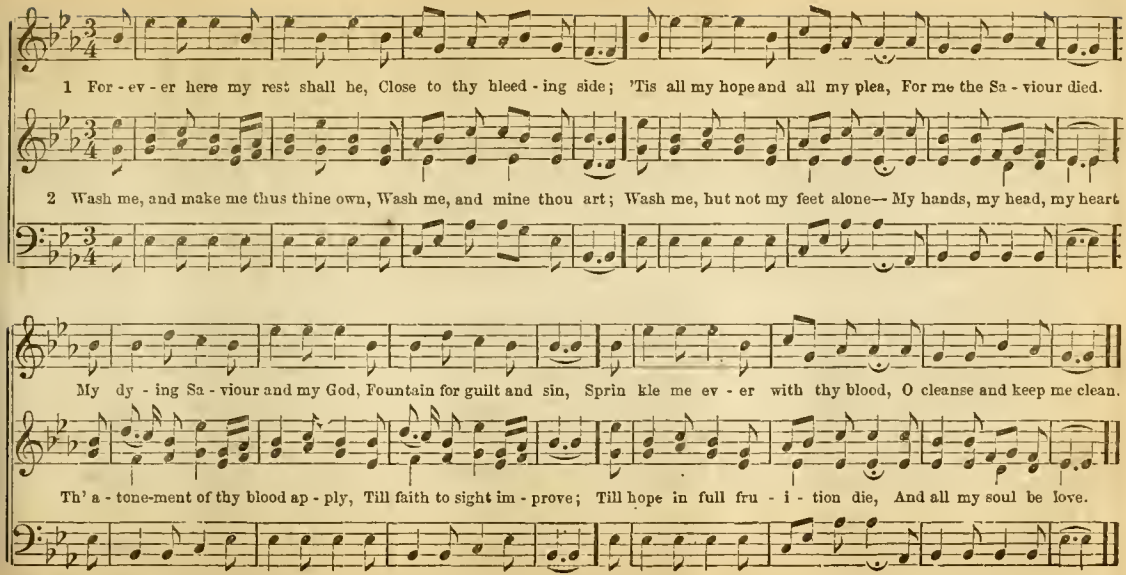
261

1 I KNOW that my Redeemer lives,
And ever prays for me:
A token of his love he gives,
A pledge of liberty.

2 I find him lifting up my head,
He brings salvation near;
His presence makes me free indeed,
And he will soon appear.

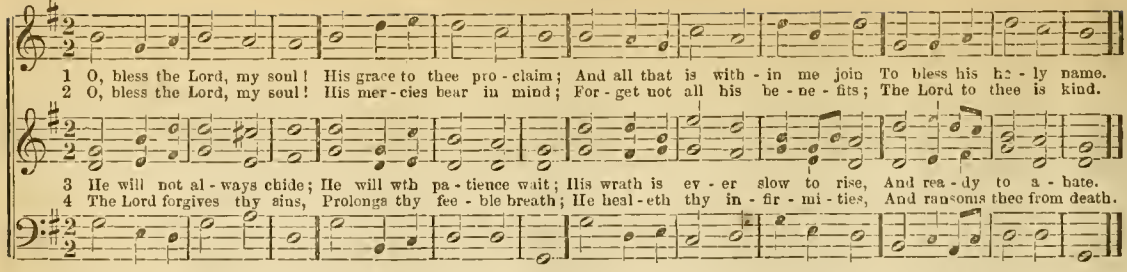
3 He wills that I should holy be!
Who can withstand his will?
The counsel of his grace in me
He surely shall fulfil.

4 Jesus, I hang upon thy word;
I steadfastly believe
Thou wilt return, and claim me, Lord,
And to thyself receive.


1 For - ev - er here my rest shall be, Close to thy bleed - ing side; 'Tis all my hope and all my plea, For me the Sa - viour died.
2 Wash me, and make me thus thine own, Wash me, and mine thou art; Wash me, but not my feet alone— My hands, my head, my heart
My dy - ing Sa - viour and my God, Fountain for guilt and sin, Sprin kle me ev - er with thy blood, O cleanse and keep me clean.
Th' a - tone-ment of thy blood ap - ply, Till faith to sight im - prove; Till hope in full fru - i - tion die, And all my soul be love.

263 WINSTEAD. S. M.

Arranged for this work.



5 He clothes thee with his love,
Upholds thee with his truth,
And like the eagle he renews
The vigor of thy youth.

6 Then bless his holy name,
Whose grace hath made thee whole,
Whose loving-kindness crowns thy days;
O, bless the Lord, my soul!

264

1 MY God, my Life, my Love,
To Thee, to Thee I call;
I cannot live, if Thou remove,
For Thou art all in all.

2 To Thee, and Thee alone,
The angels owe their bliss;
They sit around Thy gracious throne,
And dwell where Jesus is.

3 Not all the harps above
Can make a heaveoly place,
If God His residence remove,
Or but cooceal His face.

4 Nor earth, nor all the sky,
Can one delight afford,
No, not a drop of real joy,
Without Thy presence, Lord.

5 Thou art the sea of love,
Where all my pleasures roll;
The circle where my passions move,
And centre of my soul.

265

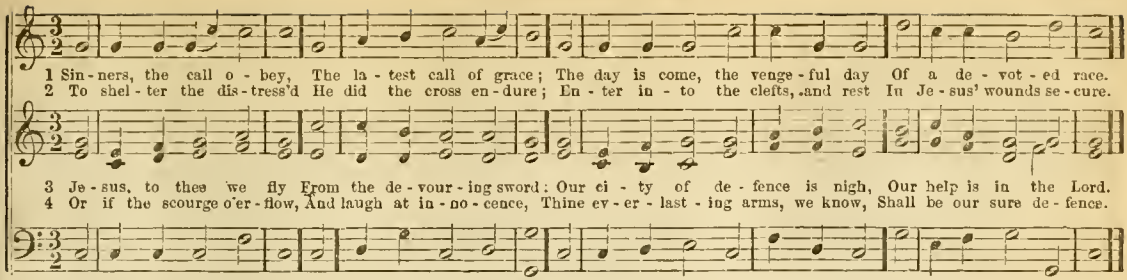
1 BEHOLD, what wondrous grace
The Father has bestowed
On sinners of a mortal race,
To call them sons of God!

2 Nor doth it yet appear
How great we must be made;
But when we see our Saviour here,
We shall be like our Head.

3 A hope so much divine
May trials well endure;
May purify our souls from sin,
As Christ, the Lord, is pure.

4 If in my Father's love
I share a filial part,
Send down Thy Spirit, like a dove,
To rest upon my heart.

5 We would no longer lie
Like slaves beneath the throne;
Our faith shall Abba, Father, cry,
And Thou the kindred own.



267

1 COME to the house of prayer,
O thou afflicted, come!
The God of peace shall meet thee there;
He makes that house his home.

2 Come to the house of praise,
Ye who are happy now;
In sweet accord your voices raise,
In kindred homage bow

3 Ye aged, hither come,
For ye have felt his love;
Soon may your trembling tongues be dumb,
Your lips forget to move.

4 Ye young, before his throne,
Come, bow; your voices raise;
Let not your hearts his praise disown,
Who gives the power to praise.

268

1 IN expectation sweet,
We'll wait, and sing, and pray,
Till Christ's triumphal car we meet,
And see an endless day.

2 He comes, the Conq'ror comes;
Death falls beneath his sword;
The joyful pris'ners burst the tombs,
And rise to meet their Lord.

3 The trumpet sounds, "Awake!
Ye dead, to judgment come!"
The pillars of creation shake,
While man receives his doom.

4 Thrice happy morn for those
Who love the ways of peace!
No night of sorrow e'er shall close,
Or shade their perfect bliss.

269

1 SOLDIERS of Christ, arise,
And put your armor on,
Strong in the strength which God supplies
Through his eternal Son;
Strong in the Lord of Hosts,
And in his mighty power;
Who in the strength of Jesus trusts,
Is more than conqueror.

2 Stand then in his great might,
With all his strength endued;
But take, to arm you for the fight,
The panoply of God;
That having all things done,
And all your conflicts past,
Ye may o'ercome, through Christ alone,
And stand entire at last.

270 AMERICA. S. M.

1 A - wake, and sing the song Of Mo - ses and the Lamb! Wake ev' - ry heart and

1 A - wake, and sing the song Of Mo - ses and the Lamb! Wake ev'ry heart and ev'ry tongue To praise the Sa - viour's
Wake ev'ry heart and ev' - ry tongue....

Wake ev'ry heart and ev'ry tongue Wake ev'ry heart and ev' - ry tongue....

ev'ry tongue To praise the Saviour's name!

name.... To praise the Saviour's name!
..... To praise, &c.

..... To praise, &c.

2 Sing of his dying love—
Sing of his rising power—
Sing how he intercedes above
For us, whose sins he bore.

3 Sing, till we feel our heart
Ascending with our tongue;
Sing, till the love of sin depart,
And grace inspire our song.

4 Sing on your heavenly way,
Ye ransomed sinners, sing;
Sing on, rejoicing every day,
In Christ th' eternal King.

5 Soon shall we hear him say,—
"Ye blessed children, come!"
Soon will he call us hence away,
To our eternal home.

6 There shall our raptured tongue
His endless praise proclaim;
And sweeter voices tune the song
Of Moses and the Lamb!

271

1 OUR heavenly Father, hear
The prayer we offer now:—
Thy name be hallowed far and near,
To thee all nations bow.

3 Thy kingdom come; thy will
On earth be done in love,
As saints and seraphim fulfil
Thy perfect law above.

3 Our daily bread supply,
While by thy word we live,
The guilt of our iniquity
Forgive, as we forgive.

4 From dark temptation's power,
From Satan's wiles, defend;
Deliver in the evil hour,
And guide us to the end.

5 Thine, then, forever be
Glory and power divine;
The sceptre, throne, and majesty,
Of heaven and earth are thine.

272

1 TO-MORROW, Lord, is thine,
Lodged in thy sovereign hand;
And, if its sun arise and shine,
It shines by thy command.

2 The present moment flies,
And bears our life away;
O make thy servants truly wise,
That they may live to-day.

3 Since on this winged hour,
Eternity is hung,
Waken by thine almighty power
The aged and the young.

4 One thing demands our care;
Oh, be it still pursued—
Lest, slighted once, the season fair;
Should never be renewed.

5 To Jesus may we fly
Swift as the morning light,
Lest life's young golden beam should die
In sudden, endless night.

273 (ST. THOMAS.)

1 MY God, permit my tongue
This joy,—to call thee mine;
And let my early cries prevail
To taste thy love divine.

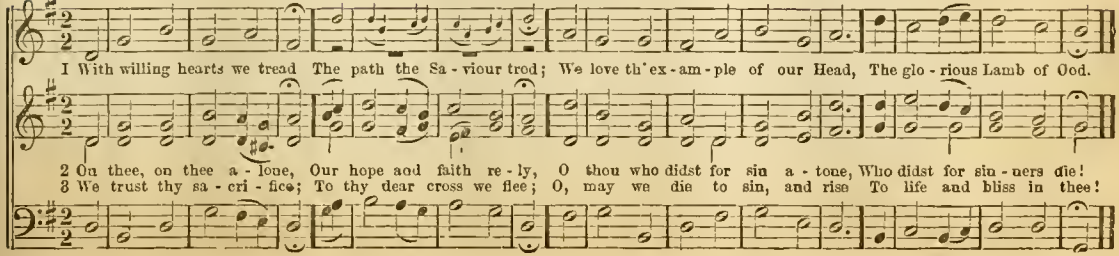
2 For life, without thy love,
No relish can afford;
No joy can be compared with this,
To serve and please the Lord.

3 In wakeful hours of night,
I call my God to mind;
I think how wise thy counsels are,
And all thy dealings kind.

4 Since thou hast been my help,
To thee my spirit flies;
And on thy watchful providence
My cheerful hope relies.

5 The shadow of thy wings
My soul in safety keeps;
I follow where my Father leads,
And he supports my steps.

274 ST. THOMAS. S. M.



275 HATFIELD. S. M.

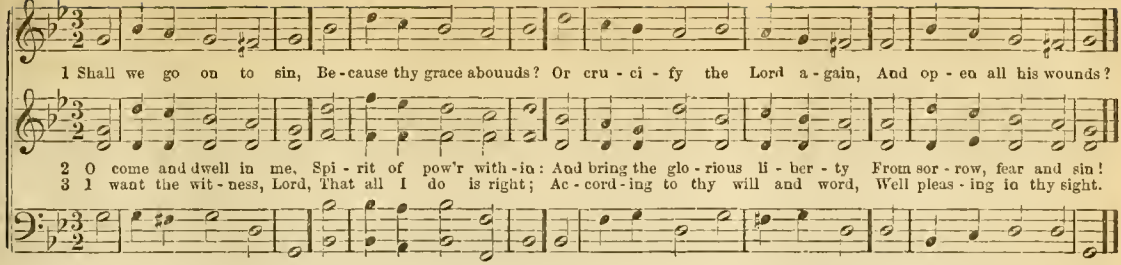
1 Lord, what a fee - ble piece Is this our mor - tal frame! Our life,—how poor a tri - fle 't is, That scarce deserves the name!
2 Our mo - ments fly a - pace, Our fee - ble pow'rs de - cay; Swift as a flood, our has - ty days, Are sweep - ing us a - way.

3 Then, if our days must fly, We 'll keep their end in sight; We 'll spend them all in wisdom's way, And let them speed their flight.
4 They 'll waft us soon - er o'er This life's tem - pest - uous sea; Soon shall we reach the peaceful shore Of blest e - ter - ni - ty.

276 BOSTON. S. M.

1 And can I yet de - lay My lit - tle all to give? To tear my soul from earth a - way For Je - sus to re - ceive?
2 Tho' late, I all for - sake; My friends, my all, re - sign: Gracious Re - deem - er, take, O take, And seal me ev - er thine.

3 Come, and pos - sess me whole, Nor hence a - gain re - move; Set - tle and fix my wav'ring soul With all thy weight of love.
4 My one de - sire be this,— Thy on - ly love to know; To seek and taste no oth - er bliss,— No oth - er good be - low.



278

1 HOW tender is thy hand,
O thou most gracious Lord!
Afflictions come at thy command,
And leave us at thy word!

2 How gentle was the rod
That chastened us for sin!
How soon we found a smiling God
Where deep distress had been!

3 A Father's hand we felt,
A Father's heart we knew;
'Mid tears of penitence we knelt,
And found his word was true,

4 Now we will bless the Lord,
And in his strength confide:
Forever be his name adored,
For there is none beside.

279

1 AND must this body die;
This mortal frame decay?
And must these active limbs of mine
Lie mouldering in the clay?

2 God, my Redeemer, lives,
And often from the skies
Looks down, and watches all my dust,
Till he shall bid it rise.

3 Arrayed in glorious grace,
Shall these vile bodies shine,
And every shape, and every face,
Look heavenly and divine.

4 These lively hopes we owe
To Jesus' dying love;
We would adore his grace below,
And all his mercy prove.

5 Dear Lord! accept the praise
Of these our humble songs,
Till tunes of nobler sound we raise
With our immortal tongues.

280 (HATFIELD)

1 OUR few revolving years,
How swift they glide away;
How short the term of life appears
When past—but as a day!—

2 A dark and cloudy day,
Clouded by grief and sin;
A host of enemies without,
Distressing fears within.

3 Lord, through another year
If thou permit our stay,
With diligence may we pursue
The true and living way

281 THE DAWN. S. M.

1 The night is past and gone, The evening shades are fled; O may each morn-ing

1 The night is past and gone, The evening shades are fled; O may each morn-ing bring to mind....

O may each morn-ing

O may each morn-ing bring to mind.....

bring to mind, O may each morning bring to mind Our ris - ing from the dead!

..... O may each morning bring to mind Our ris - ing from the dead!

bring to mind, O may, &c.

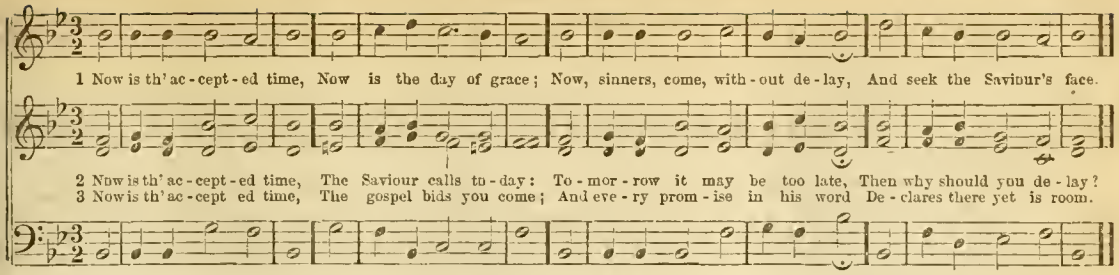
..... O may, &c

2 We put our garments on,
Our labor to pursue;
So in the resurrection morn
Saints shall be clothed anew.

3 Lord, keep us safe this day,
Support us by thine arm;
May angels guard us on our way,
Secure from every harm.

4 Now may we all as one
The Christian course pursue;
And with new strength and courage run
To win the prize in view.

5 And when our nights are past,
And time bears us away,
May we possess a crown of life
In an eternal day.



283

1 ONCE more, before we part,
O, bless the Saviour's name;
Let every tongue and every heart
Adore and praise the same.

2 Lord, in thy grace we came,
That blessing still impart;
We meet in Jesus' sacred name,
In Jesus' name we part.

3 Still on thy holy word
We 'll live, and feed, and grow,
And still go on to know the Lord,
And practise what we know.

4 Now, Lord, before we part,
Help us to bless thy name;
Let every tongue and every heart
Adore and praise the same.

284

1 O LORD, thy work revive,
In Zion's gloomy hour;
And let our dying graces live
By thy restoring power!

2 O let thy chosen few
Awake to earnest prayer;
Their sacred vows again renew,
And walk in filial fear!

3 Thy Spirit then will speak
Through lips of feeble clay,
Till hearts of adamant shall break,
Till rebels shall obey.

4 Now lend thy gracious ear;
Now listen to our cry;
O, come, and bring salvation near!
Our souls on thee rely.

285

1 LORD, help us to insure
A lot among the blest,
And watch a moment to secure
An everlasting rest.

2 To damp our earthly joys,
T' increase our gracious fears,
Forever let the angel's voice
Be sounding in our ears.

3 The solemn midnight cry,
"Ye dead, the Judge is come!
Arise and meet him in the sky,
And meet your instant doom!"

4 O may we thus be found
Obedient to thy word,
Attentive to the trumpet's sound,
And looking for our Lord!

286 FOREVER WITH THE LORD. S. M. Double.

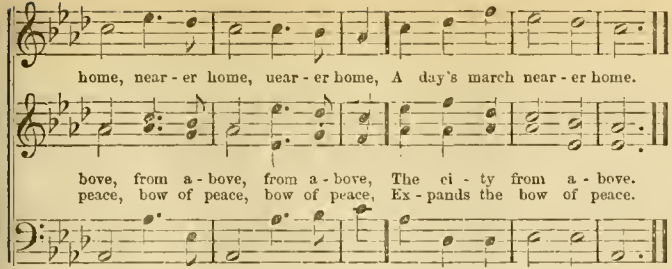
I. B. Woodbury.

1 "For - ev - er with the Lord!" A - men, so let it be; Life for the dead is in that word, 'T is im - mor - ta - li - ty.

2 My Fa - ther's house on high, Home of the blest, how near At times, to faith's as - pir - ing eye, Thy gold - en gates ap - pear!
3 Yet doubts still in - ter - vene, And all my com - fort flies; Like No - ah's dove, I flit be - tween Rough seas and stor - my skies.

Here 'neath the cross I'm bent, And absent from him roam; Yet night - ly pitch my mov - ing tent A day's march near - er

Ah, then my spi - rit faints, To reach the land I love; The bright in - ber - it - ance of saints, The ci - ty from a-
A - non the clouds de - part, The winds and wa - ters cease; While sweet - ly o'er my glad - den'd heart Ex - pands the bow of



287 (Golden Hill.)

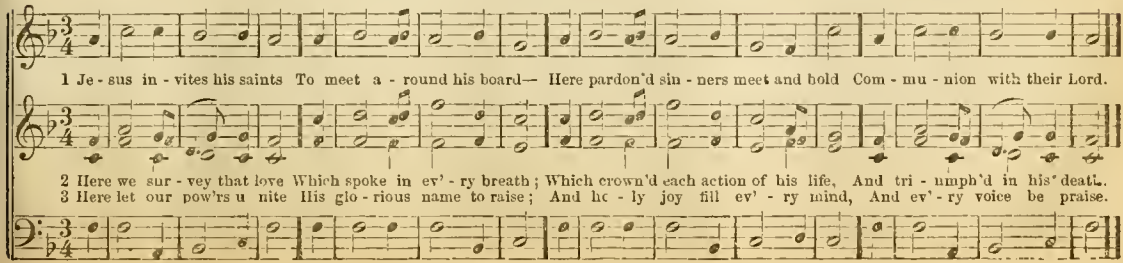
1 WITH Jesus in our midst
We gather round the board;
Though many, we are one in Christ,
One body in the Lord.

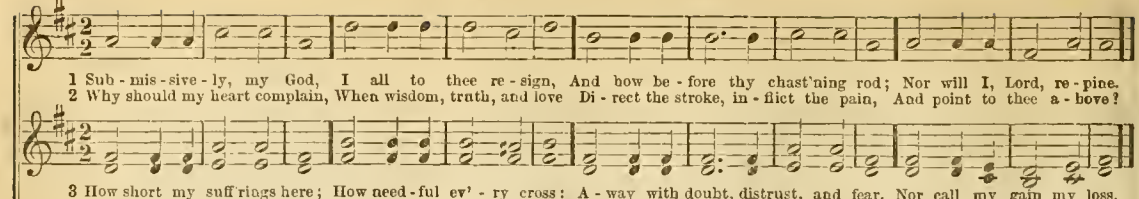
2 Our sins were laid on him,
When bruised on Calvary;
For us he died and rose again.
A pledge of victory.

3 Faith eats the bread of life,
And drinks the living wine;
Thus we, in love together knit,
On Jesus' breast recline.

4 Soon shall the night be gone,
And we with Jesus reign;
The marriage supper of the Lamb
Shall banish every pain.

288 GOLDEN HILL. S. M.





290

1 MY soul! repeat his praise
Whose mercies are so great;
Whose anger is so slow to rise,
So ready to abate.

2 High as the heavens are raised
Above the ground we tread;
So far the riches of his grace
Our highest thoughts exceed.

3 His power subdues our sins;
And his forgiving love,
Far as the east is from the west,
Doth all our guilt remove.

4 The pity of the Lord,
To those who fear his name,
Is such as tender parents feel;
He knows our feeble frame.

5 Our days are as the grass,
Or like the morning flower;
If one sharp blast sweep o'er the field,
It withers in an hour.

6 But thy compassions, Lord,
To endless years endure;
And children's children ever find
Thy words of promise sure.

291

1 GIVE to the winds thy fears;
Hope, and be undismayed;
God hears thy sighs and counts thy tears;
God shall lift up thy head;
Through waves, and clouds, and storms,
He gently clears thy way;
Wait thou his time, so shall this night
Soon end in joyous day

2 Still heavy is thy heart?
Still sink thy spirits down?
Cast off the weight—let fear depart,
And every care be gone.
What though thou rulest not?
Yet heaven, and earth, and hell,
Proclaim,—God sitteth on the throne,
And ruleth all things well.

3 Leave to his sovereign sway
To choose and to command;
So shalt thou, wondering, own his way,
How wise, how strong his hand!
Far, far above thy thought
His counsel shall appear,
When fully he the work hath wrought
That caused thy needless fear

292 LAKE ENON. S. M.

1 While my Redeemer's near, My shepherd, and my guide, I bid fare - well to ev' - ry fear; My wants are well sup - plied.

2 To ev - er fra - grant meads, Where rich abundance grows, His gra - cious hand in - dul - gent leads, And guards my sweet re - pose.

3 Dear Shep - herd, if I stray, My wan-d'ring feet re - store; And guard me with thy watch - ful eye, And let me rove no more.

293 DENNIS. S. M.

1 "Blest are the meek," he said, Whose doc - trine is di - vine; The hum - ble - minds earth shall pos-sess; And brightly there shall shine.

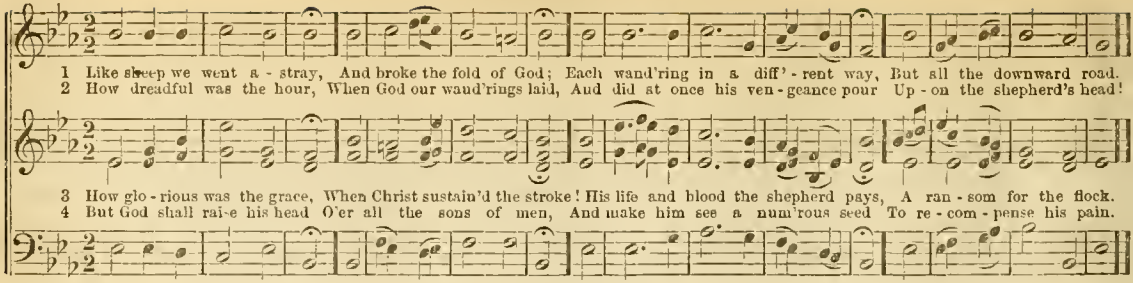
2 While on this earth they stay, Calm peace with them shall dwell; And cheerful hope and heav'n - ly joy Be - yond what tongue can tell.

3 The God of peace is theirs; They own his gra - cious sway; And, yielding all their wills to him, His sov' - reign laws o - bey.

4 No an - gry pas - sions move, No en - vy fires the breast; The pros - pect of e - ter - nal peace Bids ev' - ry trou - ble rest.

5 O gra - cious Fa - ther, grant That we this in - fluence feel, That all we hope, or wish, may be Sub - ject - ed to thy will.

294 WATCHMAN. S. M.



295

1 WHERE shall the man be found,
That fears t' offend his God,
That loves the gospel's joyful sound,
And trembles at the rod?

2 The Lord shall make him know
The secrets of his heart,
The wonders of his covenant show,
And all his love impart.

3 The dealings of his hand,
Are truth and mercy still,
With such as to his covenant stand,
And love to do his will.

4 Their souls shall dwell at ease
Before their Maker's face;
Their seed shall taste the promises
In their extensive grace.

296

1 DEAR Saviour, we are thine
By everlasting bands,
Our hearts, our souls we would resign
Entirely to thy hands.

2 To thee we still would cleave
With ever-growing zeal;
If millions tempt us Christ to leave,
Oh let them ne'er prevail.

3 Thy spirit shall unite
Our souls to thee, our Head;
Shall form us to thine image bright,
And teach thy paths to tread.

4 Death will our friends divide
Until that glorious day;
But love shall keep us near thy side,
Through all the gloomy way.

5 Since Christ and we are one,
Why should we doubt or fear?
When he on earth shall fix his throne,
He'll fix his members there.

297

1 IN every trying hour
My soul to Jesus flies;
I trust in his almighty power
When swelling billows rise.

2 His comforts bear me up,
I trust a faithful God;
The sure foundation of my hope
Is in my Saviour's blood.

3 Loud hallelujahs sing
To our Redeemer's name;
In joy or sorrow, life or death,
His love is still the same.

298 LITTLE MARLBOROUGH. S. M.

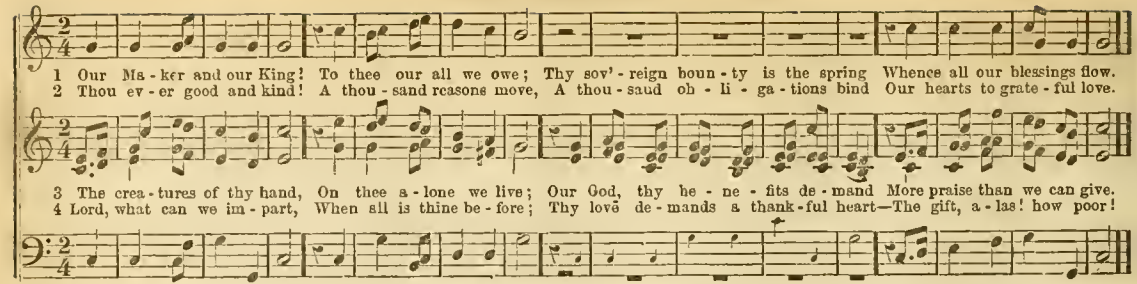
1 Thou re - fuge of my soul, On thee, when sor - rows rise, On thee, when waves of trou - ble roll, My faint - ing hope re - lies.
2 To thee I tell my grief, For thou a - lone canst heal; Thy word can bring a sweet re - lief For ev' - ry pain I feel.

3 But O, when doubts prevail, I fear to call thee mine; The springs of com - fort seem to fail, And all my hopes de - cline.
4 Yet, Lord, where shall I flee? Thou art my on - ly trust; And still my soul would cleave to thee, Though prostrate in the dust.

299 DESTINY. S. M.

1 An - oth - er day has fled; Its re - cord is on high; When God shall raise the slumb'ring dead That page shall meet our eye.
2 The cur - tains of the night, With star - ry folds out - spread, Our evening sa - cri - fice in - vite To him who guards our bed.

3 Ac - cept our humble prayer, Our songs of praise in - dite, And grant us now thy guard - ian care, Till morn - ing brings the light.
4 And thus, through all our days, Let needful grace be giv'n, And fit us for thy bet - ter praise, When we shall rest in heav'n.



5 Shall we withhold thy due?
And shall our passions rove?
Lord, form our wretched hearts anew,
And fill them with thy love.

6 Oh let thy grace inspire
Our souls with strength divine;
Let all our powers to thee aspire,
And all our days be thine.

301 (Silver St.)

1 WE lift our souls to God;
Our trust is in his name:
Let not our foes, that seek our blood,
Still triumph in our shame.

2 From early dawning light
Till evening shades arise,
For thy salvation, Lord, we wait,
With ever-longing eyes.

3 Remember all thy grace,
And lead us in thy truth;
Forgive the sins of riper days,
And follies of our youth.

4 The Lord is just and kind;
The meek shall learn his ways;
And every humble sinner find
The blessings of his grace.

302 (Silver St.)

1 COME, sound his praise abroad,
And hymns of glory sing;
Jehovah is the sov'reign God,
The universal King.

2 Come—worship at his throne,
Come—bow before the Lord;
We are his work, and not our own,
He formed us by his word.

3 To-day attend his voice,
Nor dare provoke his rod;
Come—like the people of his choice,
And own your gracious God.

303 (Laban.)

1 IF, through unruffled seas,
Toward heaven we calmly sail,
With grateful hearts, O God, to thee,
We 'll own the favoring gale

2 But should the surges rise,
And rest delay to come,
Blest be the sorrow, kind the storm,
Which drives us nearer home.

3 Soon shall our doubts and fears
All yield to thy control:
Thy tender mercies shall illume
The midnight of the soul.

304 LABAN. S. M.

1 My soul, be on thy guard, Ten thousand foes a - rise; The hosts of sin are press - ing hard, To draw thee from the prize.

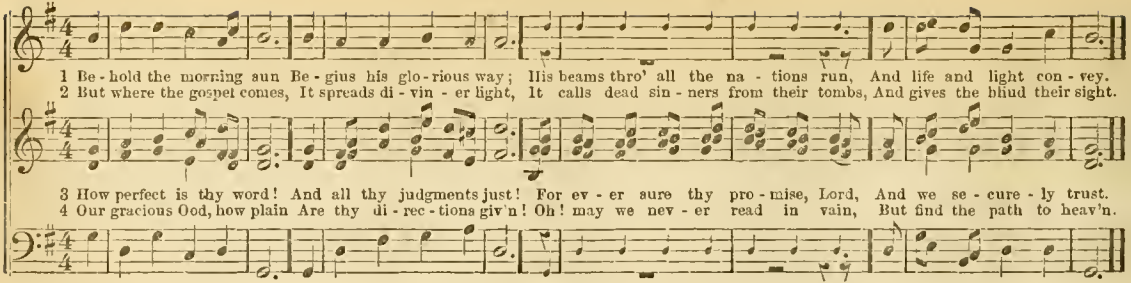
2 Oh watch, and fight, and pray, The bat - tle ne'er give o'er; Re - new it bold - ly ev' - ry day, And help di - vine im - plore.
3 Ne'er think the vic - t'ry won, Nor once at ease sit down; Thy ar - duous work will not be done, Till thou hast gain'd thy crown.

305 SILVER STREET. S. M.

1 I love thy church, O God! Her walls be - fore thee stand, Dear as the ap - ple of thine eye, And gra - ven on thy hand.
2 For her my tears shall fall; For her my prayers as - cend; To her my cares and toils be giv'n, Till toils and cares shall end.

3 Be - yond my high - est joy I prize her heav'n - ly ways, Her sweet com - mu - nion, sol - emn vows, Her hymns of love and praise.
4 Je - sus, thou Friend divine, Our Sa - viour and our King, Thy hand from ev' - ry snare and foe Shall great de - liv' - rance bring.

306 SHIRLAND. S. M.



307

1 THE work, O Lord, is thine,
And wondrous in our eyes;
This day proclaims it all divine—
This day did Jesus rise.

2 We hail the glorious day,
With thankful heart and voice,
Which chased each painful doubt away,
And bade the church rejoice.

3 Since he hath left the grave,
His promises are true;
And each exalted hope he gave,
Confirmed of God we view.

4 O come the happy hour,
When all the earth shall own
The Son, O God! declared with power,
And worship at thy throne.

308

1 JESUS, the conqueror, reigns,
In glorious strength arrayed;
His kingdom over all maintains,
And bids the earth be glad.

2 Ye sons of men, rejoice
In Jesus' mighty love;
Lift up your heart—lift up your voice,
To him who rules above.

3 Extol his kingly power,
Adore th' exalted Son,
Who died, but lives, to die no more,
High on his Father's throne.

4 Our advocate with God,
He undertakes our cause,
And spreads through all the earth abroad
The victory of his cross.

309

1 YE servants of the Lord,
Each in his office wait;
With joy obey his heavenly word,
And watch before his gate.

2 Let all your lamps be bright,
And trim the golden flame;
Gird up your loins, as in his sight,
For awful is his name.

3 Watch! 't is your Lord's command;
And while we speak, he 's near;
Mark every signal of his hand,
And ready all appear.

4 O happy servant he
In such a posture found!
He shall his Lord with rapture see,
And be with honor crowned.

310 STATE STREET. S. M.

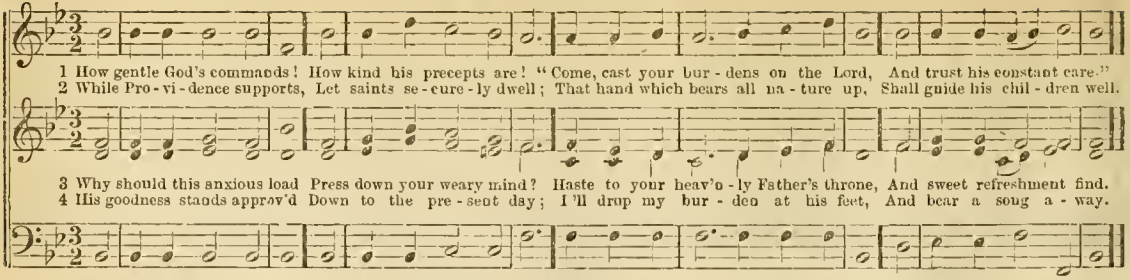
1 How sweet the melt - ing lay Which breaks up - on the ear, When at the hour of ris - ing day, Chris - tians u - nite in prayer.
2 The breez - es waft their cries Up to Je - ho - vah's throne; He lis - tens to their heav - ing sighs, And sends his bless - ings down.

3 So Je - sus rose to pray, Be - fore the morn - ing light; Once on the chill - ing mount did stay, And wres - tle all the night.

311 RANEA. S. M.

1 How va - rious and how new Are thy com - pas - sions, Lord! Each morning shall thy mer - cies show, Each night thy truth re - cord.
2 Thy goodness, like the sun, Dawn'd on our ear - ly days, Ere in - fant rea - son had be - gun To form our lips to praise.

3 Each ob - ject we be - held Gave plea - sure to our eyes; And na - ture all our seus - es held In bands of sweet sur - prise.
4 But plea - sures more refin'd A - wait - ed that bless'd day, When light a - rose up - on our mind, And chased our sins a - way.
5 How new thy mer - cies, then! How sov'reign, and how free! Our souls that had been dead in sin, Were made a - live to thee.



313

1 O THOU, whose mercy hears
Contrition's humble sigh;
Whose hand indulgent, wipes the tear
From sorrow's weeping eye!

2 See, low before thy throne
We wretched wanderers mourn;
Hast thou not bid us seek thy face?
Hast thou not said,—Return?

3 Absent from thee, our light,
Without one cheering ray,
Through dangers, fears, and gloomy night,
How desolate our way!

4 On this benighted heart,
With beams of mercy shine;
And let thy voice again impart
A taste of joy divine.

314

1 IS this the kind return?
Are these the thanks we owe?
Thus to abuse eternal love,
Whence all our blessings flow?

2 To what a stubborn frame
Has sin reduced our mind!
What strange, rebellious wretches we,
And God as strangely kind!

3 Turn—turn us, mighty God!
And mould our souls afresh;
Break, sovereign grace, these hearts of stone,
And give us hearts of flesh.

4 Let past ingratitude
Provoke our weeping eyes;
And hourly, as new mercies fall,
Let hourly thanks arise.

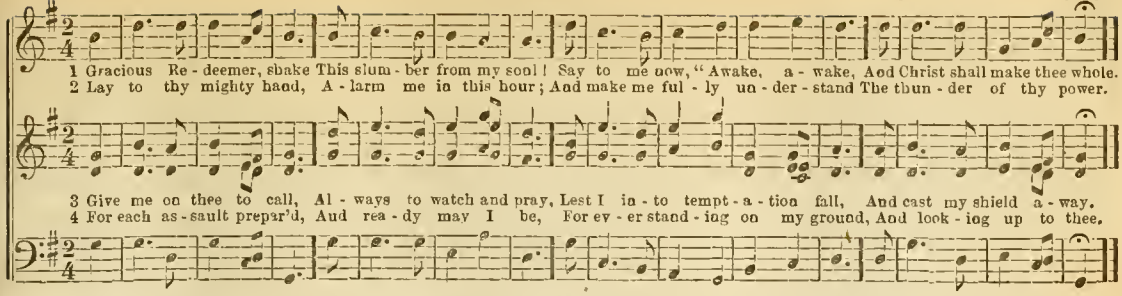
315

1 AND will the Judge descend?
And must the dead arise?
And not a single soul escape
His all-discerning eyes?

2 How will my heart endure
The terrors of that day,
When earth and heaven, before his face,
Astonished, shrink away.

3 But, ere the trumpet shakes
The mansions of the dead,
Hark! from the gospel's cheering sound
What joyful tidings spread!

4 Come, sinners, seek his grace,
Whose wrath ye cannot bear;
Fly to the shelter of his cross,
And find salvation there.



5 O do thou always ware,
My soul of evil near!
When to the right or left I turn,
Thy voice still let me hear:

6 "Come back! this is the way!
Come back! and walk therein!"
O may I hearken and obey,
And shun the paths of sin!

317

1 PREPARE a thankful song
To the Redeemer's name;
His praises should employ each tongue,
And ev'ry heart inflame.

2 He laid his glories by,
And shame and death endured,
That guilty rebels, doomed to die,
From wrath might be secured.

3 And now he pleading stands
Before his Father's throne,
And satisfies the law's demands
With what himself hath done.

4 The Holy Ghost he sends,
Our stubborn wills to move,
To make his enemies his friends,
And conquer them by love.

5 O, may we not refuse
Such rich, unbounded grace,
Nor Satan's bondage longer choose,
But seek the Saviour's face!

318

1 RAISE your triumphant songs
To an immortal tune;
Let the wide earth resound the deeds,
Celestial grace has done.

2 Sing how Eternal Love
Its chief Beloved chose;
And bid him raise our ruin'd race,
From their abyss of woes.

3 'Twas mercy fill'd the throne,
And wrath stood silent by—
When Christ was sent with pardons down,
To rebels doom'd to die.

4 Now, sinners, dry your tears,
Let hopeless sorrow cease;
Bow to the sceptre of his love,
And take the offer'd peace.

5 Lord, we obey thy call;
We lay an humble claim
To the salvation thou hast brought;
And love and praise thy name.

1 A - rise, ye saints, a - rise! The Lord our lead - er is; The foe be - fore his

1 A - rise, ye saints, a - rise! The Lord our lead - er is; The foe be - fore his banner flies, And vic - to - ry is
The foe be - fore his ban - - ner

The foe be - fore his banner flies, And vic - - to - ry is his, Aod

banner flies, And vic - to - ry is his.

his, And vic - to - ry is his.
flies, And vic - tn - ry is his.

vic - - - to - ry is his.

2 We follow thee, our Guide,
Our Saviour, and our King;
We follow thee, through grace supplied
From heaven's eternal spring.

3 We soon shall see the day
When all our toils shall cease;
When we shall cast our arms away,
And dwell in endless peace.

4 This hope supports us here;
It makes our burden light;
'Twill serve our drooping hearts to cheer
Till faith shall end in sight.

5 Till, of the prize possessed,
We hear of war no more;
And ever with our Leader rest
On yonder peaceful shore.

320

1 EQUIP me for the war,
And teach my hands to fight;
My simple, upright heart prepare,
And guide my words aright.

2 Control my every thought;
My whole of sin remove;
Let all my works in thee be wrought,
Let all be wrought in love,

3 O, arm me with the mind,
Meek Lamb, that was in thee;
And let my knowing zeal be joined
With perfect charity!

4 With calm and tempered zeal
Let me enforce thy call;
And vindicate thy gracious will,
Which offers life to all.

5 O, may I love like thee,
In all thy footsteps tread!
Thou hatest all iniquity,
But nothing thou hast made.

6 O, may I learn the art,
With meekness to reprove;
To hate the sin with all my heart,
But still the sinner love!

321

1 HARK, how the watchmen cry!
Attend the trumpet's sound;
Stand to your arms, the foe is nigh;
The powers of hell surround;
Who bow to Christ's command,
Your arms and hearts prepare;
The day of battle is at hand!
Go forth to glorious war!

2 See on the mountain top,
The standard of your God!
In Jesus' name I lift it up,
All stain'd with hallow'd blood.
His standard bearer, I
To all the nations call:
Let all to Jesus' cross draw nigh!
He bore the cross for all.

3 Go up with Christ your head,
Your Captain's footsteps see;
Follow your Captain, and be led
To certain victory.
All power to him is given:
He ever reigns the same:
Salvation, happiness, and heaven,
Are all in Jesus' name.

322

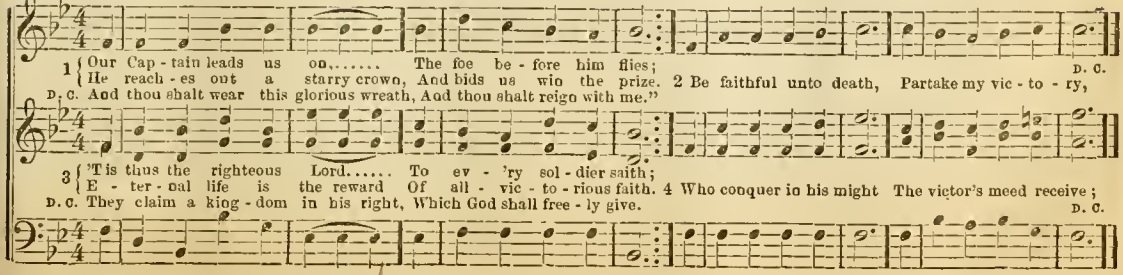
1 NOW let our voices join
To form a sacred song;
Ye pilgrims, in Jehovah's ways,
With music pass along.

2 How straight the path appears,
How open and how fair!
No lurking gins to entrap our feet,
No fierce destroyer there.

3 But flowers of paradise
In rich profusion spring;
The Sun of glory gilds the path,
And dear companions sing.

4 All honor to his name,
Who marks the shining way!
To him who leads the wanderers on
To realms of endless day!

323 RIVERSIDE. S. M. Double.



LIVELY.

324 BRIMDALE. S. M. Double.

CORELLI.

1 Stand up and bless the Lord, Ye peo - ple of his choice: Stand up and bless the Lord your God, With heart and soul and voice.

1 Stand up and bless the Lord, Ye peo - ple of his choice: Stand up and bless the Lord your God, With heart and soul and voice.

2 Though

Though high above all praise, Who would not fear his holy name, And laud and mag - ni - fy?

high above all praise, A - bove all bless - ing high, Who would not fear his holy name, And laud and mag - ni - fy?

Though high a - bove all praise, A bove all bless ing high, Who would not fear his ho - ly name, And laud and mag - ni - fy?

8 He reigns above the sky,—
This universe sustains;—
The God supreme, the Lord most high,
The King forever reigns.

4 O for the living flame
From his own altar brought,
To touch our lips, our souls inspire,
And wing to heaven our thought.

5 There with benign regard
Our hymns he deigns to hear;
Though unrevealed to mortal sense,
The spirit feels them near.

6 God is our strength and song,
And his salvation ours;
Then be his love in Christ proclaimed
With all our ransomed powers.

325 (CAMBRIDGE.)

1 HOW sweet to bless the Lord,
And in his praises join;
With saints his goodness to record,
And sing his power divine!

2 These seasons of delight
The dawn of glory seem;
Like rays of pure celestial light,
Which on our spirits beam.

3 O, blest assurance this;
Bright more of heavenly day;
Sweet foretaste of eternal day;
That cheers pilgrim's way!

4 Thus may our joys increase,
Our love more ardent grow.
While rich supplies of Jesus' grace
Refresh our souls below.

5 Stand up and bless the Lord,
The Lord our God adore;
Stand up and bless his glorious Name,
Henceforth for evermore.

326 (CAMBRIDGE.)

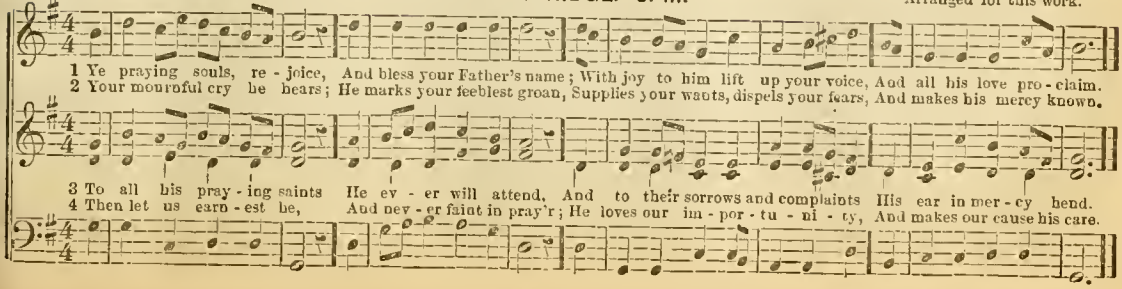
1 THE harvest dawn is near
The year delays not long;
And he who sows with many a tear,
Shall reap with many a song.

2 Sad to his toil he goes,
His seed with weeping leaves;
But he shall come at twilight's close,
And bring his golden sheaves.

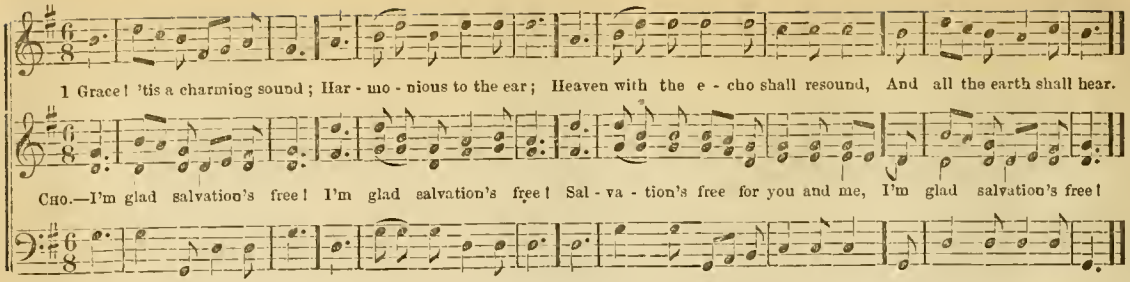
3 But fearful vengeance falls
On that rebellious race,
Who hate to hear when Jesus calls,
And dare resist his grace.

327 CAMBRIDGE. S. M.

Arranged for this work.



328 VERNON. S. M.



2 Grace first contrived a way
To save rebellious man;
And all the steps that grace display
Which drew the wondrous plan.
Cho.—I'm glad salvation's free!
I'm glad salvation's free!
Salvatioo's free for you and me;
I'm glad salvation's free!

3 Grace taught my roving feet
To tread the heavenly road;
And new supplies each hour I meet
While pressing on to God.
Cho.—I'm glad salvatioo's free!
I'm glad salvation's free!
Salvati n's free for you and me;
I'm glad salvation's free!

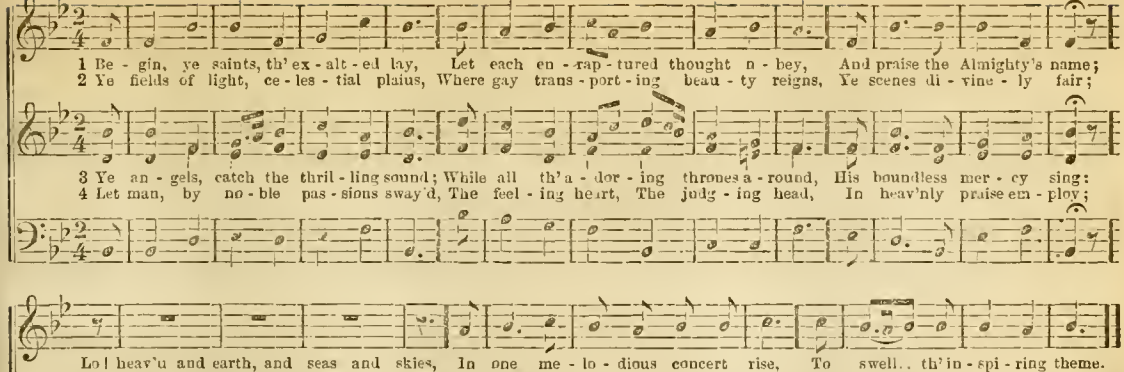
4 Grace all the work shall crown
Through everlasting days;
It lays in heaven the topmost stone,
And well deserves our praise.
Cho.—I'm glad salvation's free!
I'm glad salvation's free!
Salvatioo's free for you and me;
I'm glad salvation's free!

329

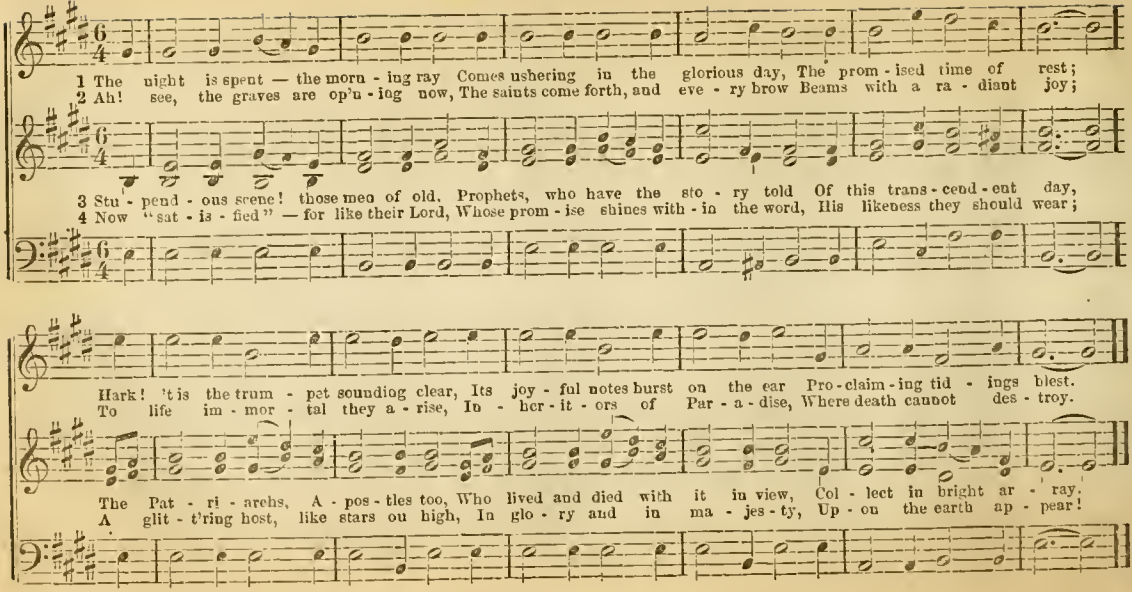
1 JESUS, my strength, my hope,
On thee I cast my care,
With humble confidence look up,
And know thou hear'st my prayer.
Give me on thee to wait,
Till I can all things do,
On thee, almighty to create,
Almighty to renew.

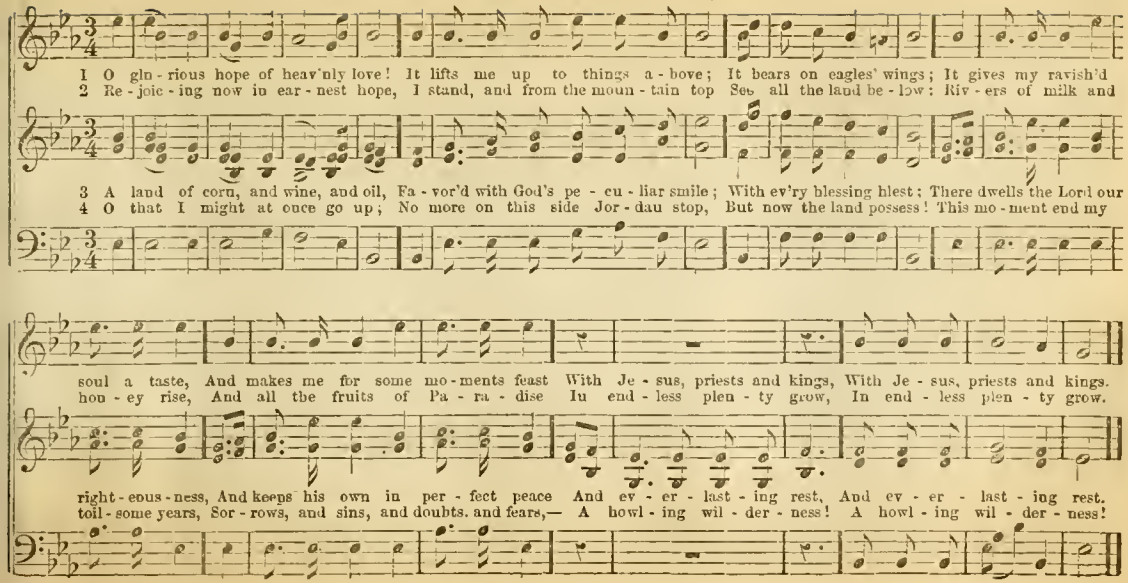
2 I want a sober mind,
A self-renouncing will.
That tramples down, and casts behind
The baits of pleasing ill.
A soul inur'd to pain,
To hardship, grief, and loss:
Bold to take up, firm to sustain,
The consecrated cross.

3 I want a godly fear.
A quick discerning eye,
That looks to thee when sin is near,
And sees the tempter fly;
A spirit still prepar'd,
And arm'd with jealous care,
For ever standing on its guard,
And watching unto prayer.


1 Be - gin, ye saints, th' ex - alt - ed lay, Let each en - rap - tured thought n - bey, And praise the Almighty's name;
2 Ye fields of light, ce - les - tial plains, Where gay trans - port - ing beau - ty reigns, Ye scenes di - vine - ly fair;
3 Ye an - gels, catch the thril - ling sound; While all th' a - dor - ing thrones a - round, His boundless mer - cy sing:
4 Let man, by no - ble pas - sions sway'd, The feel - ing heart, The judg - ing head, In heav'nly praise em - ploy;
Lo! heav'n and earth, and seas and skies, In one me - lo - dious concert rise, To swell.. th' in - spi - ring theme.
Your Ma - ker's wondrous pow'r pro - claim, Tell how he form'd your shi - ning frame, And breathed the flu - id air.
Let ev' - ry listening ear a - bove Wake all the tune - ful soul of love, And touch.. the sweet - est string.
Spread his tre - men - dous name a - round, Till heav'n's broad arch rings back the sound, The gen - 'ral burst of joy.

331 BREMEN. C. P. M.




1 O glo - rious hope of heav'nly love! It lifts me up to things a - bove; It bears on eagles' wings; It gives my ravish'd
2 Re - joic - ing now in ear - nest hope, I stand, and from the moun - tain top See all the land be - low: Riv - ers of milk and
3 A land of corn, and wine, and oil, Fa - vor'd with God's pe - cu - liar smile; With ev'ry blessing blest; There dwells the Lord our
4 O that I might at once go up; No more on this side Jor - dan stop, But now the land possess! This mo - ment end my
soul a taste, And makes me for some mo - ments feast With Je - sus, priests and kings, With Je - sus, priests and kings.
hon - ey rise, And all the fruits of Pa - ra - dise In end - less plen - ty grow, In end - less plen - ty grow.
right - eous - ness, And keeps his own in per - fect peace And ev - er - last - ing rest, And ev - er - last - ing rest.
toil - some years, Sor - rows, and sins, and doubts, and fears,— A howl - ing wil - der - ness! A howl - ing wil - der - ness!

333 LEON. C. P. M.

O, could we speak the matchless worth, O, could we sound the glories forth, Which in our Saviour shine! We'd soar, and touch the heav'nly strings, And

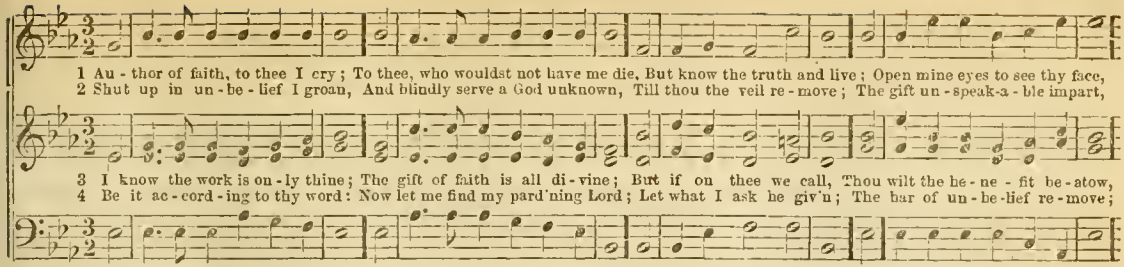
2 We 'd sing the characters he bears, And all the forms of love he wears, Ex - alt - ed on his throne;.... In loftiest songs of sweetest praise We

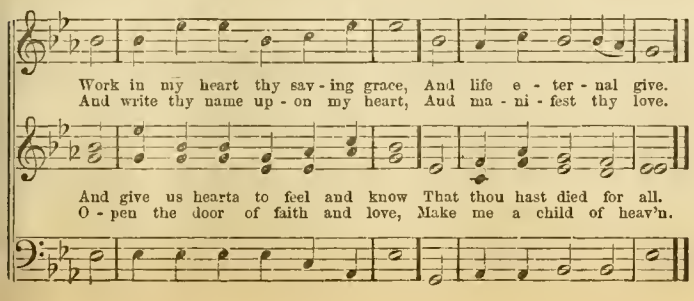
3 O, the delightful day will come, When Christ our Lord will bring us home, And we shall see his face! Then, with our Saviour, Brother, Friend, A

vie with Gabriel, while he sings, In notes almost divine..... In notes almost divine, In notes, &c.

would to ev - er - last - ing days Make all his glories known, Make all his glories known, Make, &c.

blest eternity we 'll spend, Triumphant in his grace,..... Triumphant in his grace, Triumphant, &c.





335 (LEON.)

1 HOW happy are the little flock,
Who, safe beneath their guardian Rock,
In all commotions rest!
When war's and tumult's waves run high,
Unmoved above the storm they lie,
And lodge in Jesus' breast.

2 Such happiness, O Lord, have we,
By mercy gathered into thee
Before the floods descend;
And while the bursting cloud comes down,
We mark the vengeful day begun,
And calmly wait the end.

3 The plague, the earth, and din of war,
Our Saviour's swift approach declare,
And hid our hearts arise;
Earth's basis shook confirms our hope;
Its cities' fall but lifts us up
To meet thee in the skies.

336 DALSTON. S. P. M.

1 The Lord Jehovah reigns, And roy - al state maintains, His head with aw - ful glo - ries crown'd; Ar - ray'd in robes of light,

2 Up - held by thy commands, The world se - cure - ly stands; And skies and stars o - bey thy word; Thy throne was fixed on high,

Be - girt with sov' - reign might, And rays of ma - jes - ty a - round.

Be - fore the star - ry sky; E - ter - nal is thy king - dom, Lord.

3 Let floods and nations rage,
And all their powers engage;
Let swelling tides assault the sky;
The terrors of thy frown
Shall beat their madness down:
Thy throne forever stands on high.

4 Thy promises are true;
Thy grace is ever new:
There fixed, thy church shall ne'er remove;
Thy saints, with holy fear,
Shall in thy courts appear,
And sing thine everlasting love.

1 How pleased and blessed was I, To hear the peo - ple cry: "Come, let us seek our God to - day!" Yes, with a cheer - ful zeal,

2 Zi - on, thrice hap - py place, Adorn'd with wondrous grace, And walls of strength embrace thee round! In thee our tribes ap - pear
3 Here Da - vid's great - er Son Has fixed his roy - al throne; He sits for grace and judg - ment here: He bids the saints be glad;

We haste to Zi - on's hill, And there our vows and ho - nors pay.

To pray, and praise and hear The sa - cred gos - pel's joy - ful sound.
He makes the sin - ner sad; And hum - ble souls re - joice with fear.

4 May peace attend thy gate,
And joy within thee wait
To bless the soul of every guest:
The man that seeks thy peace,
And wishes thine increase,
A thousand blessings on him rest!

5 My tongue repeats her vows,—
"Peace to this sacred house!"
For here my friends and kindred dwell:
And since my glorious God
Makes thee his blest abode,
My soul shall ever love thee well.

338 LENOX. H. M.

1 Je - sus, at thy com - mand I launch in - to the deep; And leave my na - tive land, Where sin lulls all a - sleep;

1 Je - sus, at thy com - mand, I launch in - to the deep; And leave my na - tive land, Where sin lulls all a - sleep;

For thee I fain would all re - sign, And thus..... em - bark..... with thee and thine.

For thee I fain would all re - sign, For thee I fain would all resign, And thus embark with thee and thine.
For thee, &c.

For thee I fain would all re - sign, And thus em bark with thee and thine, And thus..... em - bark..... with thee and thine.

2 Christ is my pilot wise,
My compass is his word;
My soul each storm defies,
Whilst I have such a Lord;
I trust his faithfulness and pow'r,
To save me in the trying hour.

3 Though rocks and quicksands deep
Through all my passage lie;
Yet he shall safely keep
And guide me with his eye;
How can I sink with such a prop,
That bears the world and all things up!

4 By faith I see the land,
The port of endless rest;
Through grace I hope to stand
And sing among the blest:
Oh may I reach the heav'nly shore,
Where winds and waves distress no more!

5 Whene'er becalm'd I lie,
And all my storms subside;
Then to my succor fly.
And keep me near thy side;
For more the treach'rous calm I dread,
Than tempests bursting o'er my head.

6 Come, heavenly wind, and blow
A prosp'rous gale of grace;
To waft from all below
On to my destin'd place:
Then I ere long my port shall find,
And leave this weight of sin behind.

339

1 O THE amazing change!
A world created new!
My thoughts with transport range
The lovely scene to view:
Thee, Lord divine, in all I trace;
The work is thine—thine be the praise.

2 Where pointed brambles grew,
Entwined with horrid thorn,
Gay flowers, forever new,
The painted fields adorn;
The lily there, and blushing rose,
In union fair their sweets disclose.

3 Where the bleak mountain stood,
All bare and disarrayed,
See the wide branching wood
Diffuse its grateful shade;
Tall oaks, and pines, and cedars nod,
And elms and vines confess their God.

4 The tyrants of the plain
Their savage chase give o'er;
No more they rend the slain,
They thirst for blood no more;
But infant hands fierce tigers lead,
And lions with the oxen feed.

5 O, when, almighty Lord,
Shall these glad scenes arise,
To verify thy word,
And bless our wond'ring eyes;
That earth, with all her tongues, may raise
United songs of ardent praise?

340

1 BLOW ye the trumpet, blow
The gladly solemn sound;
Let all the nations know,
To earth's remotest bound.
The year of Jubilee is come;
Return, ye ransomed sinners, home.

2 Jesus, our great High Priest,
Hath full atonement made:
Ye weary spirits, rest;
Ye mournful souls, be glad.
The year of Jubilee is come;
Return, ye ransomed sinners, home.

3 Ye slaves of sin and hell,
Your liberty receive,
And safe in Jesus dwell,
And blest in Jesus live.
The year of Jubilee is come;
Return, ye ransomed sinners, home.

4 Ye who have sold for nought
Your heritage above,
Shall have it back unbought,
The gift of Jesus' love.
The year of Jubilee is come;
Return, ye ransomed sinners, home.

5 The gospel trumpet hear,
The news of heavenly grace;
And, saved from earth, appear
Before your Saviour's face.
The year of Jubilee is come;
Return, ye ransomed sinners, home.

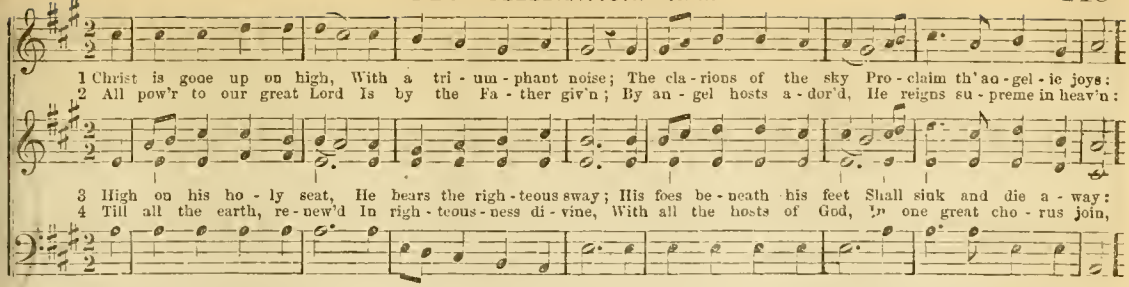
341 SUTHERLAND. H. M.

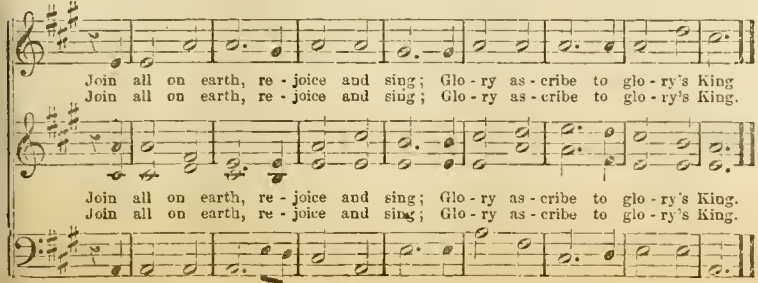
1 Give thanks to God most high, The u - ni - ver - sal Lord; The sov'reign King of kings, And be his name a - dored.

2 How migh - ty is his hand! What won - ders hath he done! He form'd the earth and seas, And spread the heav'ns a - lone:
3 He sent his on - ly Son To save us from our woe, From Sa - tan, sin, and death, And ev' - ry hurt - ful foe:

Thy mer - - cy, Lord,..... shall still en - dure, And ev - - - er sure..... A - bides thy word.

His power..... and grace..... Are still..... the same;..... And let..... his name..... Have end - less praise.
His power..... and grace..... Are still the same; And let..... his name..... Have end - less praise.





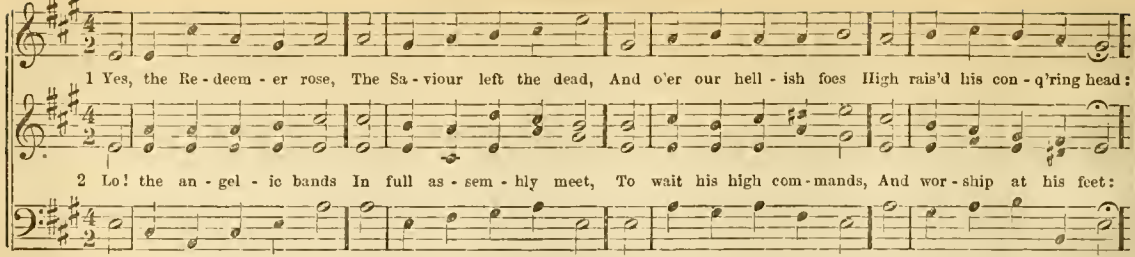
343

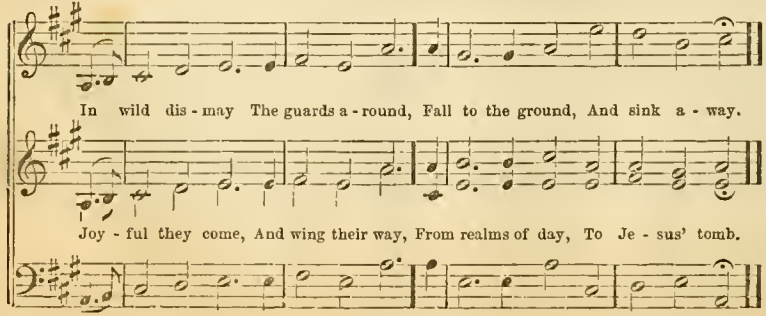
1 THE day comes on apace;
  Soon shall the night be past;
Who trust the Saviour's grace
  Shall see his face at last;
The clouds that now obstruct their sight
Shall quickly all be put to flight.

2 Ye saints, lift up your heads;
  Salvation draweth nigh;
See where the morning spreads
  Its radiance through the sky!
O let the sight your spirits cheer!
The Lord himself will soon appear.

3 Though men your hope deride,
  Nor will in God believe
Do you in him confide,
  Whose word can ne'er deceive;
When heaven and earth shall pass away,
The saints shall see a glorious day.

344 STOW. H. M.





3 Then back to heaven they fly,
The joyful news to hear:
Hark! as they soar on high,
What music fills the air!

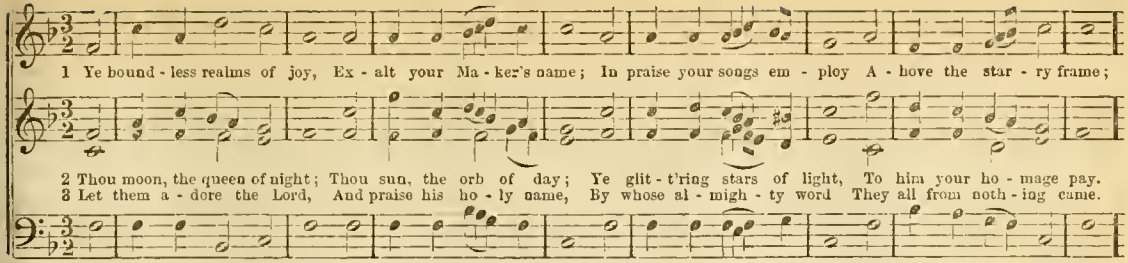
Their anthems say, | Hath left the dead—
"Jesus, who bled, | He rose to-day."

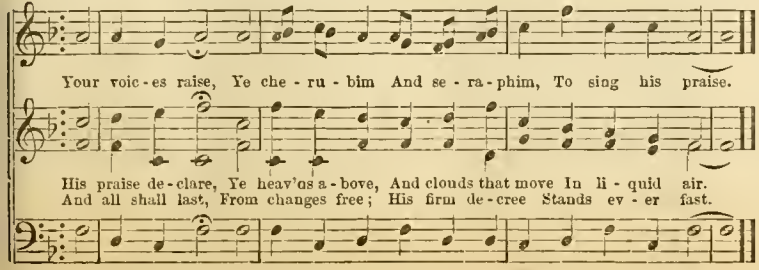
4 Ye mortals, catch the sound,
Redeemed by him from hell;
And send the echo round
The globe on which you dwell;

Transported cry,— | Hath left the dead,
"Jesus, who bled, | No more to die."

5 All hail, triumphant Lord,
Who sav'st us with thy blood;
Wide be thy name adored,
Thou rising, living God.

With thee we rise, | And empires gain
With thee we reign, | Beneath the skies





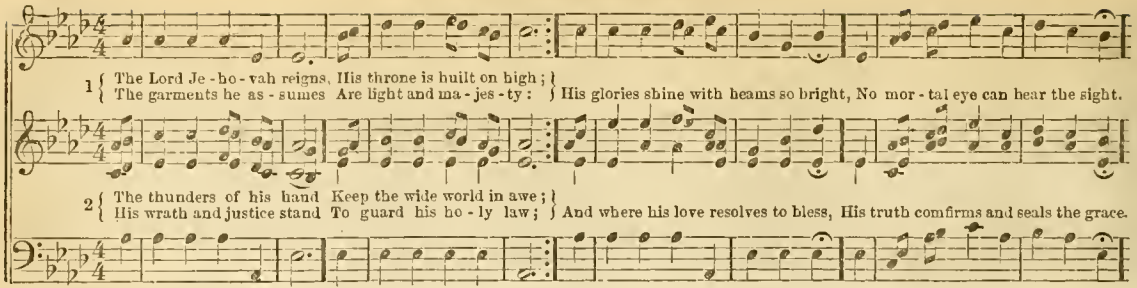
346

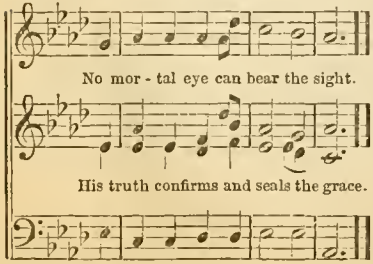
1 LET every creature join
To bless Jehovah's name,
And every power unite
To swell th' exalted theme;
Let nature raise | A general song
From every tongue | Of grateful praise.

2 But, O, from human tongues
Should nobler praises flow,
And every thankful heart
With warm devotion glow!
Your voices raise, | Above the rest
Ye highly blest; | Declare his praise.

3 Assist me, gracious God;
My heart, my voice inspire;
Then shall I humbly join
The universal choir;
Thy grace can raise | And tune my song
My heart and tongue, | To lively praise.

347 BEECHLAND. H. M.





3 Through all his mighty works
Amazing wisdom shines ;
Confounds the powers of hell,
And all their dark designs ;
Strong is his arm, and shall fulfil
His great decrees and sov'reign will.

4 And will this sov'reign King
Of glory condescend ;—
And will he write his name,
My Father and my Friend ?
I love his name, I love his word ;
Join all my powers to praise the Lord.

348

1 O THOU that hearest prayer,
Attend our humble cry ,
And let thy servants share
Thy blessing from on high :
We plead the promise of thy word ;
Grant us thy Holy Spirit, Lord.

2 If earthly parents hear
Their children when they cry ;
If they, with love sincere,
Their varied wants supply ;
Much more wilt thou thy love display,
And answer when thy children pray.

3 Our heavenly Father, thou ;
We, children of thy grace :
O let thy spirit now
Descend and fill the place !
So shall we feel the heavenly flame,
And all unite to praise thy name.

1 My coun - try! 'tis of thee, Sweet land of lib - er - ty — Of thee I sing: Land, where my fa - thers died; Land of the
2 My na - tive coun - try! thee—Land of the no - ble free — Thy name I love: I love thy rocks and rills, Thy woods and

3 Let mu - sic swell the breeze, And ring from all the trees Sweet freedom's song: Let mor - tal tongues a - wake, Let all that
4 Our fa - thers' God! to thee — Au - thor of lib - er - ty! To thee we sing; Long may our land be bright, With freedom's

pilgrim's pride; From ev' - ry moun - tain side Let free - dom ring.
tem - pled hills; My heart with rap - ture thrills, Like that a - bove.

breathe partake, Let rocks their si - lence break, The sound pro - long.
ho - ly light — Pro - tect us by thy might, Great God, our King!

350

1 Praise ye Jehovah's name,
Praise thro' his courts proclaim,
Rise and adore:
High o'er the heavens above
Sound his great acts of love,
While his rich grace we prove,
Vast as his power.

2 While his high praise ye sing,
Shake every sounding string;
Sweet the accord!
He vital breath bestows;
Let every breath that flows
His noblest fame disclose,
Praise ye the Lord.

351 ITALIAN HYMN. 6s & 4s.

1 Let us a - wake our joys; Strike up with cheer - ful voice; Each crea - ture, sing; An - gels, be - gin the song;

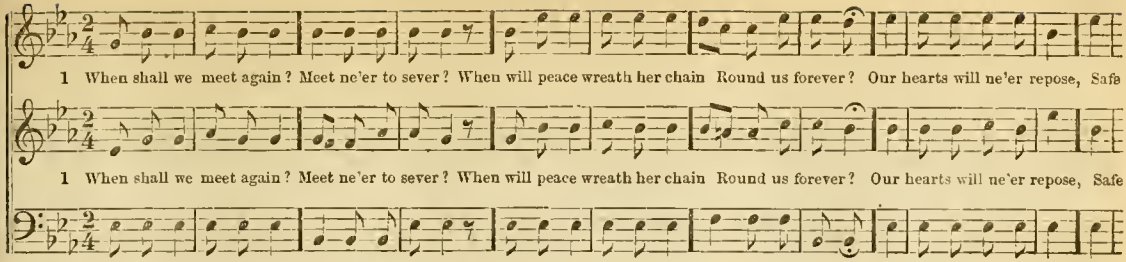
2 Pro - claim a - broad his name; Tell of his match - less fame; What won - ders done; A - bove, be - neath, a - round,

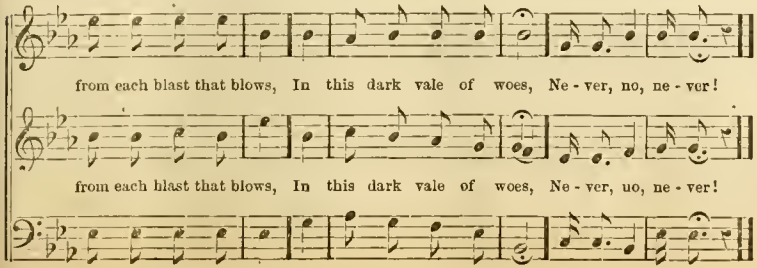
Mor - tals, the strain pro - long In ac - cents sweet and strong, "Je - sus is King!"

Let all the earth re - sound, Till heav'n's high arch re - bound, "Vic - t'ry is won!"

3 He vanquished sin and hell,
And our last foe will quell;
Mourners, rejoice;
His dying love adore;
Praise him, now raised in power;
Praise him forever more
With joyful voice.

4 All hail the glorious day,
When, through the heavenly way,
Lo, he shall come,
While they who pierced him wail!
His promise shall not fail;
Saints, see your King prevail;
Great Saviour, come!

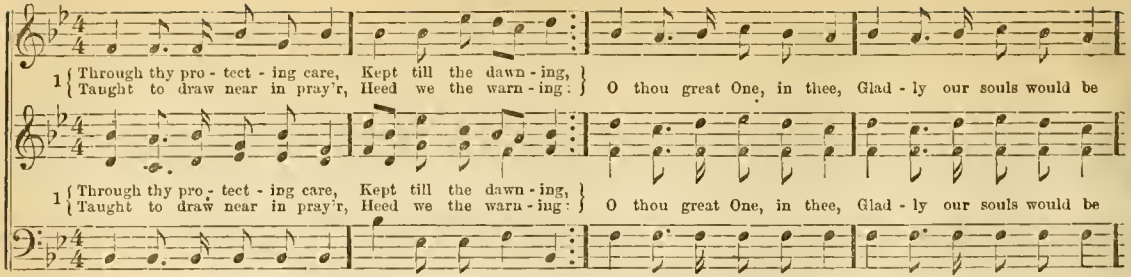


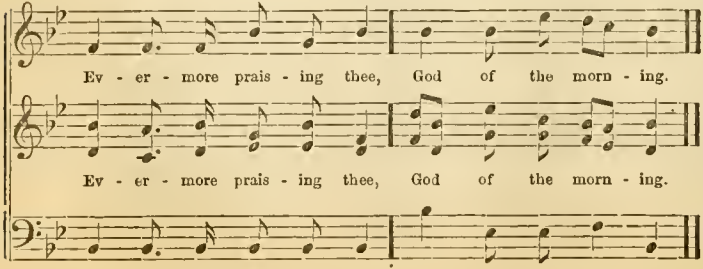


2 Home to the new-earth bright
Take us, dear Saviour;
May we all there unite,
Happy forever
Where kindred spirits dwell,
There may our music swell,
And time our joys dispel
Never,—no, never!

3 Soon shall we meet again,
Meet ne'er to sever;
Soon shall peace wreathe her chain
Round us forever;
Our hearts will then repose
Secure from fears or woes;
Our songs of praise shall close
Never,—no, never!

353 SPANISH HYMN. 6s & 5s. Peculiar.





2 God of our sleeping hours,
Watch o'er us waking,
All our imperfect powers
In thine hands taking:
In us thy work fulfil,
Be with thy children still,—
Those who obey thy will
Never forsaking.

3 O thou who hearest prayer,
Through His submission,
Who did our sorrows bear,
Hear our petition;
Lead us in thine own way:
Grant us, we humbly pray,
For all our sins this day,
Holy contrition.

FINE.

1 Ho, reap - ers of Life's Har - vest, Why stand with rust - ed blade, Un - til the night draws round thee, And day he - gins to fade?
The gold - en morn is pass - ing, Why sit ye i - dle, dumb?

2 Thrust in your sharpened sickle, And ga - ther in the grain: The night is fast ap - proach - ing, And soon will come a - gain.
Shall sheaves lie there ungathered, And waste upon the plain?—FINE.

Why stand ye i - dle, wait - ing For reap - ers more to come? D. C.

Thy Mas - ter calls for reap - ers, And shall he call in vain? D. C.

3 Come down from hill and mountain,
In morning's ruddy glow,
Nor wait until the dial
Points to the noon below;
And come with the strong sinew,
Nor faint in heat or cold:
And pause not till the evening
Draws round its wealth of gold.

4 Mount up the heights of Wisdom,
And crush each error low;
Keep back no words of knowledge
That human hearts should know.
Be faithful to thy mission,
In service of thy Lord;
And then a golden chaplet
Shall be thy just reward.

355 KISON. 7s, 6s & 8s.

1 { Saviour, see me from above, Nor suffer me to die;
Life, and happiness, and love, Drop from thy gracious eye: } Speak the re - con - cil-ing word, And let thy mer - cy melt me down;

Turn and look up - on me, Lord, And break my heart of stone.

Turn and look up - on me, Lord, And break my heart of stone.

2 Look as when thine eye pursued
The first apostate man,—
Saw him welt'ring in his blood,
And bade him rise again:
Speak my paradise restored;
Redeem me by thy grace alone:
Turn, and look upon me, Lord,
And break my heart of stone.

3 Look, as when thy languid eye
Was closed that we might live;
Father, (at the point to die
My Saviour pray'd,) forgive!
Surely with that dying word
He turns, and looks, and cries,—'Tis done!
O, my bleeding, loving Lord,
Thou break'st my heart of stone.

356 PARTING HYMN. 7s, 6 lines.

1 When shall we all meet again? When shall we all meet again? Oft shall glowing hope as - pire, Oft shall wea - ried
2 Though in dis - taut lands we sigh, Parch'd beneath the hos - tile sky; Though the deep between us rolls, Friendship shall u-

3 When the King of kings shall come, And we hear the glad "Well done," When the re - sur - rect - ed throng Upward mount with

love re - tire, Oft shall death and sor - row reign, Ere we all shall meet a - gain.
nite our souls, And in fan - cy's wide domain, There shall we all meet a - gain.

shout and song, Where the good in glo - ry reign, There may we all meet a - gain.

357

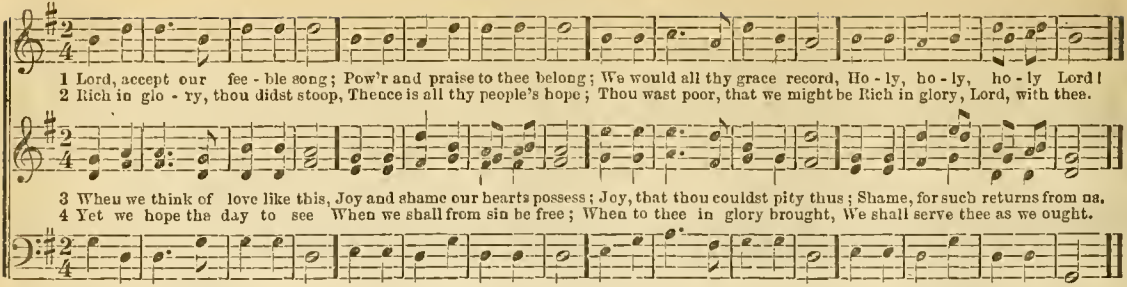
1 BRETHREN, while we sojourn here,
Fight we must, but should not fear;
Foes we have, but we've a Friend,
One that loves us to the end:
Forward, then, with courage go,
Fully armed to meet the foe.

2 In the way a thousand snares
Lie to take us unawares;
Satan, with malicious art,
Watches each unguarded heart:
But from Satan's malice free,
Saints shall soon in glory be;

3 But of all the foes we meet,
None so oft mislead our feet,
None betray us into sin,
Like the foes that dwell within:
Yet let nothing spoil your peace,
Christ shall also conquer these.

858 EPHESUS. 7s.

Arranged for this work.



359

1 JESUS, Lord, we look to thee;
Let us in thy name agree;
Each to each unite, endear;
Come, and spread thy banner here.

2 Make us of one heart and mind,
Courteous, pitiful, and kind;
Lowly, both in thought and word;
Altogether like our Lord.

3 Let us for each other care;
Each the other's burden bear;
To thy church the pattern give;
Show how true believers live.

4 Free from anger and from pride,
Let us still in God abide;
May our daily life express
Constant love and holiness!

360

1 JESUS, spotless Lamb of God,
Thou hast bought us with thy blood;
We would value naught beside
Jesus, Jesus crucified.

2 We are thine, and thine alone;
This we gladly, fully own;
And in all our works and ways,
Only now would seek thy praise.

3 Help us to confess thy name,
Bear with joy thy cross and shame;
Only seek to follow thee,
Though reproach our portion be.

4 When thou shalt in glory come,
And we reach our Eden home,
Louder still each lip shall own
We are thine, and thine alone.

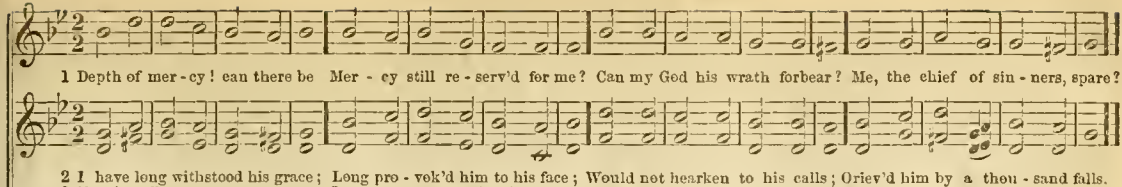
360½

1 HOLY Ghost, with light divine
Shine upon this heart of mine;
Chase the shades of night away;
Turn my darkness into day.

2 Holy Ghost, with power divine
Cleanse this guilty heart of mine;
Long hath sin, without control,
Held dominion o'er my soul.

3. Holy Ghost, with joy divine
Cheer this saddened heart of mine;
Bid my many woes depart;
Heal my wounded, bleeding heart.

4 Holy Spirit, all divine,
Dwell within this heart of mine;
Cast down every idol throne;
Reign supreme, and reign alone.



362

1 WHEN, my Saviour, shall I be
Perfectly resign'd to thee?
Poor and vile in my own eyes,
Only in thy wisdom wise?

2 Only thee content to know,
Ignorant of all below?
Only guided by thy light?
Only mighty in thy might?

3 So I may thy Spirit know,
Let him as he listeth blow:
Let the manner be unknown,
So I may with thee be one:—

4 Fully in my life express
All the heights of holiness;
Sweetly let my spirit prove
All the depths of humble love.

363

1 GRACIOUS Lord, incline thine ear,
My request vouchsafe to hear:
Burdened with my sins, I cry,
Give me Christ, or else I die.

2 Wealth and honor I disdain;
Earthly comforts, Lord, are vain,
These can never satisfy;
Give me Christ, or else I die.

3 Lord, deny me what thou wilt,
Only ease me of my guilt:
Suppliant at thy feet I lie;
Give me Christ, or else I die.

4 Thou hast promised to forgive
All who in thy Son believe;
On thy promise I rely;
Give me Christ, or else I die.

364

1 'T IS my happiness below,
Not to live without the cross,
But the Saviour's power to know,
Sanctifying every loss:

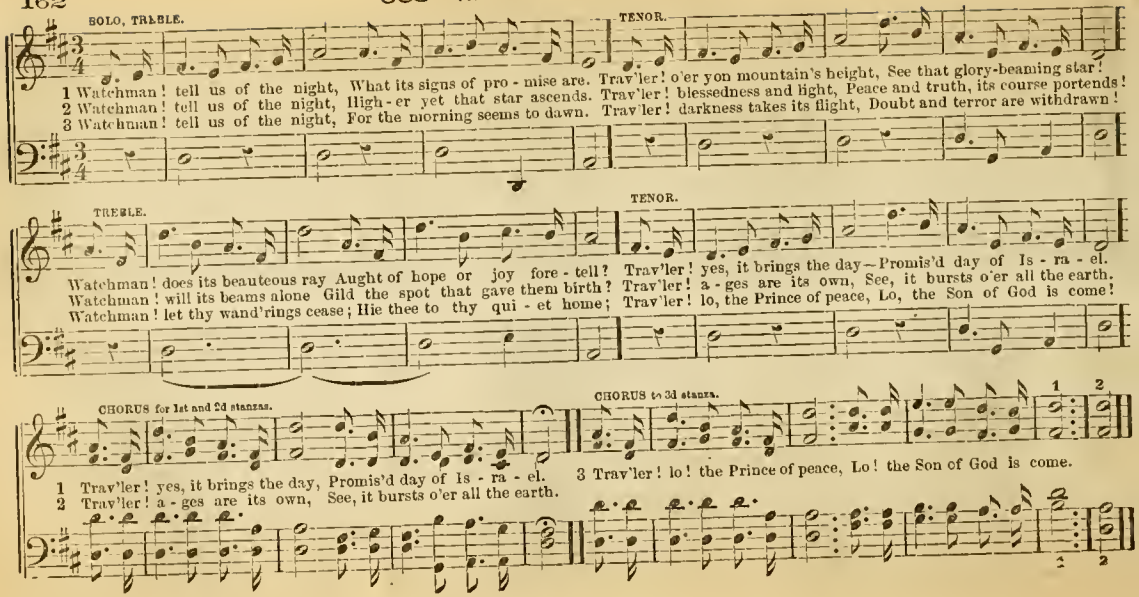
2 Trials must and will befall;
But with humble faith to see
Love inscribed upon them all,
This is happiness to me.

3 Did I meet no trials here,
No chastisement by the way,
Might I not with reason fear
I should be a cast-away?

4 Trials make the promise sweet;
Trials give new life to prayer,
Bring me to my Saviour's feet,
Lay me low and keep me there.

365 WATCHMAN, TELL US. 7s.

L. MASON.



1 Hearts of stone, re - pent, re - pent! Break, by Je - sus' cross sub - dued; See his bo - dy man - gled, rent, Stain'd and cov - er'd

2 Yes, thy sins have done the deed; Driv'n the nails that fix'd him there; Crown'd with thorns his sacred head; Plung'd in - to his

3 Wilt thou let him bleed in vain? Still to death thy Lord pur - sue? O - pen all his wounds a - gain, And the shame - ful

with his blood! Sin - ful soul, what hast thou done? Cru - ci - fied God's bless - ed Son.

side the spear; Made his soul a sa - cri - fice, While for sin - ful men he dies.

cross re - new? No; with all my sins I'll part; Sa - viour, take my bro - ken heart.

367

1 SINNERS, seek the narrow gate;
Enter ere it be too late:
Many ask to enter there
When too late to offer prayer.

2 God from mercy's seat shall rise,
And forever bar the skies:
Then, though sinners cry without,
He will say, "I know you not."

3 Mournfully will they exclaim;
"Lord, we have professed thy name;
We have ate with thee, and heard
Heavenly teaching in thy word."

4 Vain, alas, will be their plea,
Workers of iniquity:
Sad their everlasting lot;
Christ will say, "I know you not."

368 FULTON. 7s

1 God of love, who hearest prayer, Kindly for thy peo - ple care, Who on thee a - lone de - pend: Love us, save us to the end.
2 Save us, in the prosp'rous hour, From the flatt'ring tempter's pow'r; From his unsuspected wiles, From the world's pernicious smiles.

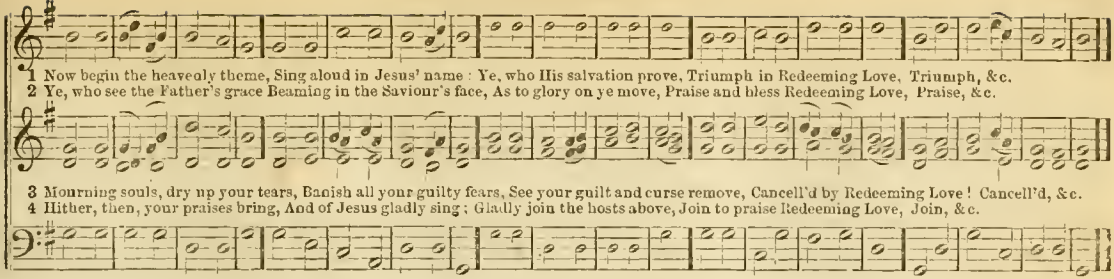
3 Save us from the great and wise, Till they sink in their own eyes, Tame - ly to thy yoke sub - mit, Lay their bo - nor at thy feet.
4 Nev - er let the world break in; Fix a mighty gulf between; Keep us lit - tle and unknown, Prized and loved by God a - lone.

369 HOLLEY. 7s.

GEORGE HEWS

1 Haste, O sin - ner! now be wise; Stay not for the morrow's sun; Wis - dom if you still de - spise, Hard - er is it to be won.
2 Haste, and mer - cy now implore; Stay not for the morrow's sun; Lest thy sea - son should be o'er Ere this eve - ning's stage be run.

3 Haste, O sin - ner! now return; Stay not for the morrow's sun; Lest thy lamp should cease to burn Ere sal - va - tion's work is done.
4 Haste, O sin - ner! now be blest; Stay not for the morrow's sun; Lest per - di - tion thee ar - rest Ere the mor - row is be - gun.



371

1 LET us, with a joyful mind,
Praise the Lord, for he is kind;
For his mercies shall endure,
Ever faithful, ever sure.

2 He, with all commanding might,
Fill'd the new-made world with light;
For his mercies shall endure,
Ever faithful, ever sure.

3 All things living he doth feed;
His full hand supplies their need;
For his mercies shall endure,
Ever faithful, ever sure.

4 He his chosen race did bless
In the wasteful wilderness;
For his mercies shall endure,
Ever faithful, ever sure.

5 He hath, with a piteous eye,
Looked upon our misery;
For his mercies shall endure,
Ever faithful, ever sure.

6 Let us, then, with joyful mind,
Praise the Lord, for he is kind;
For his mercies shall endure,
Ever faithful, ever sure.

372

1 GREAT the joy when Christians meet,
Christian fellowship, how sweet,
When, their theme of praise the same,
They exalt Jehovah's name!

2 Sing we then eternal love,
Such as did the Father move:
He beheld the world undone,
Loved the world, and gave his Son.

3 Sing the Son's amazing love;
How he left the realms above,
Took our nature and our place,
Lived and died to save our race!

373

1 'T IS the blest, the favored hour;
Now to seek thy God begin;
'T is the Spirit's voice divine
Woos thee from the paths of sin

2 'T is the blest, the favored hour;
Jesus offers pardon free;
Mildly pointing to the cross
Where his blood was shed for thee.

3 Soon the favored hour may pass,
Soon the Spirit take his flight;
Hasten while the Saviour calls;
O no longer mercy slight!

374 MARTYN. 7s. Double.

D. C.

1 { Son of God, thy people's shield, Must we still thine absence mourn? } D. C.
{ Let thy pro - mise be ful - fill'd; Thou hast said, "I will return." } Gracious Master, soon appear, Quickly bring thy morning light;

D. C. Then will cease the constant tear, Hope be turned to joyful sight.—FINE.

D. C.

2 As a woman counts the days
Till her absent Lord she sees,
Longs and watches, weeps and prays,
So the church must long for thee.
Come, that we may see thee nigh,
Then the sheep shall feed in peace,
Hush forever trouble's sigh,
Sin and sorrow's triumph cease.

375 (PLEYEL'S HYMN.)

1 LORD, a better heart bestow,
Hear a sinner's broken prayer;
Full of weariness and woe,
To thy mercies I repair.

2 Once I thought I could amend
All the evil of my ways;
To thy throne my steps could bend,
Do thy will and gain thy praise.

3 But in vain I toiled and prayed;
Still I did but sin the more;
All the efforts that I made
Showed me weaker than before.

4 Now I find no hand but one
Can deliver me from guilt;
On the merits of thy Son
All my confidence is built.

5 Ruined, helpless, and forlorn,
To the Saviour's cross I flee;
O, since Christ my sins hath borne,
Let my burdened soul go free!

376 (PLEYEL'S HYMN.)

1 LORD, we come before thee now;
At thy feet we humbly bow;
O, do not our suit disdain!
Shall we seek thee, Lord, in vain?

2 Lord, on thee our souls depend;
In compassion now descend;
Fill our hearts with thy rich grace;
Tune our lips to sing thy praise.

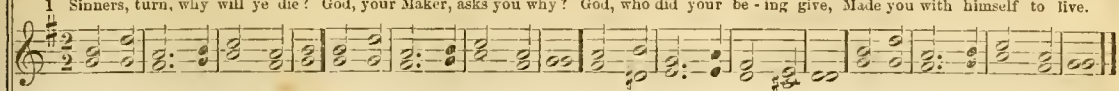
3 In thine own appointed way
Now we seek thee, here we stay;
Lord, from hence we would not go,
Till a blessing thou bestow.

4 Comfort those who weep and mourn;
Let the time of joy return;
Those that are cast down, lift up;
Make them strong in faith and hope.

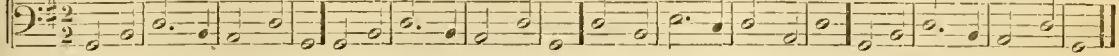
5 Grant that all may seek, and find
Thee a God supremely kind;
Heal the sick, the captive free;
Let us all rejoice in thee.

377 PLEYEL'S HYMN. 7s.

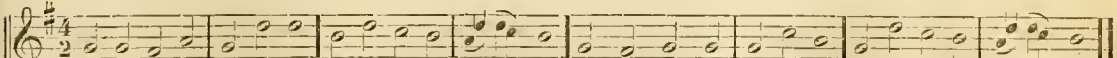
1 Sinners, turn, why will ye die? God, your Maker, asks you why? God, who did your be - ing give, Made you with himself to live.



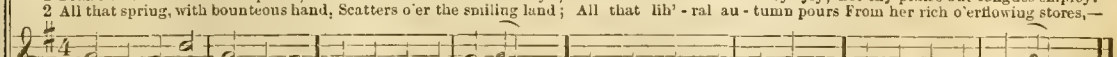
2 Sinners, turn, why will ye die? God, your Saviour, asks you why? He who did your souls retrieve, Died himself that you might live.
3 Will you let him die in vain? Cru - ci - fy your Lord a - gain? Why, ye ran - som'd sin - ners, why Will ye slight his grace, and die?



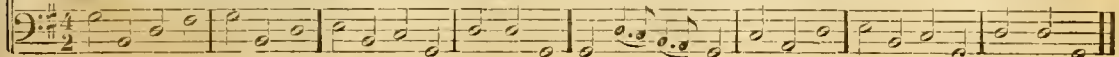
378 NUREMBURG. 7s.



1 Praise to God!—immortal praise, For the love that crowns our days; Bounteous Source of ev' - ry joy, Let thy praise our tongues employ.
2 All that spring, with bounteous hand, Scatters o'er the smiling land; All that lib' - ral au - tumn pours From her rich o'erflowing stores,—



3 These, to that dear Source we owe, Whence our sweetest comforts flow; These thro' all my hap - py days, Claim my cheerful songs of praise.
4 Lord, to thee my soul should raise Grateful, never - end - ing praise; And, when ev' - ry blessing 's flown, Love thee for thy - self a - lone.



379 HARMONY. 7s. 6 lines.

F. H. B.

1 Rock of A - ges, cleft for me, Let me hide my - self in thee; Let the wa - ter and the blood, From thy

2 Could my tears for - ev - er flow, Could my zeal no lan - guor know, These for sin could not a - tone; Thou must
3 While I draw this fleet - ing breath, When my eyes shall close in death, When I rise at judge - ment dawn, And be-

wounded side which flow'd, Be of sin the double cure, Save from wrath and make me pure.

save, and thou a - lone: In my hand no price I bring, Sim - ply to thy cross I cling.
hold thee on thy throne, Rock of A - ges, cleft for me, Let me hide my - self in thee.

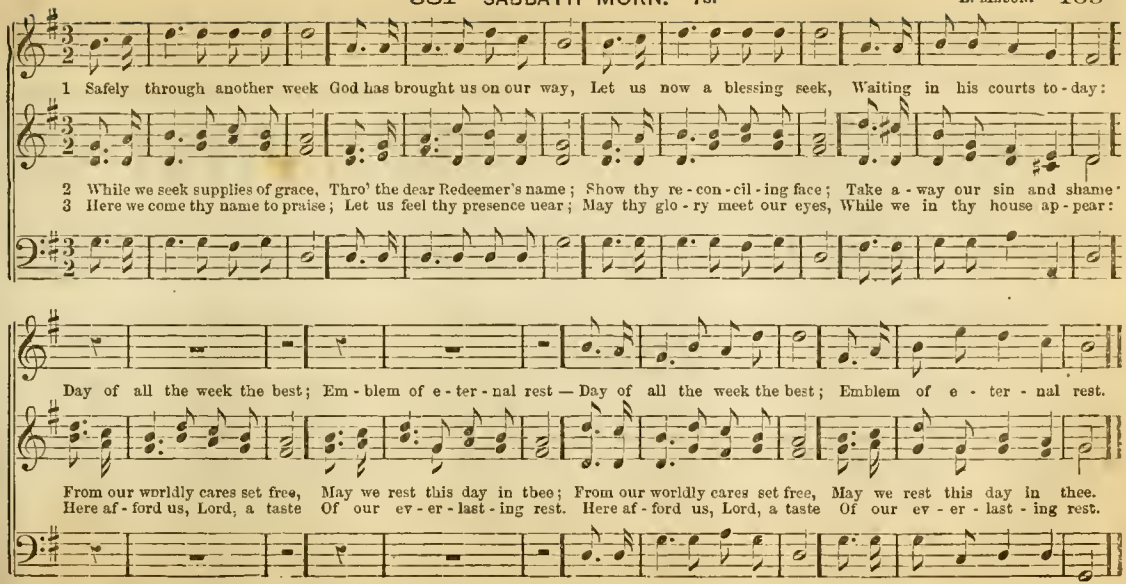
380

1 FATHER, they who thee receive,
And in thee begin to live,
Day and night they cry to thee,
As thou art, so let us be.

2 Fix, O, fix my wav'ring mind;
To the cross my spirit bind;
Earthly passions far remove;
Fill the soul with perfect love!

3 Who in heart on thee believes,
He the promise now receives;
He with joy beholds thy face,
Triumphs in thy pard'ning grace.

4 Boundless wisdom, power divine,
Love unspeakable, are thine;
Praise by all to thee be given,
Sons of earth, and hosts of heaven


1 Safely through another week God has brought us on our way, Let us now a blessing seek, Waiting in his courts to-day:
2 While we seek supplies of grace, Thro' the dear Redeemer's name; Show thy re-con-cil-ing face; Take a-way our sin and shame·
3 Here we come thy name to praise; Let us feel thy presence near; May thy glo-ry meet our eyes, While we in thy house ap-pear:
Day of all the week the best; Em-blem of e-ter-nal rest — Day of all the week the best; Emblem of e-ter-nal rest.
From our worldly cares set free, May we rest this day in thee; From our worldly cares set free, May we rest this day in thee.
Here af-ford us, Lord, a taste Of our ev-er-last-ing rest. Here af-ford us, Lord, a taste Of our ev-er-last-ing rest.

382 AMBOY. 7s. Double.

D. C.

1 { Wake the song of Ju - bi - lee; Let it e - cho o'er the sea; }
{ Now is come the promis'd hour; Jesus reigns with sov'reign pow'r. } 2 All the nations, join and sing, Praise your Saviour, praise your King,

Sing the small notes at the D. C.

D. C.

D. C. Let it sound from shore to shore, "Jesus reigns for ev - er - more!"—FINE.

D. C.

3 Hark! the desert lands rejoice;
And the islands join their voice;
Joy! the whole creation sings;
"Jesus is the King of kings!"

4 Wake the song of Jubilee;
Let it echo o'er the sea;
Let it sound from shore to shore,
"Jesus reigns for evermore!"

5 Hallelujah! hark! the sound
From the centre to the skies,
Wakes above, beneath, around,
All creation's harmonies.

6 He shall reign from pole to pole,
With illimitable sway;
He shall reign when like a scroll
Yonder heavens shall pass away.

383

1 COME, my soul, thy suit prepare;
Jesus loves to answer prayer;
He himself has bid thee pray;
Therefore will not say thee nay.

2 Thou art coming to a King;
Large petitions with thee bring;
For his grace and power are such,
None can ever ask too much.

3 With my burden I begin;
Lord, remove this load of sin;
Let thy blood, for sinners spilt,
Set my conscience free from guilt.

4 Lord, I come to thee for rest;
Take possession of my breast;
There thy blood-bought right maintain,
And without a rival reign.

5 While I am a pilgrim here,
Let thy love my spirit cheer;
As my guide, my guard, my friend,
Lead me to my journey's end.

384

1 BREAD of heaven, on thee we feed,
For thy flesh is meat indeed;
Ever let our souls be fed
With this true and living bread.

2 Vine of heaven, thy blood supplies
This blest cup of sacrifice;
Lord, thy wounds our healing give;
To thy cross we look and live.

3 Day by day with strength supplied,
Thro' the life of him who died,
Lord of life, O, let us be
Rooted, grafted, built on thee.

385 VALDIVIA. 7s.

1 Oft in sorrow and in woe, Onward, Christians, onward go; Fight the fight, maintain the strife, Strengthen'd with the bread of life
2 Onward, Christians, onward go; Join the war and face the foe; Trem - ble not in dan - ger's hour, Trusting in your Captain's power

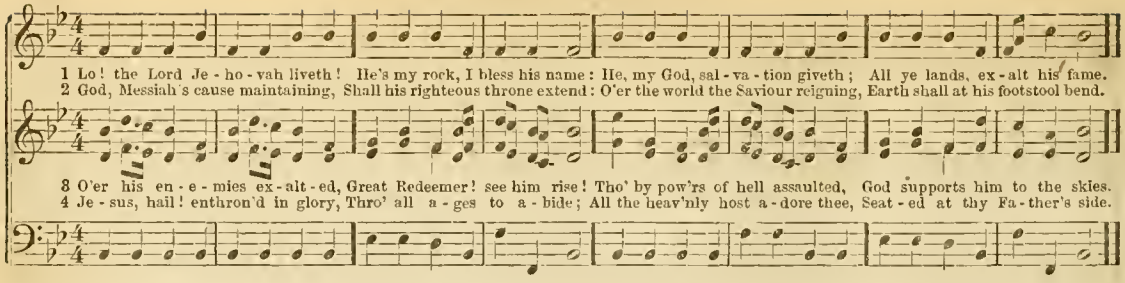
3 Let your drooping hearts be glad; March in heav'nly ar - mor clad; In your very weakness strong, Fight, nor think the bat - tle long.
4 Let not sorrow dim your eye; Soon shall ev' - ry tear be dry; Onward still in bat - tle move, More than conq'rors shall ye prove

386 WORTHING. 8s & 7s.

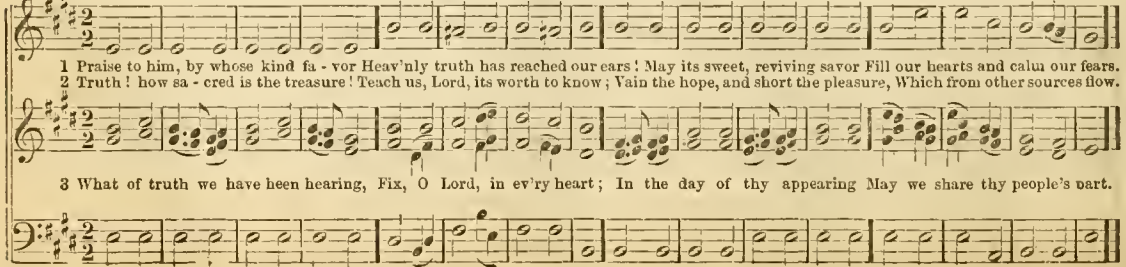
1 Glo - ri - ous things of thee are spoken. Zi - on, ci - ty of our God; He, whose word can ne'er be broken, Chose thee for his own a - bod.
2 Lord, thy church is still thy dwelling, Still is precious in thy sight; Judah's tem - ple far ex - cel - ling, Beaming with the gospel's ligh-

3 On the Rock of a - ges founded, What can shake her sure repose? With salvation's walls surrounded, She can smile at all her foe-
4 Round her hab - i - ta - tion hov'ring, See the cloud and fire ap - pear, For a glo - ry and a cov'ring, Show - ing that the Lord is near

387 WILMOT. 8s & 7s.



388 SICILY. 8s & 7s.



1 { Saviour, breathe an eveniug blessing, Ere repose our spirits seal; }
{ Siu and want we come confessing; (OMIT.....) } Thou canst save snd thou canst heal. 2 Tho' destruction walk around us,

FIRST TIME. SECOND TIME. FINE.

D. C. Angel guards from thee surround us; (OMIT.....) We are safe if thou art nigh.—FINE.

D. C.

Tho' the ar - rows past us fly;

D. C.

Tho' the ar - rows past us fly.

D. C.

3 Though the night be dark snd dreary,
Darkness cannot hide from thee;
Thou art he who, never weary,
Watchest where thy people be.

4 Should swift death this night o'ertake us,
And command us to the tomb,
May the morn in heaven awake us,
Clad in bright, eternal bloom.

390 (SICILY.)

1 FATHER, we commend our spirits
To Thy love in Jesus' name,
Love, which His atouing merits
Give us confidence to claim.

2 O how sweet, how real a pleasure
Flows from love so true and free!
O how great, how rich a treasure,
Saviour, we possess in Thee!

3 From the world and its confusions
Here we turn and find our rest,
From its cares and its delusions,
Turn to Thee, and there are blest.

4 Though this scene is ever changing,
Since Thy mercy changes not,
O'er the waste our spirits ranging
Glory in their happy lot.

5 By the Holy Ghost anointed,
May we do our Father's will,
Walk the path by Him appointed,
Jesus' pleasure to fulfil:

6 Till the welcome signal hearing,
Welcome to the saints alone,
We rejoice at His appearing,
Who shall claim us for His own.

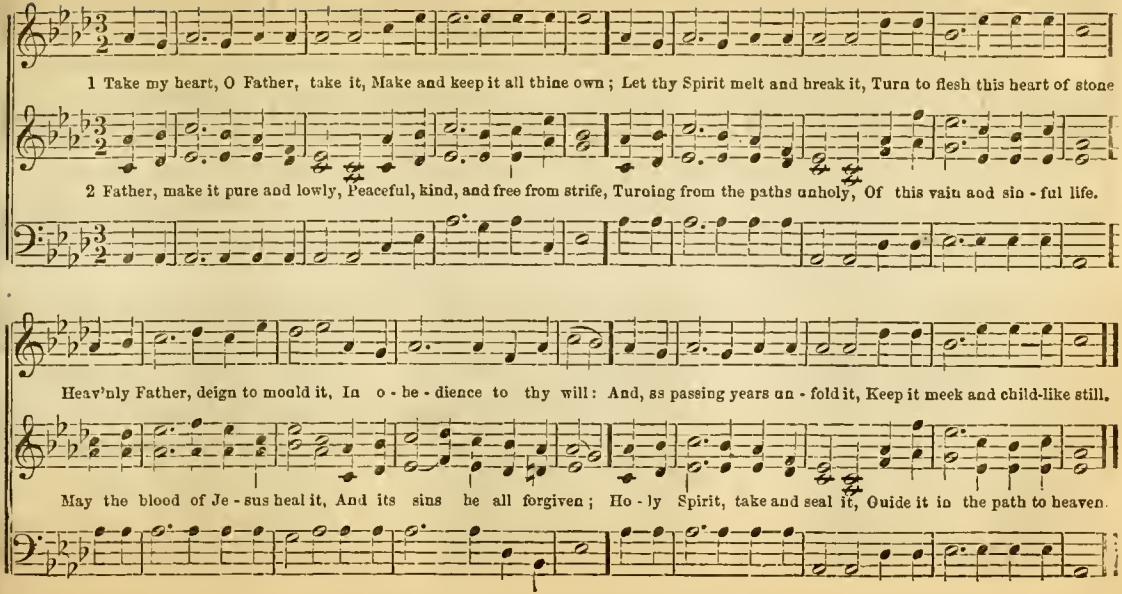
391 PASSOVER. 8s & 7s. Double.

1 Je - sus, full of all compassion, Hear an humble suppliant's cry; Let me know thy great salvation, See, I languish, faint and die.

3 On the word thy blood hath sealed Hangs my ev - er - last - ing all; Let thine arm be now re - veal'd, Stay, O stay me, lest I fall!

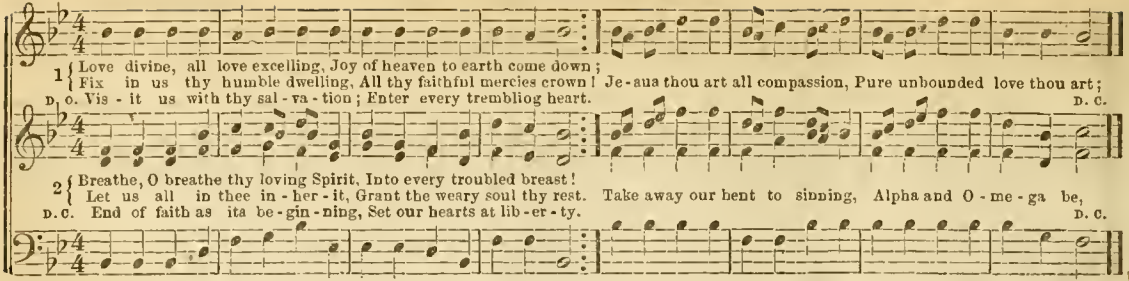
2 Guilty, but with heart relenting, Overwhelm'd with helpless grief, Prostrate at thy feet re - lent - ing, Send, O send me quick re - lief.

4 Sav'd! the deed shall spread new glory Thro' the shining realms above; Angels sing the pleasing story, All en - rap - tur'd with thy love.


1 Take my heart, O Father, take it, Make and keep it all thine own; Let thy Spirit melt and break it, Turn to flesh this heart of stone
2 Father, make it pure and lowly, Peaceful, kind, and free from strife, Turning from the paths unholy, Of this vain and sin - ful life.
Heav'nly Father, deign to mould it, In o - be - dience to thy will: And, as passing years un - fold it, Keep it meek and child-like still.
May the blood of Je - sus heal it, And its sins be all forgiven; Ho - ly Spirit, take and seal it, Guide it in the path to heaven.

393 MILLERSBURG. 8s & 7s.

Arranged for this work.



3 Come, Almighty to deliver,
Let us all thy life receive,
Suddenly return, and never,
Never more thy temples leave;
Thee we would be always blessing,
Serve thee as thy hosts above,
Pray, and praise thee without ceasing,
Glory in thy perfect love.

4 Finish then thy new creation,
Pure and spotless let us be;
Let us see thy great salvation,
Perfectly restor'd in thee:
Changed from glory into glory,
Till we reach our resting place,
Till we cast our crowns before thee,
Lost in wonder, love, and praise.

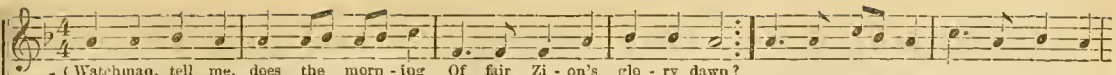
394

1 RIGHTEOUS God! whose vengeful vials
All our fears and thoughts exceed,
Big with woes and fiery trials,
Hanging bursting o'er our head;
While thou visitest the nations,
Thy selected people spare;
Arm our cautioned souls with patience,
Fill our humbled hearts with prayer.

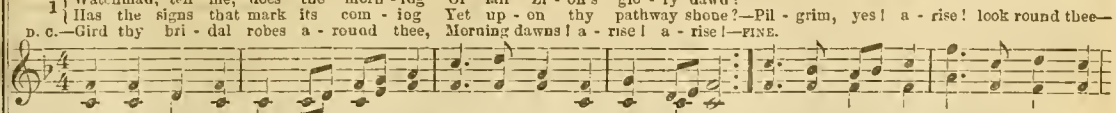
2 If thy dreadful controversy
With all flesh is now begun,
In thy wrath remember mercy;
Mercy first and last be shown.
Plead thy cause with sword and fire;
Shake us till the curse remove;
Till thou com'st, the saints' desire,
Crowning them with perfect love.

3 Every fresh alarming token
More confirms the faithful word;
Nature, for its Lord hath spoken,
Must be suddenly restored.
From this national confusion,
From this ruined earth and skies,
See the times of restitution,
See the new creation rise!

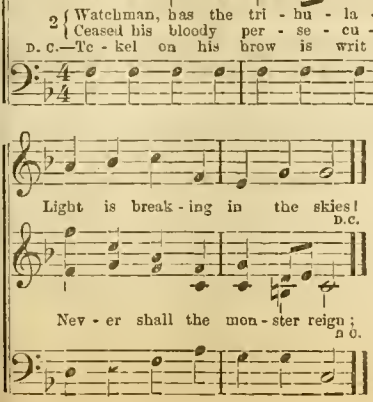
4 Vanish, then, this world of shadows!
Pass the former things away;
Lord, appear! appear, to glad us
With the dawn of endless day!
O, conclude this mortal story!
Bring the life that shall abide;
Come, eternal King of glory,
Now descend and take thy bride!



1 { Watchman, tell me, does the morn - ing Of fair Zi - on's glo - ry dawn?
{ Has the signs that mark its com - ing Yet up - on thy pathway shone?—Pil - grim, yes! a - rise! look round thee—
D. C.—Gird thy bri - dal robes a - round thee, Morning dawns! a - rise! a - rise!—FINE.



2 { Watchman, has the tri - bu - la - tion Of the cru - el man of sin
{ Ceased his bloody per - se - cu - tion? Will it not re - turn a - gain?—Pil - grim, no! his times have end - ed,
D. C.—Te - kel on his brow is writ - ten— Soon he will consume in flame.—FINE.



3 Watchman, was there signs attending
At the ending of the time?
With the closing moments pending,
Did the sun refuse to shine?
Pilgrim, yes; the sun was shrouded
In a veil of gloom that day;
Nature was in darkness clouded
On that nineteenth day of May.

4 Watchman, hail the light ascending
Of the grand Sabbatic year,
All with voices loud portending
That the kingdom's very near.
Pilgrim, yes, I see, just yonder,
Canaan's glorious height arise;
Salem, too, appears in grandeur,
Towering 'neath its cloudless skies.

5 Watchman, in that golden city,
Seated on his jasper throne,
Zion's King, enthroned in beauty,
Reigns in peace from zone to zone.
There, on sun-lit hills and mountains,
Golden beams serenely glow;
Pearly streams and crystal fountains,
On their banks sweet flow'rets grow.

6 Watchman, see! the land is nearing,
With its vernal fruits and flowers!
On! just yonder, O, how cheering,
Bloom forever Eden's bowers.
Hark! the choral strains there ringing,
Wafted on the balmy air!
See the millions! hear them singing!
Soon the pilgrims will be there!

398 LIFT THE VOICE. 8s & 7s.

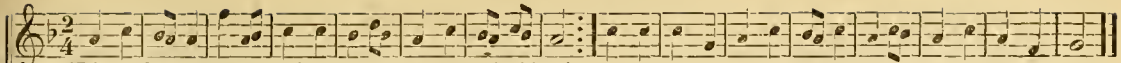
A. T. GORHAM.

1 Lift the voice, and sound the trumpet, Watcher on the mountain height; Roll the clarion notes around thee, Shout, as flees the passing night.

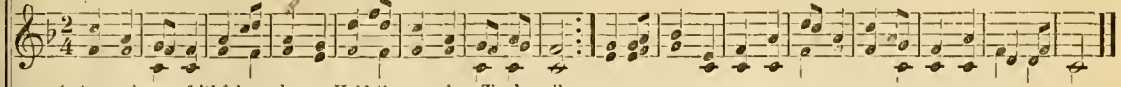
2 Lift the voice! Lo, weak and dying, Warriors struggling, faint and fall; Bid them fight, on God relying; Jesus comes to conquer all!
3 Lift the voice, like music blended With heart-healing minstrelsy; Cry "Thy warfare now is ended; Lo, thy Saviour comes to thee!"

Lift the voice in words of warning; Wake the slumb'ring hosts below; Cry aloud, "Behold the dawning, Rouse and gird to meet the foe!"

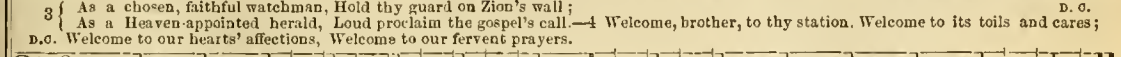
Lift the voice in notes of gladness, Ring the shout along the sky: "Cease your tears, ye sons of sadness, Sing! rejoice! your God is nigh."
Soon, beyond time's night of sadness, Watchmen, ye shall joyful sing; Eye to eye shall see with gladness, When the Lord shall Zion bring.



1 { Welcome, brother, to thy station, Welcome to thy work of love!
{ Come, commissioned by the Spirit, Bring thy message from above.—2 Come to feed our souls with knowledge, In the name of Christ thy Lord,
D.C. Preach the preaching which he bids thee, Preach the pure and simple word. D. C.



3 { As a chosen, faithful watchman, Hold thy guard on Zion's wall;
{ As a Heaven-appointed herald, Loud proclaim the gospel's call.—4 Welcome, brother, to thy station. Welcome to its toils and cares;
D.C. Welcome to our hearts' affections, Welcome to our fervent prayers. D. C.



398

1 HUMBLE souls, who seek salvation
Through the Lamb's redeeming blood,
Hear the voice of revelation;
Tread the path that Jesus trod.
2 Hear the blest Redeemer call you,
Listen to his gracious voice;
Dread no ills that can befall you,
While you make his ways your choice.
3 Jesus says, Let each believer
Be baptized in my name;
He himself in Jordan's river
Was immersed beneath the stream.
4 Plainly here his footsteps tracing,
Follow him without delay,
Gladly his command embracing;
Lo, your Captain leads the way!

399

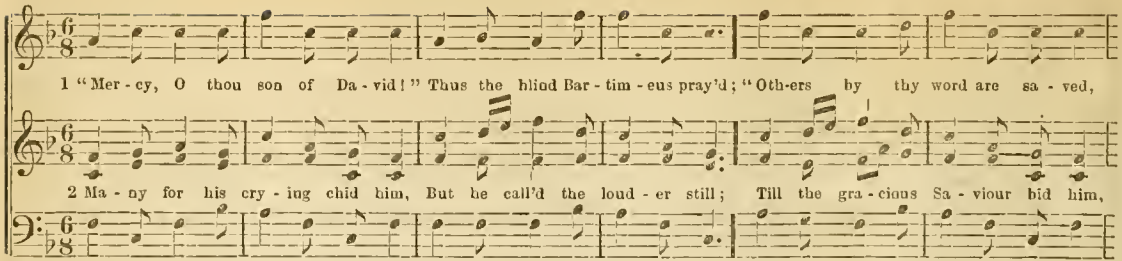
1 HAIL! thou once despised Jesus,
Hail, thou everlasting King,
Thou didst suffer to redeem us;
Thou didst free salvation bring.
2 Hail thou agonizing Saviour,
Bearer of our sin and shame!
By thy merits we find favor;
Life is given through thy name.
3 Paschal Lamb, by God appointed,
All our sins on thee were laid;
By almighty love anointed,
Thou hast full atonement made:
4 All thy people are forgiven,
Through the virtue of thy blood;
Open'd is the gate of heaven;
Peace is made 'twixt man and God.

400 (Lift the Voice.)

1 PRAISE the Lord; ye heavens, adore him;
Praise him, angels, in the height;
Sun and moon, rejoice before him;
Praise him, all ye stars of light.
2 Praise the Lord, for he hath spoken;
Worlds his mighty voice obeyed;
Laws, which never can be broken,
For their guidance he hath made.
3 Praise the Lord, for he is glorious;
Never shall his promise fail;
God hath made his saints victorious;
Sin and death shall not prevail.
4 Praise the God of our salvation;
Hosts on high his power proclaim;
Heaven and earth, and all creation,
Praise and magnify his name.

401 BARTIMEUS. 8s & 7s.

Arranged for this work.



3 Money was not what he wanted,
Though by begging used to live;
But he asked, and Jesus granted
Alms which none but he could give.

4 "Lord, remove this grievous blindness,
Let my eyes behold the day!"
Straight he saw, and won by kindness,
Follow'd Jesus in the way.

5 Now, methinks, I hear him praising,
Publishing to all around;
"Friends, is not my case amazing?
What a Saviour I have found!

6 O! that all the blind but knew him,
And would be advised by me!
Surely they would hasten to him,
He would cause them all to see."

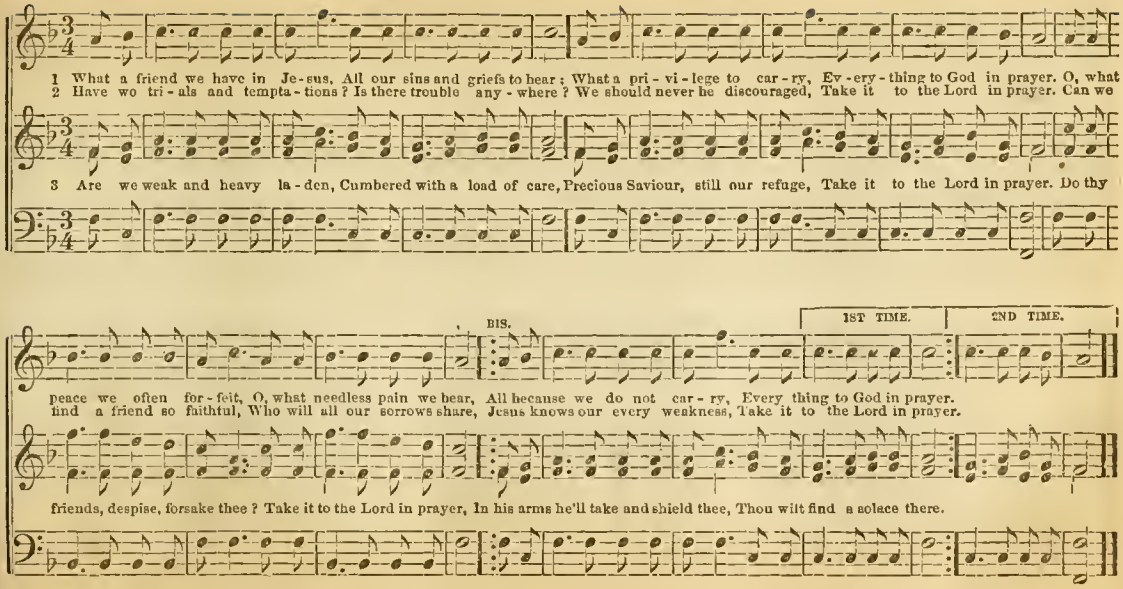
402

1 THIS is not my place of resting;
Mine's a city yet to come;
Onwards to it I am hasting,
On to my eternal home.

2 In it all is light and glory,
O'er it shines a nightless day;
Every trace of sin's sad story,
All the curse has passed away.

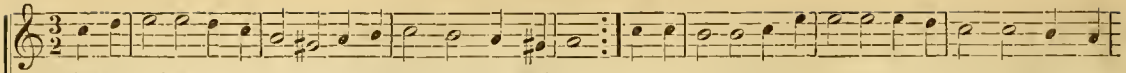
3 There the Lamb, our Shepherd, leads us
By the streams of life along;
On the freshest pastures feeds us,
Turns our sighing into song.

4 Soon we pass this desert dreary,
Soon we bid farewell to pain;
Nevermore be sad or weary,
Never, never sin again.

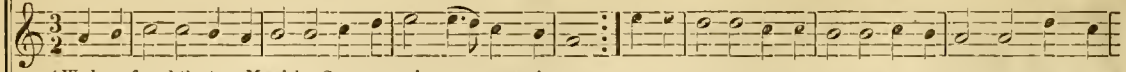

1 What a friend we have in Je-sus, All our sins and griefs to bear; What a pri-vi-lege to car-ry, Ev-ery-thing to God in prayer. O, what
2 Have wo tri-als and tempta-tions? Is there trouble any-where? We should never be discouraged, Take it to the Lord in prayer. Can we
3 Are we weak and heavy la-den, Cumbered with a load of care, Precious Saviour, still our refuge, Take it to the Lord in prayer. Do thy
BIS.
1ST TIME.
2ND TIME.
peace we often for-feit, O, what needless pain we bear, All because we do not car-ry, Every thing to God in prayer.
find a friend so faithful, Who will all our sorrows share, Jesus knows our every weakness, Take it to the Lord in prayer.
friends, despise, forsake thee? Take it to the Lord in prayer, In his arms he'll take and shield thee, Thou wilt find a solace there.

404 COME AND SEE. 8s 7s & 4s.

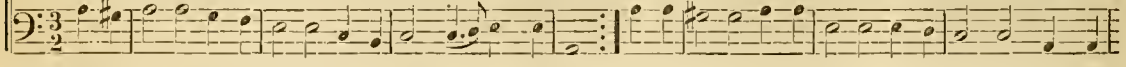
WELCH MELODY.

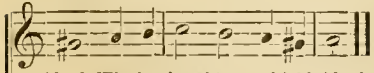


1 { We are go - ing home to Je - sus, Who has bought us with his blood;
{ Come poor sinner, go thou with us, Come and we will do thee good. Come to Jesus, Come to Jesus, Who has bought you with his

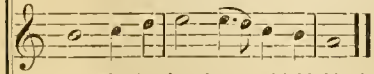


2 { We have found the true Messiah; Come, poor sinner, come and see.
{ Hark! he calls you, he invites you, "Come," he says, "come unto me." Come to Jesus, Come to Jesus, Who has bought you with his

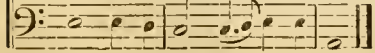




blood, Who has bought you with his blood.



blood, Who has bought you with his blood.



3 Come, ye weary, heavy laden—
Come, and I will give you rest;
To the marriage you are bidden,
Come, and be for ever blest.
Come to Jesus, &c.

4 We are pilgrims here and strangers,
We are travelling through the land;
Oft surrounded by great dangers,
But we go at Christ's command.
Come to Jesus, &c.

5 We are going to a country;
Come, and join our pilgrim band.
You will never thirst or hunger,
In that bright and happy land.
Come to Jesus, &c.

6 O, why will you still refuse him?
Come, poor needy sinner, come,
If you'll faithfully receive him,
He will lead you safely home.
Come to Jesus, &c.

7 In that bright and happy country;
We will sing and praise his name,
And we'll ever be exclaiming:
Glory be to God. Amen.
Come to Jesus, &c.

1 Sing a loud and joy - ful an-them, Wake earth's purest min-strel - sy, Let it sound from hill to val - ley, And be echoed
2 Prais - es for the ra - diant sun-shine, For the dew and ga - nial shower, For the soft and cool - ing zephyr, Brought in summer's

3 Praise for health, that priceless treasure, Health of bo - dy and of mind; For the free, un - bounded pleasure, Joys ex - alt - ed
4 For the choice, unnumbered blessings, Sent from heaven, day by day; Food and raiment, peace and friendship, Making glad our

through the sky; Loud thanksgiving, Loud thanksgiving, To the God who rules on high.
gol - den hour; Richly freighted, Richly freighted, When the storm hath spent its power.

and re - fined, Lavished on us, Lavished on us, By a God su - premely kind.
de - vious way; Let us praise him, Let us praise him, In an humble, fervent lay.

5 More than all for hope unfading,
Plant of high celestial birth,
That hath shed its fragrant blossoms
O'er this wilderness of earth;
Life imparting, Life imparting,
Where sin brought its fearful dearth.

6 Sing ye praises! sing ye praises!
To the God of truth and love;
Let earth's jubilee resounding,
Mingle with the one above!
In thanksgiving, In thanksgiving,
Let each heart with rapture move.

406 AMI. 8s 7s & 4s.

1 { Lo, he comes, with clouds descending, Once for favor'd sinners slain!
{ Thousand, thousand saints attending, Swell the triumph of his train. Hal - le - lu - jah! Ha - le - lu - jah! Je - sus comes on earth to

2 { Ev' - ry eye shall now behold him, Robed in dreadful ma - jes - ty;
{ Those who set at naught and sold him, Pierc'd and nail'd him to the tree, Deeply wailing, Deeply wailing, Shall the true Mes - si - ah

reign! Je - sus comes on earth to reign!

see. Shall the true Mes - si - ah see.

3 Now redemption long expected,
See in solemn pomp appear,
All his saints, by man rejected,
Rise to meet him in the air:
Hallelujah!
See the day of God appear!

4 Answer thine own Bride and Spirit;
Hasten, Lord, the general doom;
The new heaven and earth t' inherit,
Take thy pining exiles home;
All creation
Travails, groans, and bids thee come!

5 Yea, Amen; let all adore thee,
High on thine eternal throne!
Saviour, take the power and glory,
Make thy righteous sentence known.
O come quickly—
Claim the kingdom for thine own!

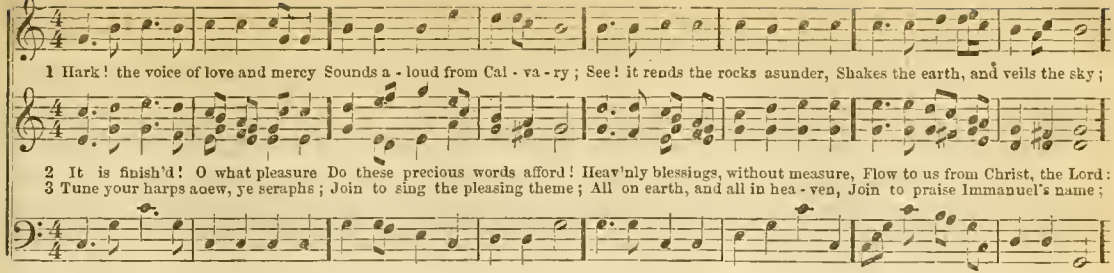
407

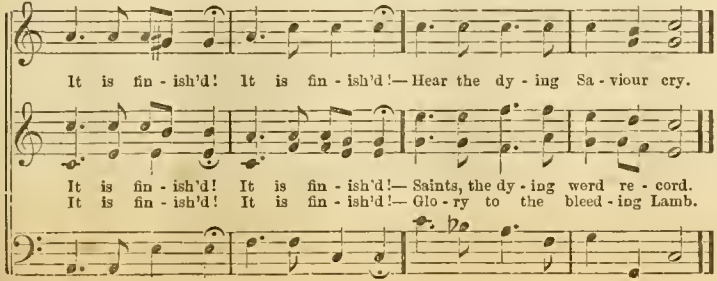
1 SAVIOUR, come, thy saints are waiting,
Waiting for the nuptial day;
Thence their promised glory dating;
Come, and bear thy saints away;
Come, Lord Jesus!
Thus thy waiting people pray.

2 Base the wish, and vain th' endeavor,
While on earth to find our rest;
Till we see thy face, we never
Shall or can be fully blest!
In thy presence
Nothing shall our peace molest.

3 Lord, we wait for thine appearing,
"Tarry not," thy people say;
Bright the prospect is, and cheering,
Of beholding thee that day;
When our sorrow
Shall forever pass away.

407 STANLEY. 8s & 7s, or 8s 7s & 4s. +





408

1 LO, he cometh; countless trumpets
Wake to life the slumb'ring dead;
'Mid ten thousand saints and angels
See their great, exalted Head:
Hallelujah!
Welcome, welcome, Son of God!

2 Full of joyful expectation,
Saints behold the Judge appear:
Truth and justice go before him,
Now the joyful sentence hear:
Hallelujah!
Welcome, welcome, Judge divine!

3 'Tis the day so long expected;
Shout, ye saints, and triumph now;
See your Lord, by man rejected!
Many crowns adorn his brow;
'Tis his triumph:
Every knee to him shall bow.

409 SAVIOUR, HASTE. 8s 7s & 4s.

TREBLE.

1 Saviour, haste! our souls are waiting For the long ex-pect-ed day, When, new heav'n and earth creating, Thou shalt banish grief away;

ALTO.

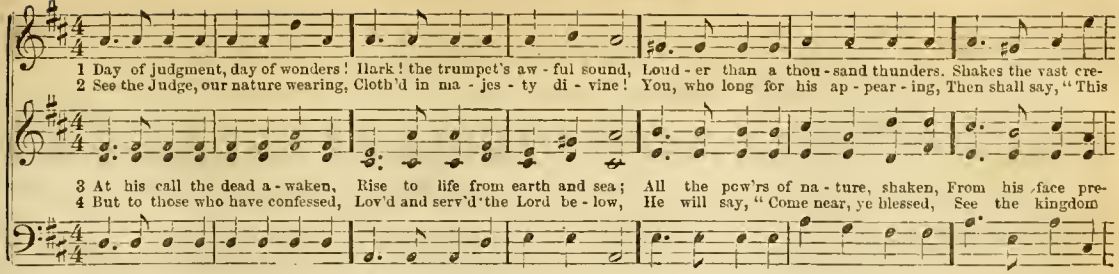
2 Haste, O hasten thine appearing, Take thy mourning people home: 'Tis this hope our spirits cheering, While we in the des-ert roam,

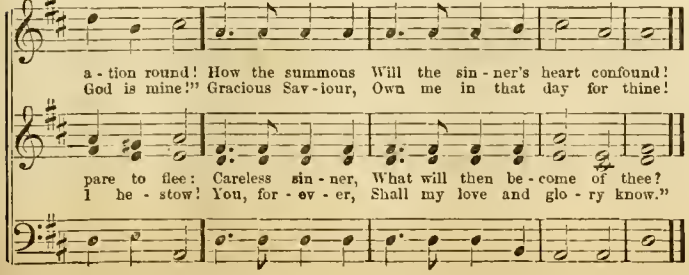
All the sor-row, All the sor-row, Caused by sin and Sa-tan's sway.

Makes thy peo-ple, Makes thy peo-ple, Strangers here, till thou dost come.

3
Lord, how long shall the creation
Groan and travail sore in pain;
Waiting for its sure salvation,
When thou shalt in glory reign,
And like Eden,
This sad earth shall bloom again?

4
Reign, O reign Almighty Saviour;
Heaven and earth in one unite;
Make it known, that in thy favor
There alone is life and light,
When we see thee,
We shall have unmixed delight.





411

1 LOOK, ye saints, the sight is glorious!
See the "Man of Sorrows" now;
From the fight returned victorious,
Every knee to him shall bow.
Crown him, crown him!
Crowns become the Victor's brow!

2 Crown the Saviour, angels crown him!
Rich the trophies Jesus brings;
In the seat of power enthrone him,
While the vault of heaven rings.
Crown him, crown him!
Crown the Saviour "King of kings!"

3 Sinners in derision crowned him,
Mocking thus the Saviour's claim;
Saints and angels crowd around him,
Own his title, praise his name
Crown him, crown him!
Spread abroad the Victor's fame!

412 TRUMPET. 10s 11s & 12s.

FINE.

1 Lift your glad voic - es in triumph on high, For Je - sus hath ris - en, and saints shall not die; Vain were the ter rors that
D. C. Loud was the cho - rus of angels on high,— The Sa - viour hath ris - en, and saints shall not die.—FINE.

2 Glo - ry to God, in full anthems of joy; Our life in the fu - ture death cannot destroy: Sad were the life we may
D. C. Lift, then, your voic - es in triumph on high, For Je - sus hath ris - en, and saints shall not die.—FINE.

gather'd around him, And short the dominion of death and the grave; He burst from the fetters of darkness that bound him, Resplendent in

part with to-morrow, If tears were our birthright, and death were our end; But Jesus hath cheered the dark valley of sorrow, We'll rise when he

D. C.

glo - ry, to live and to save:

D. C.

comes, and to meet him as - cend:

D. C.

1 O, worship the King, all glorious a - bove, And grate - ful - ly sing his won - der - ful love; Our Shield and De - fend - er, the An - cient of Days, Pa - vil - lion'd in splen - dor, and gird - ed with praise!

2 O, tell of his might, and sing of his grace, Whose robe is the light, whose ca - no - py, space; His cha - riots of wrath the deep thunder-clouds form, And dark is his path on the wings of the storm!

3 Thy bountiful care what tongue can re - cite, It breathes in the air, it shines in the light, It streams from the hills, it de - scends to the plain, And sweet - ly dis - tils in the dew and the rain.

4 Frail children of dust, and fee - ble as frail, In thee do we trust, nor find thee to fail; Thy mer - cies how ten - der! how firm to the end! Our Maker, De - fend - er, Re - deem - er and Friend!

414 HOME. 11s

1 'Mid scenes of af - flic - tion, with sorrow oppress'd, How oft have I sigh'd for the season of rest, When no more in this wil-der-nes
2 No spot on this earth can give per - ma - nent bliss, No home for the stranger and pilgrim is this; But in that bright country, the

3 This hope cheers the prospect that 's gloomy and drear, And points to the haven of rest that is near; O.... there in sweet fields of de-

world I shall roam, But find in the bo - som of Je - sus, a home.... Home, sweet home, But find in the bo - som of Je - sus, a home.
E - den to come, We 'll find in the bo - som of Je - sus, a home.... Home, sweet home, We 'll find in the bosom, &c.

light we shall roam, And find in the bo - som of Je - sus, a home.... Home, sweet home, And find in the bosom, &c.

1 O, Saviour of sinners, when faint and depress'd, With ma - ni - fold tri - als and sor - rows oppress'd, I 'll bow at thy feet, and with
2 When tempted by Sa - tan the Spi - rit to grieve, The ser - vice of Christ, my Re - deem - er, to leave, I 'll claim my re - la - tion to

3 When judgments, O Lord, are abroad in the land, And me - rit - ed vengeance descends from thy hand! O'erwhelm'd with the sight, for pro-
4 When summon'd at last before God to appear, By free-grace sup - port - ed I 'll yield without fear! Most gladly I 'll venture the

con - fi - dence cry, "Lead me to the Rock that is high - er than I!"
Je - sus on high, The Rock of sal - va - tion that 's high - er than I.

tec - tion I 'll fly, And hide in the Rock that is high - er than I!
or - deal to try, Up - held by the Rock that is high - er than I!

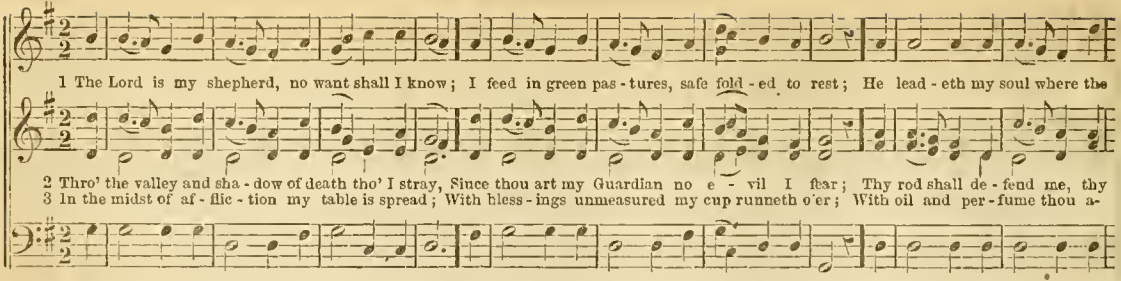
5.

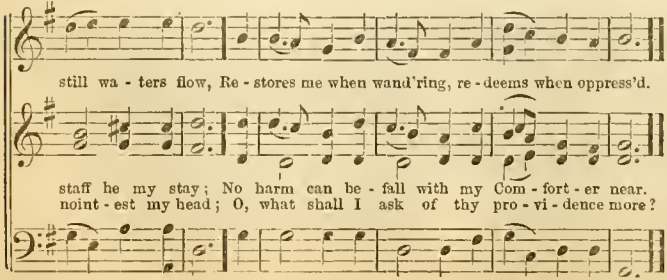
At home, with the chosen of Jesus, I long
To dwell, and eternally join in the song,
Of praising and blessing while ages pass by,
Christ Jesus, the Rock that is higher than I!

6.

The faithful sure promise the fathers believed,
Shall then be fulfilled and the glory received;
The hand that was pierced for me wipe my tears dry,
For to reign with the One that is higher than I

416 HINTON. 11s.





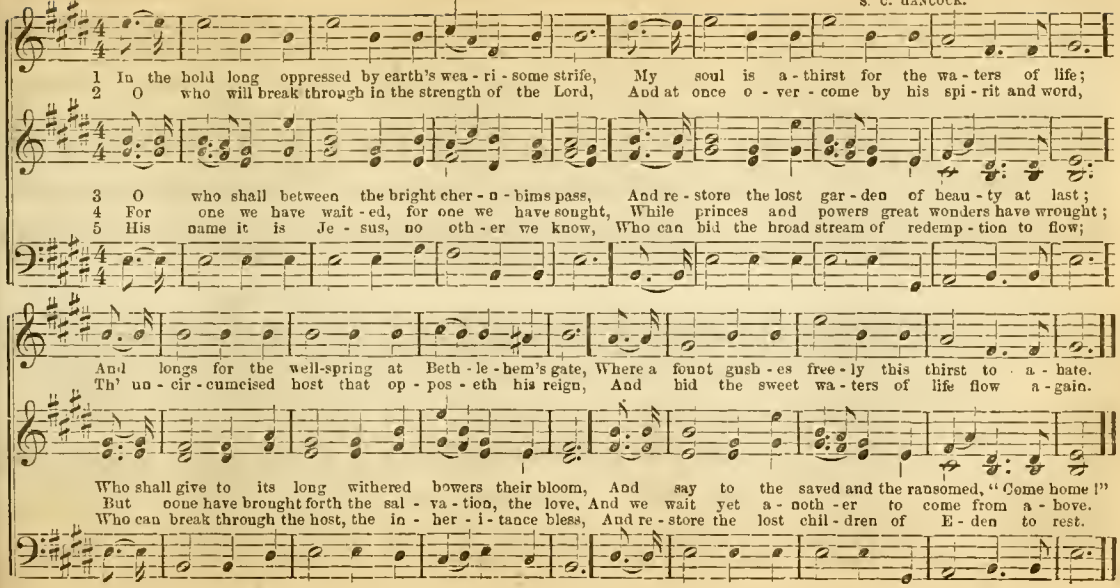
417

1 THE night is far spent, and the day is at hand:
Already the dawn may be seen in the sky;
Rejoice then, ye saints, 't is your Lord's own command;
Rejoice, for the coming of Jesus draws nigh.

2 What a day will that be when the Saviour appears!
How welcome to those who have shared in his cross!
A crown incorruptible then will be theirs,
A rich compensation for suff'ring and loss.

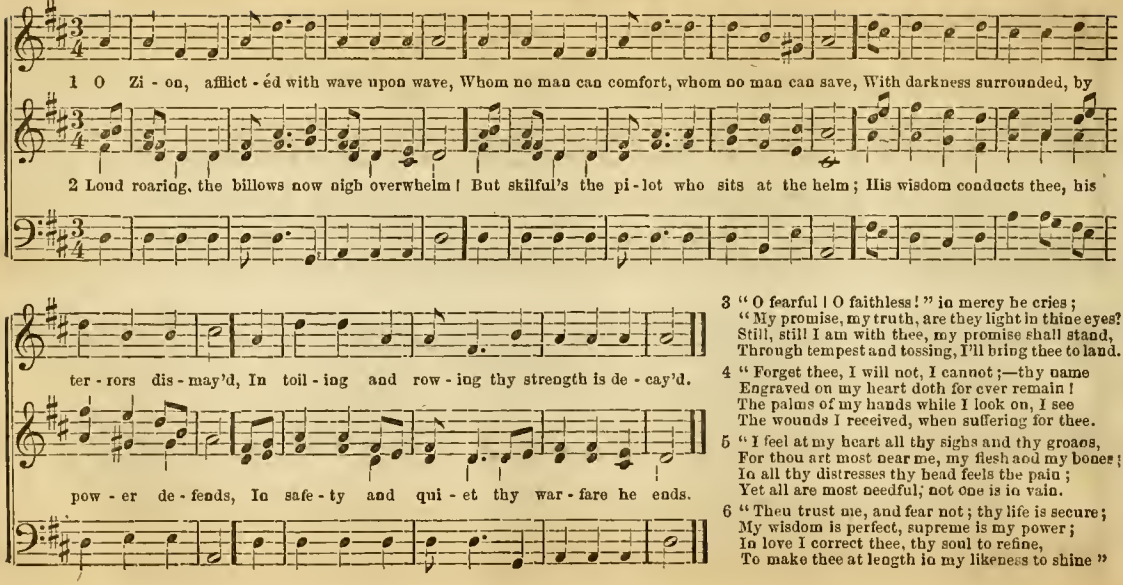
3 What is loss in this world when compar'd with that day,
To the glory that then will from heaven be revealed?
"The Saviour is coming," his people may say;
"The Lord whom we look for, our Sun and our Shield."

4 O pardon us, Lord, that our love to thy name
Is so faint, with so much our affections to move!
Our deadness should fill us with grief and with shame;
So much to be loved, and so little to love.


1 In the hold long oppressed by earth's wea - ri - some strife, My soul is a - thirst for the wa - ters of life;
2 O who will break through in the strength of the Lord, And at once o - ver - come by his spi - rit and word,
3 O who shall between the bright cher - u - bims pass, And re - store the lost gar - den of beau - ty at last;
4 For one we have wait - ed, for one we have sought, While princes and powers great wonders have wrought;
5 His name it is Je - sus, no oth - er we know, Who can bid the broad stream of redemp - tion to flow;
And longs for the well-spring at Beth - le - hem's gate, Where a fount gush - es free - ly this thirst to a - bate.
Th' un - cir - cumcised host that op - pos - eth his reign, And bid the sweet wa - ters of life flow a - gain.
Who shall give to its long withered bowers their bloom, And say to the saved and the ransomed, "Come home!"
But none have brought forth the sal - va - tion, the love, And we wait yet a - noth - er to come from a - bove.
Who can break through the host, the in - her - i - tance bless, And re - store the lost chil - dren of E - den to rest.

419 CHRIST OUR PILOT. 11s.

Arranged for this work.

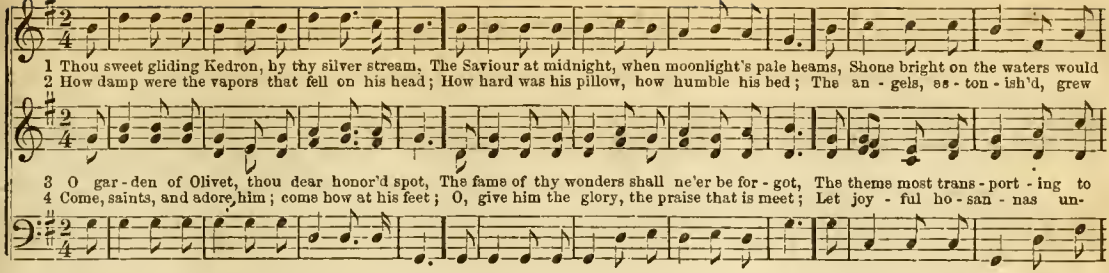


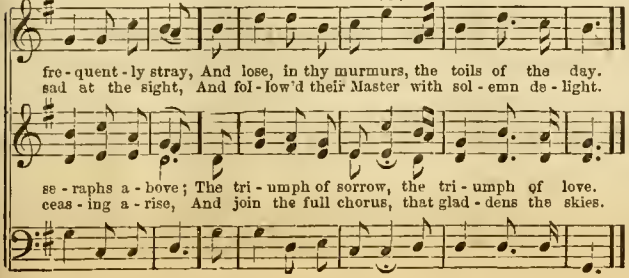
3 "O fearful! O faithless!" in mercy he cries;
"My promise, my truth, are they light in thine eyes?
Still, still I am with thee, my promise shall stand,
Through tempest and tossing, I'll bring thee to land.

4 "Forget thee, I will not, I cannot;—thy name
Engraved on my heart doth for ever remain!
The palms of my hands while I look on, I see
The wounds I received, when suffering for thee.

5 "I feel at my heart all thy sighs and thy groans,
For thou art most near me, my flesh and my bones;
In all thy distresses thy head feels the pain;
Yet all are most needful, not one is in vain.

6 "Then trust me, and fear not; thy life is secure;
My wisdom is perfect, supreme is my power;
In love I correct thee, thy soul to refine,
To make thee at length in my likeness to shine."





1 ON the high cliffs of Jordan with pleasure I stand,
And view in perspective the fair promised land;
The land where the ransomed with singing shall come,
And enter the kingdom prepared as their home.

2 All over those peaceful, delectable plains,
The Lord our Redeemer in righteousness reigns;
His sceptre of empire he now doth assume,
And kindly doth welcome his followers home.

3 How blessed are those regions, the realms of repose,
Where with fruit, O how grateful, the "tree of life" grows;
The regions ambrosial forever in bloom,
God's own habitation, the saints' happy home!

4 Those pleasures of glory, O, when shall I share,
And crowns of celestial felicity wear;
And range o'er those landscapes exempt from a sigh:
The home of our fathers, now specially nigh!

421 MELTON. 10s.

1 A - long the banks where Babel's cur - rent flows, Our cap - tive bands in deep des - pond - ence stray'd; While Zi - on's fall in

2 The tuneless harp, that once with joy we strung, When praise em - ployed and mirth in - spired the lay, In mourn - ful si - lence

sad remembrance rose, Her friends, her chil - dren, min - gled with the dead.

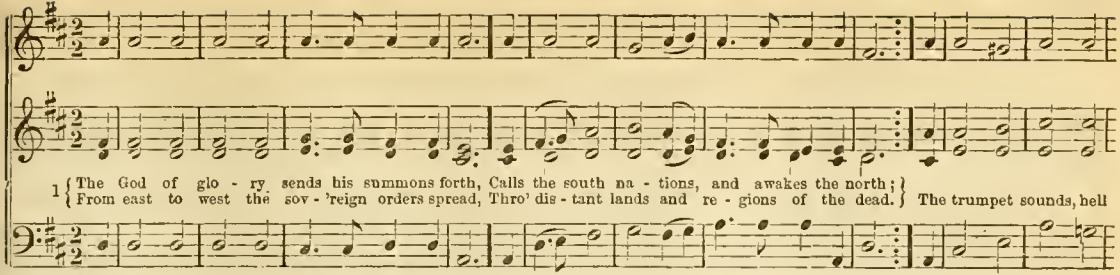
on the willows hung, And grow - ing grief pro - long'd the te - dious day.

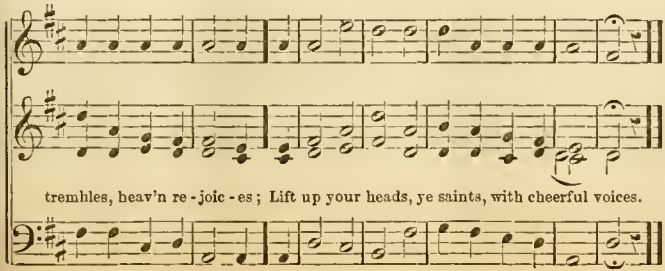
422

1 NOT to our names, thou only just and true,
Not to our worthless names is glory due:
Thy power and grace, thy truth and justice claim
Immortal honors to thy sovereign name.

2 Earth is thy work; the heavens thy wisdom spread;
But fools adore the gods their hands have made;
The kneeling crowd, with looks devout, behold
Their silver saviours, and their saints of gold.

3 Be heaven and earth amazed! 't is hard to say
Which are more stupid, or their gods, or they:
O Israel! trust the Lord; he hears and sees;
He knows thy sorrows and restores thy peace.

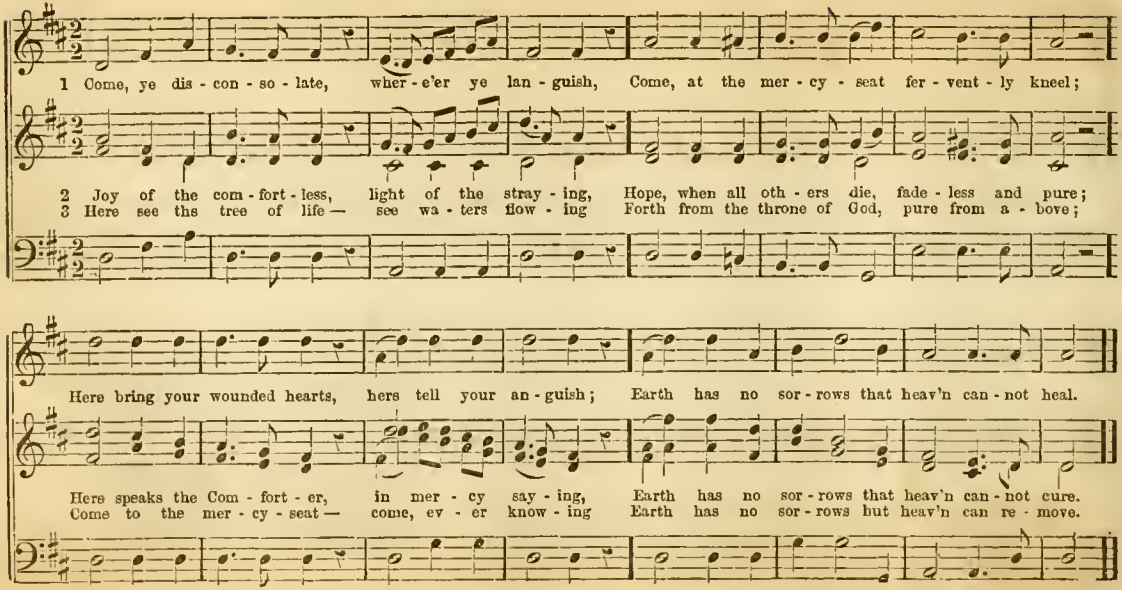




2 No more shall atheists mock His long delay;
His vengeance sleeps no more: behold the day;
Behold, the Judge descends: His guards are nigh;
Tempest and fire attend Him down the sky:
When God appears, all nature shall adore Him;
While sinners tremble, saints rejoice before Him.

3 Sinners, awake betimes; ye fools, be wise;
Awake before this dreadful morning rise;
Change your vain thoughts, your crooked works amend;
Fly to the Saviour, make the Judge your Friend;
Then join the saints; wake every cheerful passion;
When Christ returns, He comes for your salvation.

424 COME, YE DISCONSOLATE. 11s & 10s.



425 NEARER TO THEE.

1 Nearer, my God, to thee, Nearer to thee; E'en though it be a cross That raiseth me.
2 Though like a wan - der - er, Daylight all gone, Darkness comes ov - er me, My rest a stone.

3 There let my way ap - pear, On - ward to heav'n, All that thou send - est me, In mer - cy giv'n,
4 Then with my wa - king thoughts, Bright with thy praise, Out of my sto - ny griefs, Beth - el I'll raise.

Still all my song shall be, Near - er, my God, to thee, Near - er, my God, to thee, Near - er to thee.
Yet in my dreams I'd be, Near - er, my God, to thee, Near - er, my God, to thee, Near - er to thee.

An - gels to beck - on me, Near - er, my God, to thee, Near - er my God, to thee, Near - er to thee.
So by my woes to be, Near - er, my God, to thee, Near - er my God, to thee, Near - er to thee.

426 BEAUTIFUL WORLD. P. M.

1 { We're go - ing home, we've had vis - ions bright, Of that ho - ly land, that world of light, }
{ Where the long, dark night of time is past, And the morn of eter - ni - ty dawns at last; }

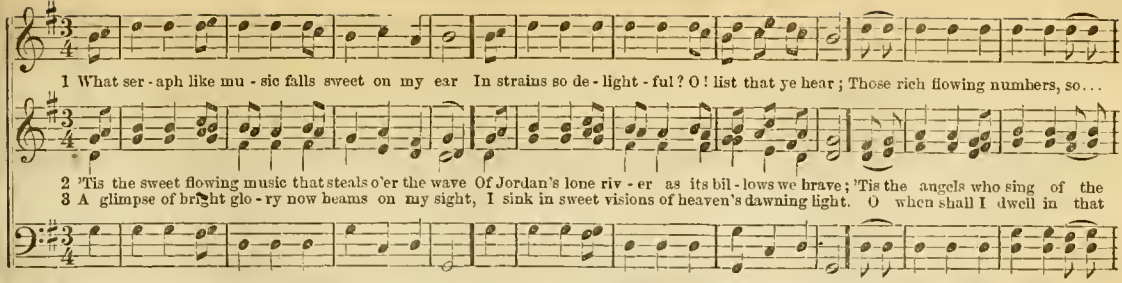
{ Where the wea - ry saint no more shall roam, But dwell in a hap - py and peace - ful home: }
{ Where the brow with sparkling gems is crown'd, And waves of bliss are flowing a - round. }

O, that beau - ti - ful world! O, that beau - ti - ful world!

2 We're going home, we soon shall be
Where the sky is clear and the soil is free,
Where the victor's song floats o'er the plain,
And the seraphs' anthems bleud with its strain,
Where the sun rolls down its brilliant flood,
And beams on a world that is fair and good,
Where stars, once dimm'd at nature's doom,
Will ever shine, o'er the new earth's bloom.

3 Where the tears and sighs that here were giv'n,
Are exchang'd for the gladsome song of heav'n;
Where the beauteous forms which sing and [shine,
Are guarded well by a hand divine;
Pure love's banner and friendship's wand
Are waving above that princely band,
And the glory of God, like a boundless sea,
Will bathe that immortal company.

4 'Mid the ransom'd throng, 'mid the sea of bliss,
'Mid the holy city's gorgeousness,
'Mid the verdant plains, 'mid angel's cheer,
'Mid the flowers that never of winter wear;
Where the conquerur's song, as it sounds afar,
Is wafted on the ambrosial air;
Through endless years we then shall prove
The depth of a Saviour's matchless love.



428

1 A FOUNTAIN in Jesus which runs always free,
For washing and cleansing such sinners as we!
Our sins, though like crimson, made white as the wool,
No lack in the fountain, but always is full.

2 All things now are ready, he invites us to come,
The supper is made by the Father and Son;
Rich bounties, rich dainties, here we may receive,
A home in the kingdom, if we but believe.

3 The guests who were bidden, refused the call;
For they were not ready, nor willing at all
To be stripped of their honor, and part with their store,
For a feast that was given and made for the poor.

4 If they are not ready, and wish to delay,
My house shall be filled, the Father doth say;
The highways and hedges, the halt and the blind,
Shall come and be welcome, the supper is mine.

429 JESUS, REFUGE OF MY SOUL. 8s & 7s.

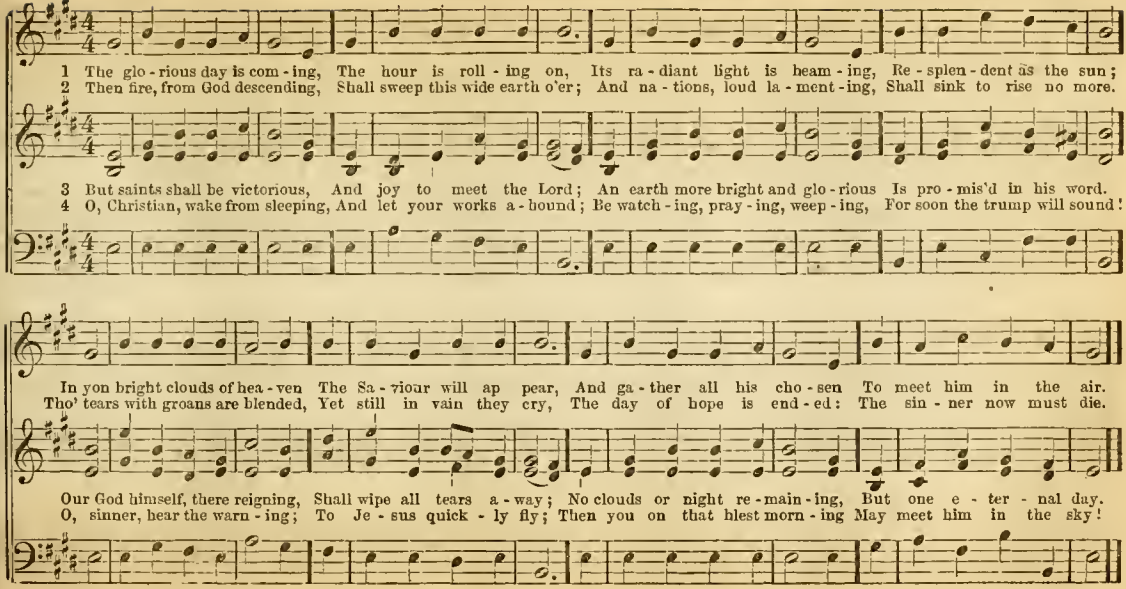
ANDANTINO.

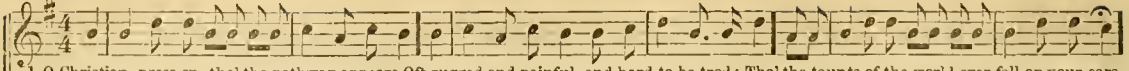
1 Je - sus, re - fuge of my soul, Let me to thy ho - som fly, While the raging billows roll, While the tempest still is high; Hide me,
2 Oth - er refuge have I none; Hangs my helpless soul on thee; Leave, ah, leave me not alone! Still sup - port and comfort me; All my

3 Thou, O Christ, art all I want; All in all in thee I find; Raise the fallen, cheer the faint, Heal the sick, and lead the blind. Just and
4 Plenteous grace with thee is found, Grace to cover all my sin: Let the healing streams abound; Make and keep me pure within. Thou of

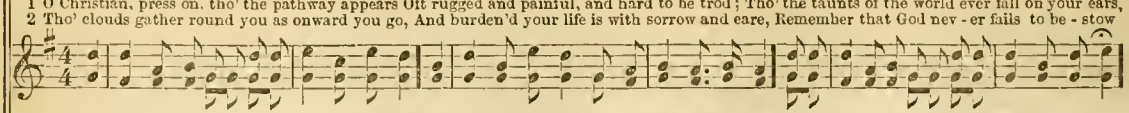
O my Saviour, hide, Till the storm of life is past! Safe in - to the ha - ven guide, O, re - ceive me home at last! O re - ceive me home at last!
trust on thee is stayed, All my help from thee I bring; Cover my defenceless head With the shadow of thy wing. With the shadow of thy wing.

holy is thy name, I am all unrighteousness; Vile and full of sin I am, Thou art full of truth and grace. Thou art full of truth and grace.
life the fountain art! Freely let me take of thee: Spring thou up within my heart, Rise to all e-ter-ni-ty. Rise to all... e - ter - ni - ty.

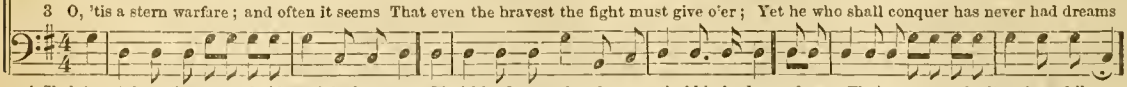

1 The glo - rious day is com - ing, The hour is roll - ing on, Its ra - diant light is beam - ing, Re - splen - dent as the sun;
2 Then fire, from God descending, Shall sweep this wide earth o'er; And na - tions, loud la - ment - ing, Shall sink to rise no more.
3 But saints shall be victorious, And joy to meet the Lord; An earth more bright and glo - rious Is pro - mis'd in his word.
4 O, Christian, wake from sleeping, And let your works a - bound; Be watch - ing, pray - ing, weep - ing, For soon the trump will sound!
In yon bright clouds of hea - ven The Sa - viour will ap pear, And ga - ther all his cho - sen To meet him in the air.
Tho' tears with groans are blended, Yet still in vain they cry, The day of hope is end - ed: The sin - ner now must die.
Our God himself, there reigning, Shall wipe all tears a - way; No clouds or night re - main - ing, But one e - ter - nal day.
O, sinner, hear the warn - ing; To Je - sus quick - ly fly; Then you on that blest morn - ing May meet him in the sky!



1 O Christian, press on, tho' the pathway appears Oft rugged and painful, and hard to be trod; Tho' the taunts of the world ever fall on your ears,
2 Tho' clouds gather round you as onward you go, And burden'd your life is with sorrow and care, Remember that God nev - er fails to be - stow

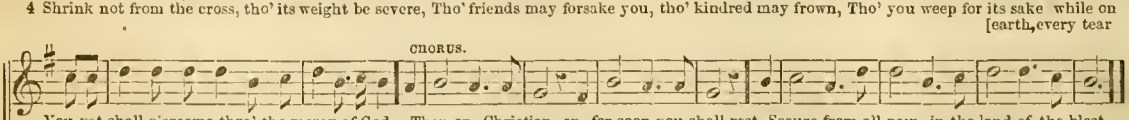


3 O, 'tis a stern warfare; and often it seems That even the bravest the fight must give o'er; Yet he who shall conquer has never had dreams

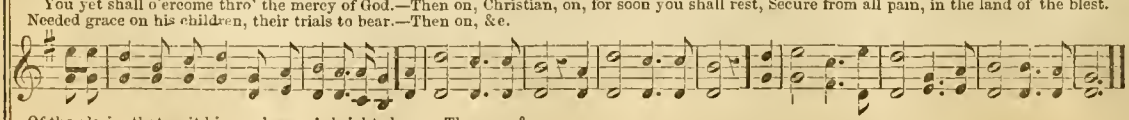


4 Shrink not from the cross, tho' its weight be severe, Tho' friends may forsake you, tho' kindred may frown, Tho' you weep for its sake while on [earth, every tear

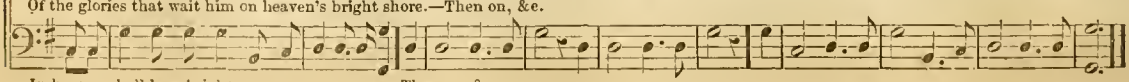
CHORUS.



You yet shall o'ercome thro' the mercy of God.—Then on, Christian, on, for soon you shall rest, Secure from all pain, in the land of the blest.
Needed grace on his children, their trials to bear.—Then on, &c.

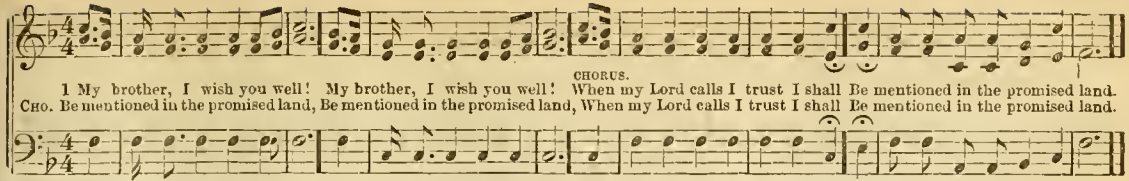


Of the glories that wait him on heaven's bright shore.—Then on, &c.



In heaven shall be a bright gem in your crown.—Then on, &c.

432 MY BROTHER, I WISH YOU WELL!

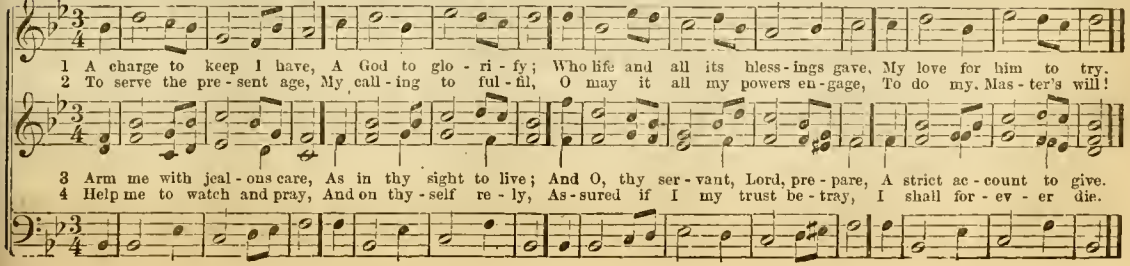


2 My sister, I wish you well!
My sister, I wish you well!
Cho.—When my Lord calls I trust I shall
Be mentioned in the promised land.
When my Lord, &c.

3 My father, I wish you well, &c.
4 My mother, &c.
5 My neighbors, &c.
6 My pastor, &c.
7 Young converts, &c.

8 Poor sinner, &c.
9 My teacher, &c.
10 Dear children, &c.
11 Poor sailor, &c.

433 KENTUCKY. S. M.



206 Words by "MARIA."

434 O, HASTE! TAKE ME HOME.

Music composed expressly for this work, by S. D. BERRY.

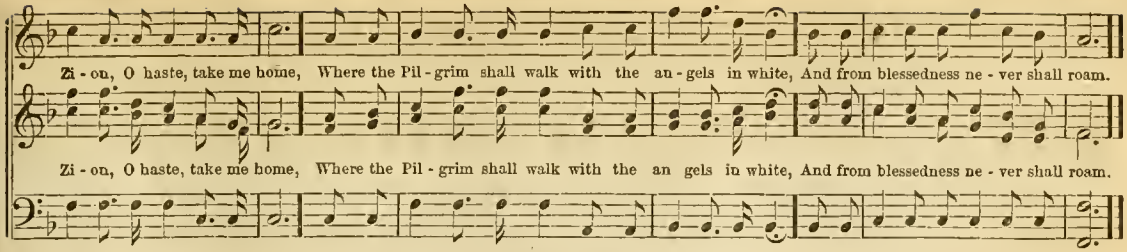
1 O,..... give me a home in the re - gions of bliss, Where no sor - row shall ev - er in - vade, Where the glo - ry of Je - sus e-
2 I have jew - els most dear journeying on to that land, But they fade and they die at my side; I would bear them, dear Lord, safely

3 I have flowers that bloom, but they fade at their birth.— Their fragrance refresh me no more, I must lay them a - way in thy
4 I am wea - ry and sad,—here death conquering reigns, Friends' presence can cheer me no more; Take me home, where their voices roll

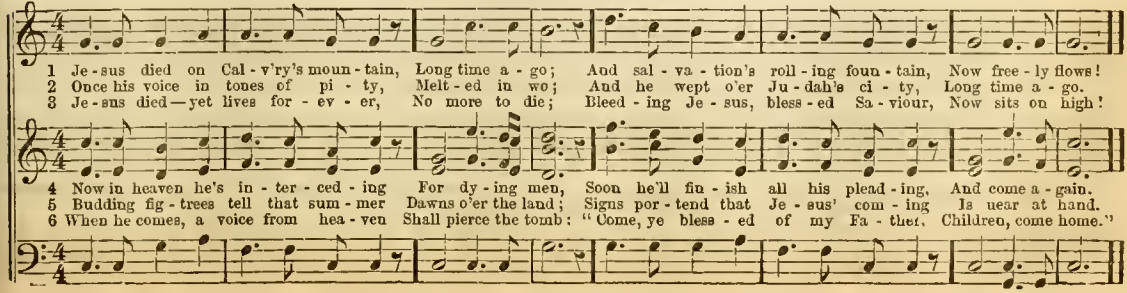
CHORUS.

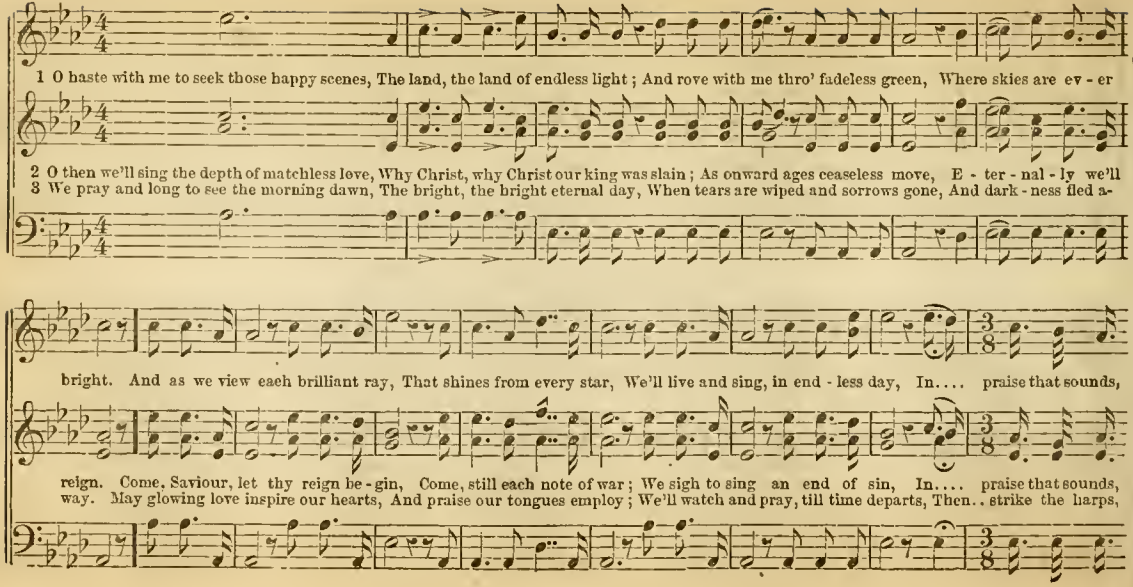
ter - nal - ly is, And the pil - grim's deep woe is re - paid.—Take me home to that land of e - ter - nal de-light,—To Mount
to thy right hand, E'er to live, since a Sav - iour hath died.—Take me home, &c.

bos - om, O Earth, And go on till I gain the blest shore.—Take me home to that land of e - ter - nal de-light,—To Mount
o'er the bright plains, And all their deep sor . row is o'er.—Take me home, &c



435 LONG TIME AGO. 8s & 4s.




1 O haste with me to seek those happy scenes, The land, the land of endless light; And rove with me thro' fadeless green, Where skies are ev - er
2 O then we'll sing the depth of matchless love, Why Christ, why Christ our king was slain; As onward ages ceaseless move, E - ter - nal - ly we'll
3 We pray and long to see the morning dawn, The bright, the bright eternal day, When tears are wiped and sorrows gone, And dark - ness fled a-
bright. And as we view each brilliant ray, That shines from every star, We'll live and sing, in end - less day, In.... praise that sounds,
reign. Come, Saviour, let thy reign be - gin, Come, still each note of war; We sigh to sing an end of sin, In.... praise that sounds,
way. May glowing love inspire our hearts, And praise our tongues employ; We'll watch and pray, till time departs, Then.. strike the harps,

that sounds a - far. In praise that seunds, that sounds afar. We'll live and sing, in end - less day, In..... praise, &c.

that sounds a - far. In praise that sounds, that sounds afar. We sigh to sing an end of sin, In..... praise, &c.
the harps of joy. Theu strike the harps, the harps of joy. We'll watch and pray, till time departs, Then... strike, &c.

437 UNION HYMN. 8s.

1 From whence doth this union arise, That hatred is conquered by love? It fastens our souls in such ties That nature and time can't remove.
2 It can - not in E - den be found, Nor yet in a par - a - dise lost; It grows on Immauuel's ground, And Jesus' dear blood it did cost.

3 And when we shall see the bright day, When Jesus descends from above, And angels his glory display, We then to his kingdom remove.
4 With Je - sus we ev - er shall reign. And all his rich glory shall see; Then sing Halle - lu - jah, A - men! Amen, even so let it be!

438 REST FOR THE WEARY. 8s & 7s.

Arr. and harmonized by Rev. W. McDonald.

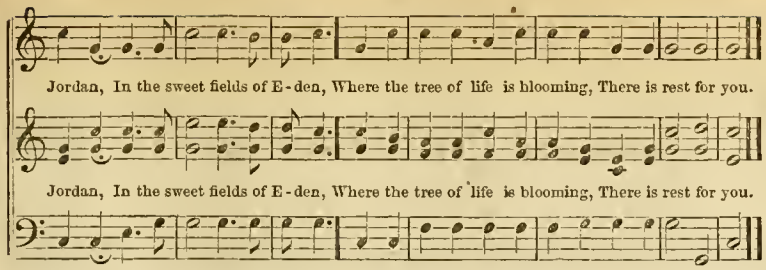
1 In the Christian's home in glory, There remains a land of rest, There my Saviour's gone be - fore me, To ful - fil my soul's reqnest;
2 He is fitting up my mansion, Which eternally shall stand, For my stay shall not be transient, In that ho - ly, hap - py land.
3 Pain nor sickness ne'er shall enter, Grief nor woe my lot shall share, But in that ce - les - tial cen - tre, I a crown of life shall wear.

4 Death itself shall then be vanquished, And his sting shall be withdrawn; Shout for gladness, O ye ransomed! Hail with joy the rising morn.
5 Sing, O sing, ye heirs of glory; Shout your triumph as you go; Zi - on's gates will o - pen for you, You shall find an entrance through.

CHORUS.

There is rest for the wea - ry, There is rest for the wea - ry, There is rest for the wea - ry, There is rest for you — On the oth - er side of

There is rest for the wea - ry, There is rest for the wea - ry, There is rest for the wea - ry, There is rest for you — On the oth - er side of

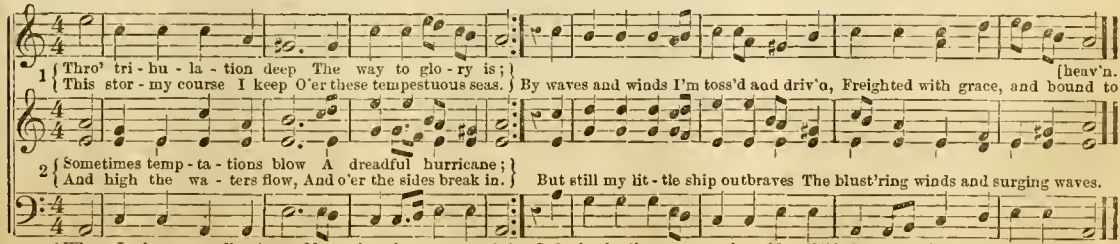


4 But when a heavenly breeze
Springs up and fills my sail,
My vessel goes with ease
Before the pleasant gale;
And runs as much an hour, or more,
As in a month or two before.

5 The Bible is my chart,
By it the seas I know;
I cannot with it part,
It rocks and sands doth show:
It is a chart and compass too,
Whose needle points for ever true.

6 When through the voyage I get,
(Though rough, it is but short,)
The pilot angels meet,
To bring me ioto port:
And when I land on that blest shore,
I shall be safe for evermore.

489 THE VOYAGE. H. M.



(*See other stanzas at top of page.*

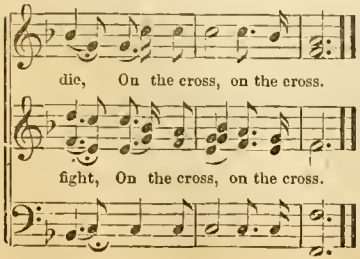
440 ON THE CROSS. 7s, 6s & 8s.

Arr. by Rev J. W. Dadmun

ANDANTE. ANDANTINO. A TEMPO.

1 { Behold, behold! the Lamb of God, On the cross, on the cross. / For you he shed his precious blood, On the cross, on the cross. } { Now hear his all im - por - tant cry, / "E - loi la - ma sa - bac - tha - ni," } Draw near and see your Saviour

2 { Be - hold! his arms extended wide, On the cross, on the cross. / Behold! his bleeding hands and side, On the cross, on the cross. } { The sun withholds its rays of light, / The heav'ns are cloth'd in shades of night } While Jesus doth with devils

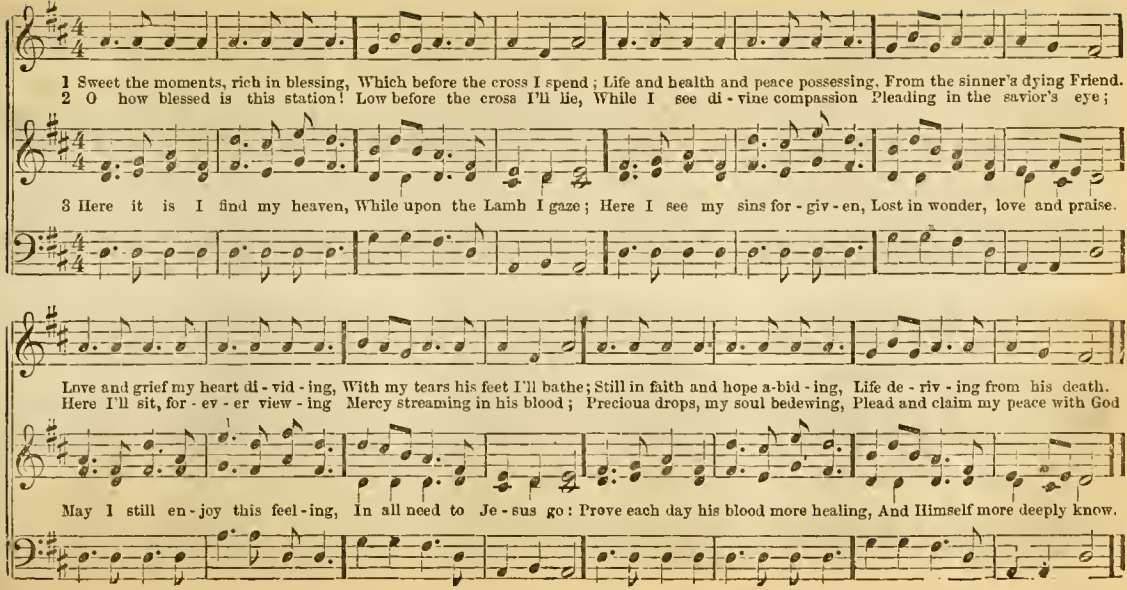


3 Come, sinners, see him lifted up,
On the cross, on the cross.
He drinks for you the bitter cup,
On the cross, on the cross.
To heaven he turns his languid eyes,
"'Tis finished," now the conqueror cries,
Then bows his sacred head and dies,
On the cross, on the cross.

4 'Tis done! the mighty deed is done,
On the cross, on the cross.
The battle fought, the victory won,
On the cross, on the cross.
The rocks do rend, the mountains quake,
While Jesus doth atonement make,
While Jesus suffers for your sake,
On the cross, on the cross.

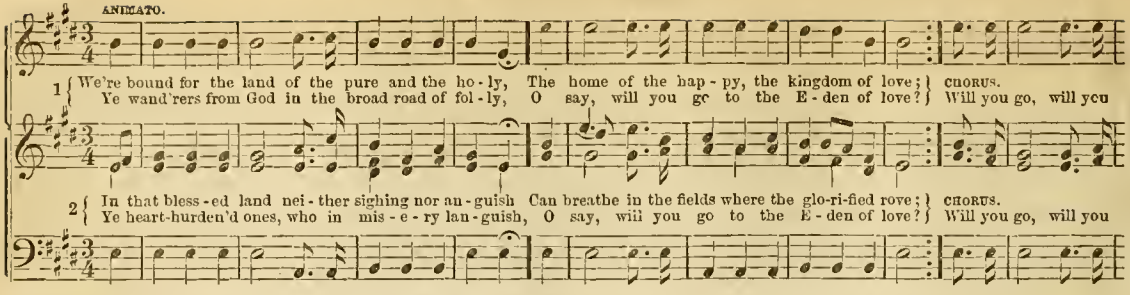
5 Where'er I go, I'll tell the story
Of the cross, of the cross.
In nothing else my soul shall glory,
Save the cross, save the cross.
Yes, this my constant theme shall be,
Through time and in eternity,
That Jesus suffered death for me,
On the cross, on the cross.

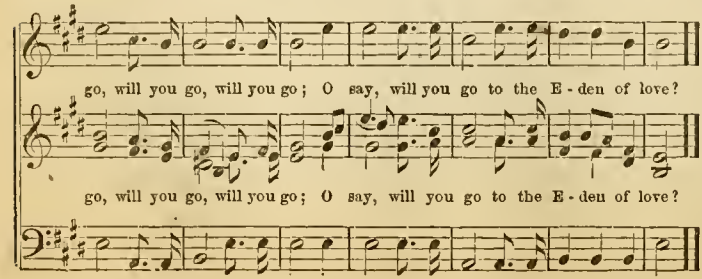
6 Let ev'ry mourner come and cling
To the cross, to the cross.
Let ev'ry Christian come and sing,
Round the cross, round the cross.
Here let the preacher take his stand,
And with the Bible in his hand,
Proclaim the triumphs of the Lamb
On the cross, on the cross.


1 Sweet the moments, rich in blessing, Which before the cross I spend; Life and health and peace possessing, From the sinner's dying Friend.
2 O how blessed is this station! Low before the cross I'll lie, While I see di - vine compassion Pleading in the savior's eye;
3 Here it is I find my heaven, While upon the Lamb I gaze; Here I see my sins for - giv - en, Lost in wonder, love and praise.
Love and grief my heart di - vid - ing, With my tears his feet I'll bathe; Still in faith and hope a-bid - ing, Life de - riv - ing from his death.
Here I'll sit, for - ev - er view - ing Mercy streaming in his blood; Precioua drops, my soul bedewing, Plead and claim my peace with God
May I still en - joy this feel - ing, In all need to Je - sus go: Prove each day his blood more healing, And Himself more deeply know.

442 THE EDEN OF LOVE. P. M.

Arr. by Rev. J. W. Dadmun.





3.

Nor fraud, nor deceit, nor the hand of oppression,
Can injure the dwellers in that holy grove;
No wickedness there, not a shade of transgression;
O say, will you go to the Eden of love?
Cho.—Will you go, &c.

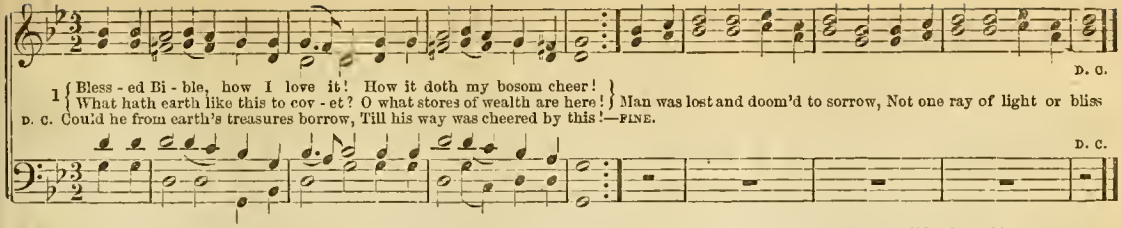
4.

No poverty there—no, the saints are all wealthy.
The heirs of his glory whose nature is love;
Nor sickness can reach them, that country is healthy;
O say, will you go to the Eden of love?
Cho.—Will you go, &c.

5

And yet, guilty sinner, we would not forsake thee,
We halt yet a moment as onward we move;
O come to thy Lord, in his arms he will take thee,
And bear thee along to the Eden of love.
Cho.—Will you go, &c.

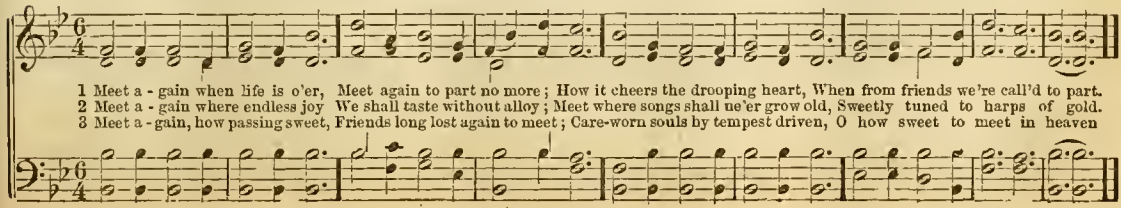
443 BLESSED BIBLE. 8s & 7s.



2.
Yes, I'll to my bosom press thee,
Precious word! I'll hide thee here!
Sure my very heart will bless thee,
For thou ever say'st, "Good cheer!"
Speak, my heart, and tell thy pond'rings;
Tell how far thy rovings led,
When this book brought back thy wand'rings,
Speaking life as from the dead.

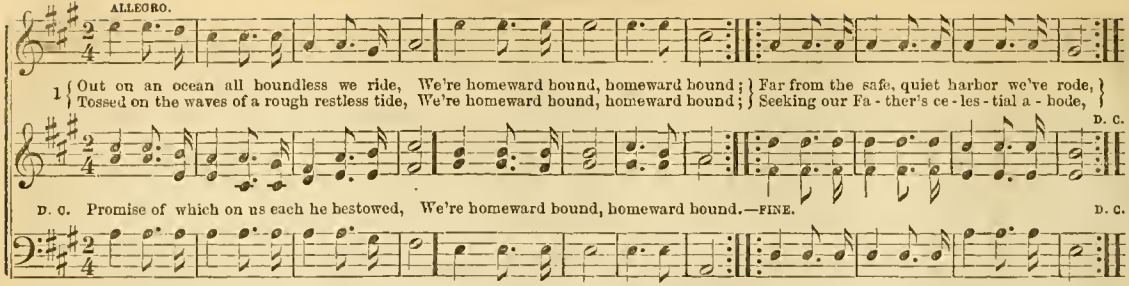
3.
Yes, sweet Bible! I will hide thee
Deep, yes, deeper in this heart;
Thou thro' all my life wilt guide me,
And in death we will not part!
Part in death! no, never, never!
Thro' death's vale I'll lean on thee;
Then in brighter worlds, forever,
Sweeter far thy truths shall be.

444 MEET AGAIN. 7s.



445 HOMEWARD BOUND.

Arr. by Rev. J. W. Dadmun.



2.

Wildly the storm sweeps us on as it roars,
We're homeward bound, homeward bound;
Look! yonder lie the bright heavenly shores,
We're homeward bound, homeward bound;
Steady, O pilot! stand firm at the wheel,
Steady! we soon shall outweather the gale,
O, how we fly 'neath the loud creaking sail,
We're homeward bound, homeward bound.

3.

Into the harbor of heaven now we glide,
We're home at last, home at last;
Softly we drift on its bright silver tide,
We're home at last, home at last.
Glory to God! all our dangers are o'er,
We stand secure on the glorified shore,
Glory to God, we shall shout evermore,
We're home at last, home at last.

446

1.

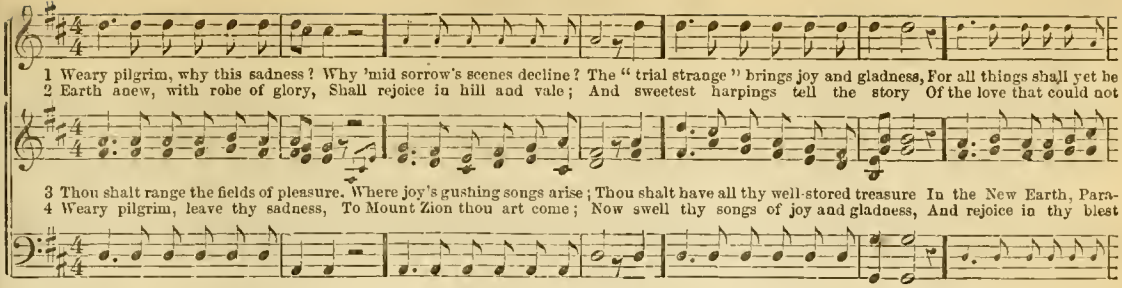
HARK, from the realms of the blest bursts a song,
Worthy the Lamb that was slain,
Thousands of angels the anthem prolong,
Worthy the Lamb that was slain,
Loud as the thunders that mightily roar;
Loud as the billows that break on the shore;
Sweet as the notes which heav'n's harpers do pour,
Worthy the Lamb that was slain.

2.

We here on earth would assist in the strain,
Worthy the Lamb that was slain;
We would take up the glad anthem again,
Worthy the Lamb that was slain;
He hath redeemed us from sin and from woe,
Taught us his mercy and glory to know,
Ever his rapturous praise we would show:
Worthy the Lamb that was slain.

3.

Soon shall we shout by the side of our King,
Worthy the Lamb that was slain;
Soon with the angels his praise we shall sing,
Worthy the Lamb that was slain;
Soon in his glory and power he shall come.
Soon shall he gather his ransomed ones home:
Then shall we shout as we sit on his throne,
Worthy the Lamb that was slain.



448

1 Hark! an awful voice is sounding:
"Christ is nigh!" it seems to say;
"Cast away the dreams of darkness,
O ye children of the day."

2 Startled at the solemn warning,
Let the earth-bound soul arise;
Christ, her Sun, all sloth dispelling,
Shines upon the morning skies.

3 Lo, the Lamb, so long expected,
Comes with pardon down from heaven;
Let us haste with tears of sorrow,
One and all, to be forgiven.

4 So when next He comes in glory,
Wrapping all the earth in fear,
May He then as our Defender
On the clouds of heaven appear.

449

1 Gently Lord, O gently lead us
Through this lonely vale of tears.
And O Lord in mercy give us,
Thy rich grace in all our fears.
O refresh us with thy blessing,
O refresh us with thy grace;
May thy mercies, never ceasing,
Fit us for thy dwelling place.

2 In the hour of pain and anguish,
In the hour when death draws near,
Suffer not our hearts to languish,
Suffer not our souls to fear
When this mortal life is ended,
Bid us in thine arms to rest,
Till by angel bands attended,
We awake among the blest.

450 I LOVE THEE! P. M.

1 I love thee, I love thee, I love thee, my Lord; I love thee, my Sav - iour; I love thee, my God; I love thee. I love thee, and
2 I'm happy, I'm happy, O, wondrous account! My joys are im - mortal, I stand on the mount! I gaze on my trea - sure, and

3 O Je - sus, my Saviour, with thee I am blest! My life and sal - vation, My joy and my rest! Thy name be my theme, and thy
4 O, who's like my Saviour? He's Salem's bright King; He smiles, and he loves me, and learns me to sing; I'll praise him, I'll praise him, with

that thou dost know; But how much I love thee, I ne - ver can show.
long to be there, With Je - sus and an - gels, my kin - dred so dear.

love be my song, Thy grace shall in - spire both my heart and my tongue.
notes loud and shrill, While riv - ers of plea - sure my spi - rit do fill.

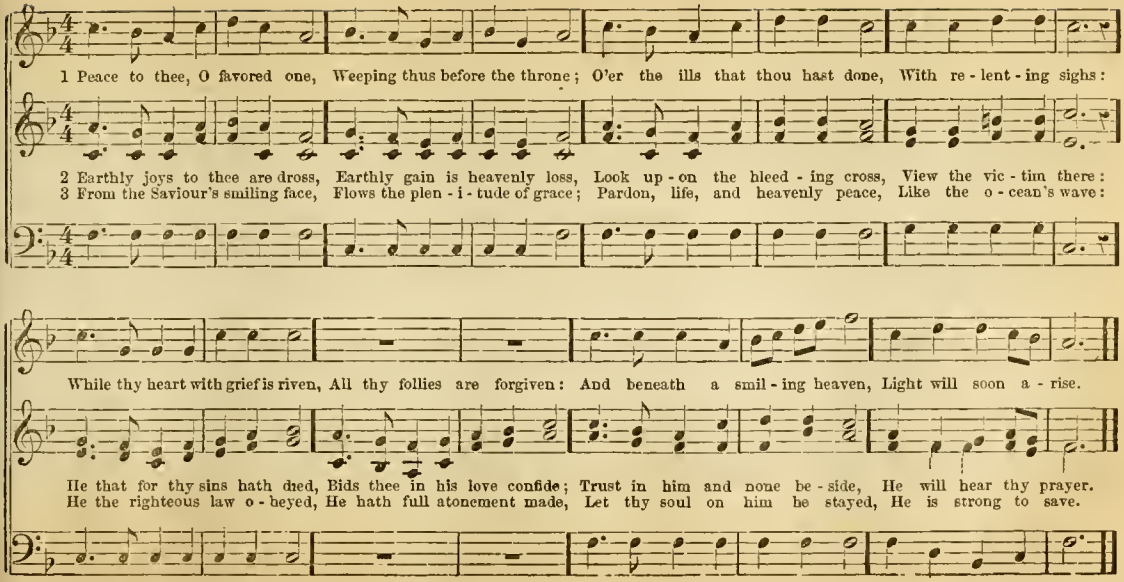
451

1 I'm weary of staying—O when shall I rest
In that promised land of the good and the blest—
Where sin shall no longer her blandishments spread,
And tears and temptations forever are fled.

2 I'm weary of sighing o'er sorrows of earth,
O'er joys' glowing visions that fade at their birth;
O'er the pangs of the lov'd that we cannot assuage,
O'er the blightings of youth, and the weakness of age.

3 I'm weary of hoping, where hope is untrue,
As fair but as fleeting as bright morning dew;—
I long for that land whose blest promise alone
Is changeless, and sure as eternity's throne.

4 I'm weary of loving, where all pass away,
The brightest and fairest, alas! cannot stay;
I look to the place where these partings are o'er,
Where death and the tomb can divide us no more!


1 Peace to thee, O favored one, Weeping thus before the throne; O'er the ills that thou hast done, With re - lent - ing sighs:
2 Earthly joys to thee are dross, Earthly gain is heavenly loss, Look up - on the bleed - ing cross, View the vic - tim there:
3 From the Saviour's smiling face, Flows the plen - i - tude of grace; Pardon, life, and heavenly peace, Like the o - cean's wave:
While thy heart with grief is riven, All thy follies are forgiven: And beneath a smil - ing heaven, Light will soon a - rise.
He that for thy sins hath died, Bids thee in his love confide; Trust in him and none be - side, He will hear thy prayer.
He the righteous law o - beyed, He hath full atonement made, Let thy soul on him be stayed, He is strong to save.

453 THE CHRISTIAN SOLDIER. C. M.

1 { Ye val - iant sol - diers of the cross, Ye hap - py pray - ing band, }
{ Though in this world you suffer loss, Press on to Ca - naan's land; }

2 { All earth - ly plea - sures we'll forsake When heav'n ap - pears in view, }
{ In Je - sus' strength we'll un - der - take To fight our pas - sage through; }

CHORUS.
Let us never mind the scoffs nor the frowns of the world,
Let us, &c.

3 { O what a glo - rious shout there'll be When we ar - rive at home, }
{ Our friends and Je - sus we shall see, And God shall say, "Well done!" }

CHORUS.
Let us never mind the scoffs nor the frowns of the world,

For we've all got the cross to bear, It will on - ly make the crown the bright - er to shine, When we have the crown to wear.

For we've all got the cross to bear, It will on - ly make the crown the bright - er to shine, When we have the crown to wear.

454 BEULAH. C. M.

1 Bright flowing fountains now I see, From Beulah's peaceful land, Were I a wand'ring dove I'd flee. And by those wa - ters stand—

And by those wa - ters stand.

2 Oh, angel-pinions, come to me!
And bear me soon away,
For I would dwell by Life's fair tree,
Whence I shall never stray!

3 Fair Eden bowers glad I see—
There sweetly I would rest;
I'm longing, longing there to be
With all the white-robed, blest!

4 My Saviour's love I would explore,
That overflowing sea!
Oh, I would dwell forevermore,
Fast by Life's verdant tree!

455 RESOLVE. 6s & 7s.

1 I'll try to prove faith - ful. I'll try to prove faith - ful, I'll try to prove faith - ful, faithful, faithful, Till we all ar - rive at home.

2 O, let us prove faithful, &c.
Till we all arrive at home.
3 We mean to be faithful, &c
Till we all arrive at home.

4 There'll be no more sinning, &c.
When we all arrive at home.
5 There'll be no more sorrow, &c.
When we all arrive at home.

6 Then we shall see Jesus, &c.
When we all arrive at home.
7 There we all shall sing praises, &c.
When we all arrive at home.

456 MANTUA. 6s & 4s. Peculiar.

1 Child of sin and sor - row, Filled with dis - may, Wait not for to - mor - row, Yield thee to - day. { Heaven bids thee come, While yet there's room: }

2 Child of sin and sor - row, Why wilt thou die? Come, while thou canst borrow Help from on high: { Grieve not that love, Which from a - bove, }

Child of sin and sor - row, Hear and o - bey.

Child of sin and sorrow, Would bring thee nigh.

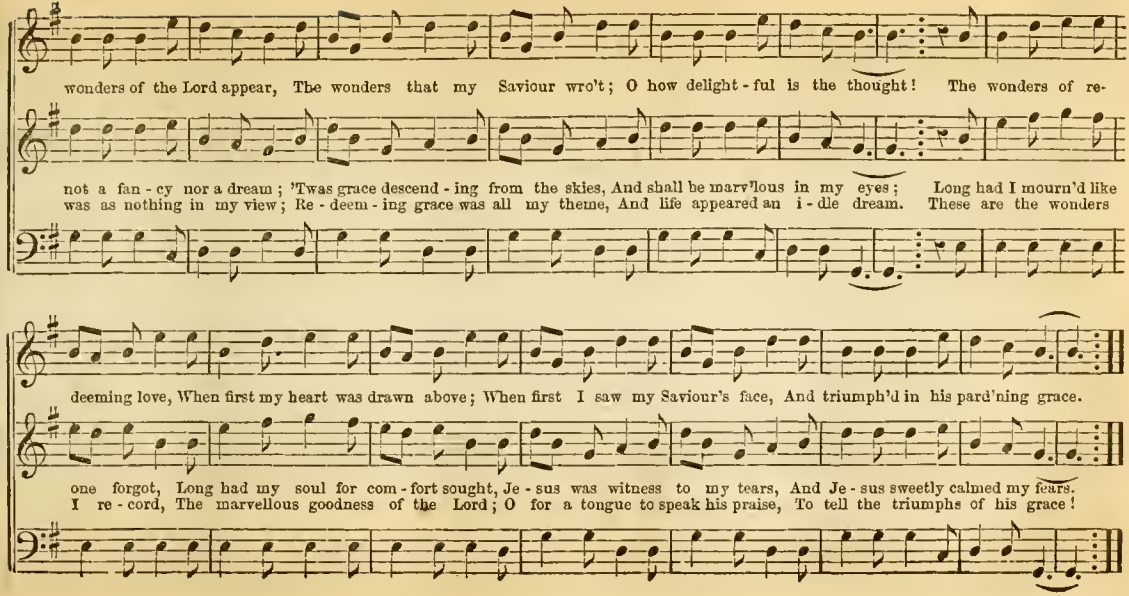
3 Child of sin and sorrow,
Lift up thine eye!
Soon will dawn the morrow,
Jesus is nigh!
In that bright home,
Graven thy name;
Child of sin and sorrow,
Swift homeward fly.

4 Child of sin and sorrow,
Where wilt thou be?
In that long to-morrow,
Eternity,
Driven from home,
Destruction will come;
Child of sin and sorrow,
Where wilt thou flee?

457 TRANQUILLITY. L. M.

1 A - way, my doubts, begone my fears, The

2 Pursue, my tho'ts, this pleasing theme, 'T was
3 The world with all its pomp withdrew, And


wonders of the Lord appear, The wonders that my Saviour wro't; O how delight-ful is the thought! The wonders of re-
not a fan-cy nor a dream; 'Twas grace descend-ing from the skies, And shall be marv'lous in my eyes; Long had I mourn'd like
was as nothing in my view; Re-deem-ing grace was all my theme, And life appeared an i-dle dream. These are the wonders
deeming love, When first my heart was drawn above; When first I saw my Saviour's face, And triumph'd in his pard'ning grace.
one forgot, Long had my soul for com-fort sought, Je-sus was witness to my tears, And Je-sus sweetly calmed my fears.
I re-cord, The marvellous goodness of the Lord; O for a tongue to speak his praise, To tell the triumphs of his grace!

458 SWEET HOME. 11s.

1 Mid scenes of confusion and creature complaints, How sweet to my soul is communion with saints! To find at the banquet of mercy there 's
2 Sweet bonds that unite all the children of peace; And thrice precious Jesus, whose love cannot cease; Tho' oft from thy presence in sadness I

3 I sigh from this body of sin to be free, Which hinders my joy and communion with thee; Though now my temptations like billows may
4 While here in the val - ley of con - flict I stay, O give me submission and strength as my day; In all my afflictions to thee would I

room, And feel in the presence of Jesus at home! Home, home, sweet, sweet home, Pre - pare me, dear Saviour, for glo - ry, my home.
roam, I long to be - hold thee, in glory, at home. Home, &c.

foam, All, all will be peace, when I'm with thee at home. Home, home, sweet, sweet home, Prepare me, dear Saviour, for glo - ry, my home.
come, Re - joic - ing in hope of my glo - ri - ous home. Home, &c.

459 (Sweet Home.)

1

THE pleasures of earth I have seen fade away;
They bloom for a season, but soon they decay;
But pleasures more lasting in Jesus are given,
Salvation on earth, and the kingdom of heaven.
Home, home, sweet, sweet home—
The saints in those mansions are ever at home.

2

Allure me no longer, ye false glowing charms;
The Saviour invites me, I'll go to his arms;
At the banquet of mercy I hear there is room;
O there may I feast with his children at home!
Home, home, sweet, sweet home—
O Jesus, conduct me, I pray, to my home!

3

Farewell, vain amusements, my follies, adieu,
While Jesus, his kingdom and glory I view;
I feast on the pleasures that flow from his throne,
The foretaste divine of my heavenly home.
Home, home, sweet, sweet home—
O when shall I share the fruition of home?

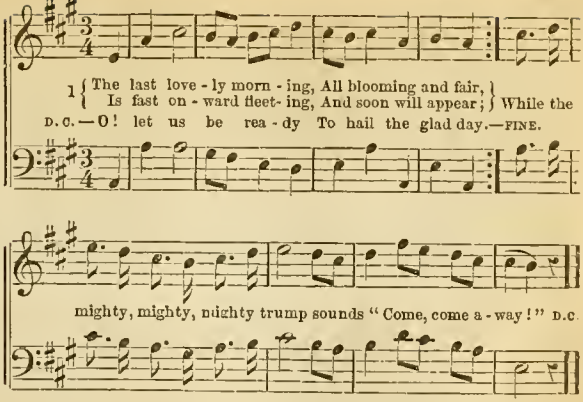
4

The days of my exile are passing away;
The time is approaching when Jesus will say,
"Well done, faithful servant, sit down on my throne,
And dwell in my presence, forever at home."
Home, home, sweet, sweet home—
O there shall I rest with the Saviour at home!

5

Affliction and sorrow and death shall be o'er;
The saints shall unite to be parted no more;
Their loud hallelujahs fill heaven's high dome;
They dwell with the Saviour, forever at home.
Home, home, sweet, sweet home—
They dwell with the Saviour, forever at home.

460 LOVELY MORNING. 6s & 5s. 225



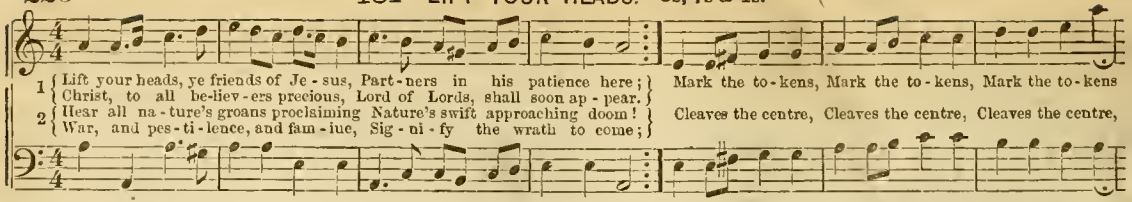
2 And when that bright morning
In splendor shall dawn,
Our tears will be ended,
Our sorrows all gone;
While the mighty, &c.

3 The Bridegroom from glory
To earth shall descend;
Ten thousand bright angels
Around him attend;
While the mighty, &c.

4 The graves will be open'd,
The dead will arise,
And with the Redeemer
Mount up to the skies;
While the mighty, &c.

5 The saints then immortal,
In glory shall reign;
The Bride with the Bridegroom
Forever remain;
While the mighty, &c.

461 LIFT YOUR HEADS. 8s, 7s & 4s.



3 Close behind the tribulation
Of the last tremendous days,
See the flaming Revelation!
See the universal blaze!
Earth and heaven
Melt before the Judge's face.

4 Sun and moon are both confounded,
Darken'd into blackest night,
When with angel-hosts surrounded,
In his Father's glory bright,
Beams the Saviour.
Shines the everlasting light.

5 See the stars from heaven falling!
Hark! on earth the doleful cry!
Men on rocks and mountains calling,
While the awful Judge draws nigh;
Hide us, hide us,
Rocks and mountains, from his eye!

6 With what different exclamation
Shall the saints his banner see!
By the monuments of his passion,
By the marks received for me!
All discern him,
All with shouts cry out—"'Tis He!"

7 "Lo! 'tis He! our heart's desire,
Come for his espoused below;
Come to join us with the choir,
Come to make our joys o'erflow:
Palms of victory,
Crowns of glory to bestow."

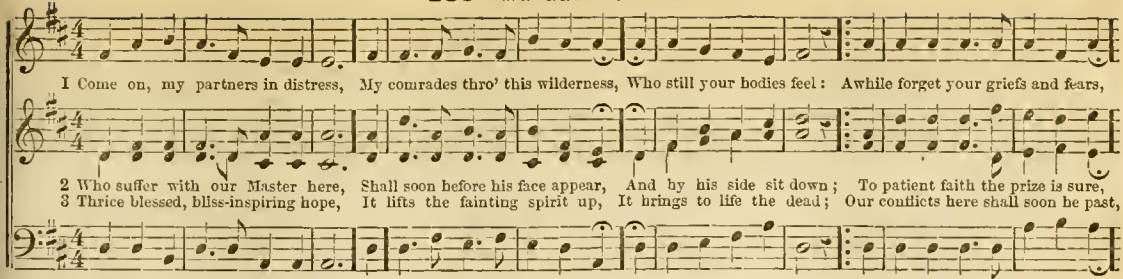
8 Yes, the prize shall sure be given;
We his open face shall see:
Love, the earnest of our heaven,
Love our full reward shall be;
Love shall crown us
Kings thro' all eternity.

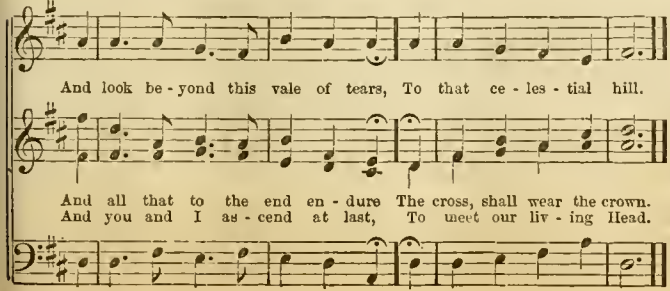
462 (GANGES)

1 O GOD, my inmost soul convert,
And deeply on my thoughtful heart
Eternal things impress;
Give me to feel their solemn weight,
And tremble on the brink of fate,
And wake to righteousness

2 Before me place in dread array,
The pomp of that tremendous day,
When thou with clouds shalt come
To judge the nations at thy bar;
And tell me, Lord, shall I be there
To meet a joyful doom?

3 Be this my one great business here,
With serious industry and fear,
Eternal bliss t' insure;
Thine utmost counsel to fulfil,
And suffer all thy righteous will,
And to the end endure.





464

1 TELL me no more of earthly toys,
Of sinful mirth and carnal joys,
The things I loved before,
Let me but view my Saviour's face.
And feel his animating grace,
And I desire no more.

2 Tell me no more of fame and wealth,
Of careless ease and blooming health,
For they have all their snares;
Let me but know my sins forgiven,
And see my name enrolled in heaven,
And I am free from cares.

3 Give me a Bible in my hand,
A heart to read and understand
That sure unerring word;
I'd urge no company to stay,
But sit alone from day to day,
And converse with the Lord.

465 WILLOUGHBY. C. P. M.

1 Salem's great King, Jesus by name, In ancient time to Jordan came, All righteousness to fill; 'Twas there the ancient Baptist stood,
2 Down in old Jordan's rolling stream The Baptist led the ho - ly Lamb, And there did him baptize; Je - ho - vah saw his darling Son,

3 This is my Son. Je - hovah cries; On him to rest the Spirit flies: O children hear ye him! Hark! 't is his voice; behold he cries,
4 Come, children, come; his voice obey; Salem's bright King has marked the way, And has a crown prepared; O then arise and give consent,

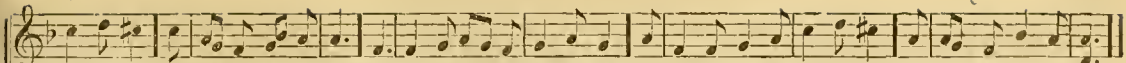
Whose name was John, a man of God, To do his Mas - ter's will.
And was well pleas'd with what he'd done, And own'd him from the skies.

Re - pent, be - lieve, and be baptized, And wash a - way your sin!
Walk in the way that Jesus went, And have the great reward!

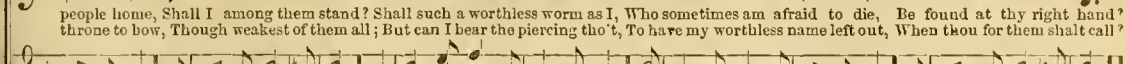
466 SOLEMN INQUIRY. C. P. M.

When thou, my righteous Judge, shalt come To call thy ransom'd
2 I love to meet among them now, Be - fore thy gracious

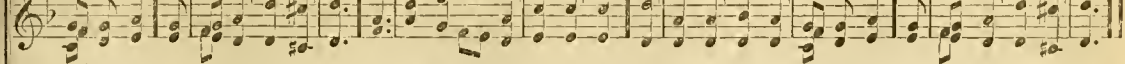
3 Prevent, prevent it, by thy grace! Be thou, dear Lord, my
4 Among thy saints let me be found, Whene'er the archangel's



people home, Shall I among them stand? Shall such a worthless worm as I, Who sometimes am afraid to die, Be found at thy right hand?
throne to bow, Though weakest of them all; But can I bear the piercing tho't, To have my worthless name left out, When thou for them shalt call?

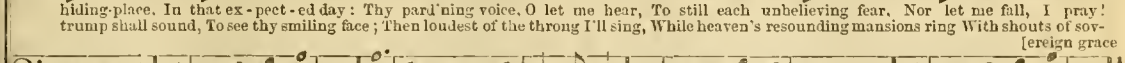


hiding-place, In that ex-pect-ed day: Thy pard'ning voice, O let me hear, To still each unbelieving fear. Nor let me fall, I pray!
trump shall sound, To see thy smiling face; Then loudest of the throng I'll sing, While heaven's resounding mansions ring With shouts of sov-
[ereign grace

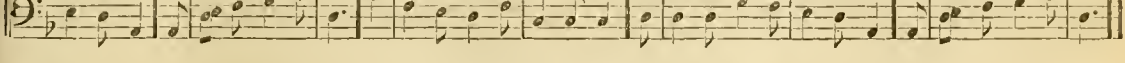


467 CALVARY. L. M.

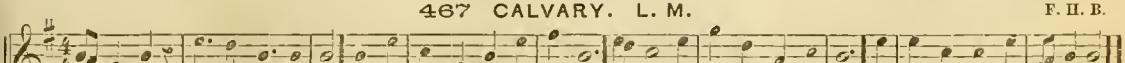
F. H. B.



1 "'Tis finished!" so the Saviour cried, And meekly bowed his head and died; "'Tis finished!" yes, the race is run, The battle fought, the vict'ry won
2 "'Tis finished!" all that heaven foretold, By prophets in the days of old; And truths are opened to our view, That kings and prophets never knew.



3 "'Tis finished!" Son of God, thy power Hath triumphed in this awful hour; And yet our eyes with sorrow see That life to us was death to thee
4 "'Tis finished!" let the joyful sound Be heard through all the nations round; "'Tis finished!" let the triumph rise, And swell the chorus of the skies



468 ALL IS WELL. 10s, 3s & 8s.

1 { My fa - ther, God! I feel, I feel thy love, All is well—all is well.
My heart is fixed, is fixed on things above, All is well—all is well. } From henceforth all for Christ I give, Resolved in him to

2 { This per - fect love is per - fect, per - fect bliss, All is well—all is well.
O what a joy, a heartfelt joy is this; All is well—all is well. } To hear him whisper, Thou art mine, And all in me my

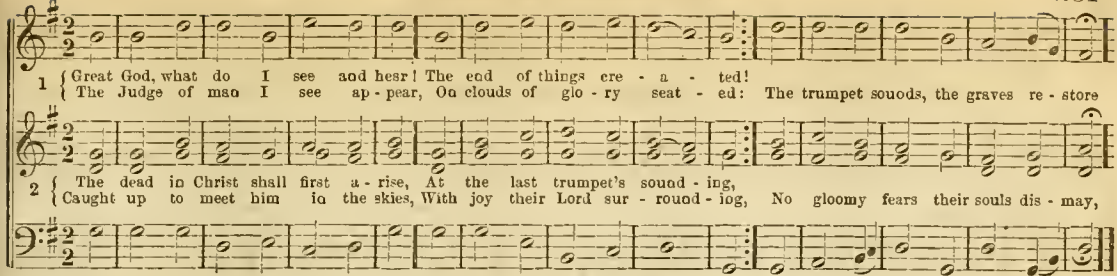
3 { Ah, what is earth, is earth, when I can sing All is well—all is well.
Dark, dark, the joys, the joys that she can bring, All is well—all is well. } There all is transport, light and rest, Then, then I am su-

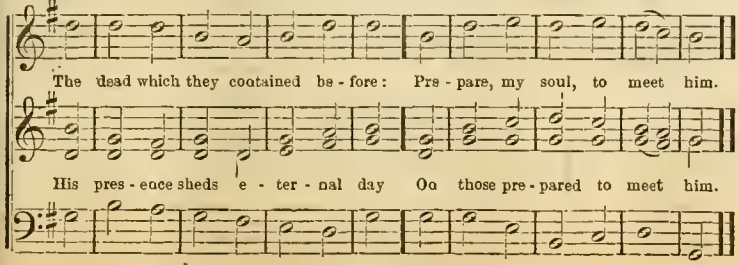
die or live, And he hath promised to re - ceive, All is well—all is well.
child is thine, O these are triumphs all di - vine, All is well—all is well.

premely blest, With Christ, and all in him pos - sest, All is well—all is well.

4 Hark! duty calls, it calls, and I obey,
All is well—all is well.
What though the cross, the cross lies in the way:
All is well—all is well.
Though fearful nature shrinking stand.
Lord, I am thine, and in thy hand,
I'll follow on if thou command,
All is well—all is well.

5 Rise, rise my soul, and onward, onward still,
All is well—all is well.
God shall with all, with all his fulness fill,
All is well—all is well.
Stronger than death, his love to thee,
And thou to all eternity
A monument of grace shalt be.
All is well—all is well.

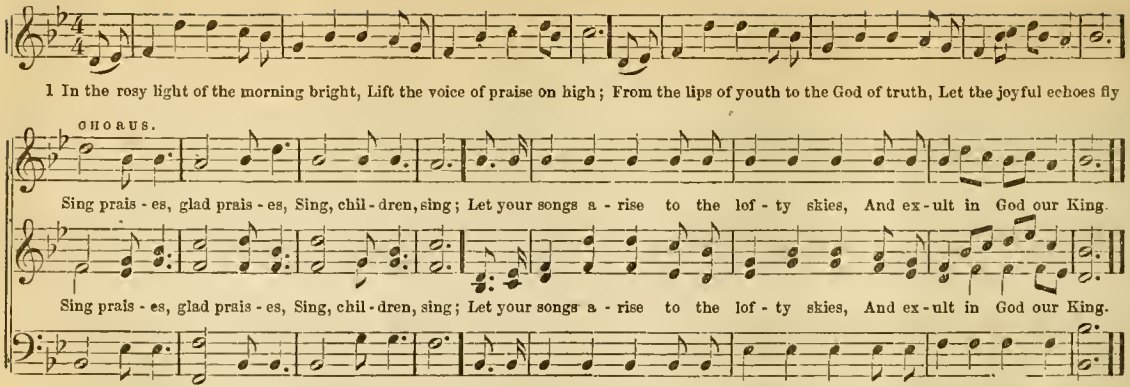




3 But sinners filled with guilty fears,
Behold his wrath prevailing;
For they shall rise and find their tears
And sighs are unavailing:
The day of grace is past and gone;
Trembling they stand before the throne,
All unprepared to meet him.

4 Great God, what do I see and hear!
The end of things created!
The Judge of man I see appear,
On clouds of glory seated:
Beneath his cross I view the day
When heaven and earth shall pass away,
And thus prepare to meet him.

470 PRAISE. (Lily Dale.)



2 As he looked in love from the world above,
Our distresses filled his eye;
And, a world to save, his own Son he gave,
On the bloody tree to die.
CHO.—Sing praises, &c.

3 Let his praise be spread, for the Lamb who bled
To deliver us from woe;
He endured the cross, the disgrace, the loss;—
Let his praises forever flow!
Sing praises, &c

4 Now, exalted high, o'er the earth and sky,
He delights in mercy still;
Bends his gracious ear, our requests to hear,
And our longing souls to fill.
Sing praises, &c.

5 On the cross he hung for the old and young,
But he loves the children best;
To his arm we'll fly, on his grace rely,
And secure his promised rest.
Sing praises, &c.

471

1.

LO! the time hastens on, soon the morning will dawn,
When the King shall in glory descend:
We expect soon to join all the bright, holy throng,
In the kingdom that never shall end.

CHORUS.

O, Saviour! dear Saviour! O, Saviour, come!
Here we mourn and we sigh, and we still ever cry,
Come and gather the faithful home.

2.

All the Prophets of old saw a beautiful world,
And they looked for the same with delight;
And Apostles have told of a city of gold,
Where the Lamb is its glorious light.
O, Saviour, &c.

3.

O, we long to be there, where no sorrow or care
Can disturb that sweet, heavenly rest,
And we hope soon to share in those beauties so rare,
In reserve for the good and the blest.
O, Saviour, &c.

4.

Soon our friends we shall meet, and our lovely ones greet,
Who so long have been slumb'ring in dust:
'Twill be joyful and sweet, when salvation's complete,
To unite with the glad, ransom'd host.
O, Saviour, &c.

5.

Lo! the Bridegroom is near, sweetly falls on the ear,
Rousing up all the virgins who sleep:
He will shortly appear, and he'll wipe every tear
From his dear mourning children that weep.
O, Saviour, &c

472

1.

THERE'S a good time coming, it hasteth nigh,
When the pilgrim shall be blessed;
When Christ shall reign o'er all the earth,
And give the promised rest.

CHORUS.

Then hasten, Lord, hasten, the glorious day,
When the saints shall possess thy kingdom, O Lord,
And thy will on earth be done.

2.

There's a good time coming, when the curse shall cease,
And the tree of life shall grow;
When the earth shall smile in Eden bloom,
And the healing stream shall flow.
Then hasten, &c.

3.

There's a good time coming, a glorious day,
When the righteous millions slain
Shall awake to immortality,
And with Christ forever reign.
Then hasten, &c.

4.

There's a good time coming, when the tyrant shall cease,
And the captive shall go free,
When Christ shall rule in righteousness,
And judge with equity.
Then hasten, &c.

5.

There's a good time coming, when the meek shall rejoice
That the earth's dread night is o'er,
And sickness and death, oppression and sin,
Shall be fear'd nor felt no more.
Then hasten, &c.

473 OLD CHURCH YARD. P. M.

1 You will see your Lord a coming, You will see your Lord a coming, You will see your Lord a com - ing: While the old church yards
2 Gabriel sounds his mighty trumpet, &c. Thro' the old church yards,
3 He 'll a - wake all the nations, &c. From the old church yards,

Hear the band of mu - sic, Hear the band of mu - sic, hear the band of mu - sic Which is sounding thro' the air.
While the band of mu - sic, &c. Shall be sounding thro' the air.
While the band of mu - sic, &c. Shall be sounding thro' the air.

4 There will be a mighty wailing, &c.
At the old church-yards,
While the band of music, &c.
Shall be sounding through the air.

5 O Sinner, you will tremble, &c.
At the old church-yards,
While the band of music, &c.
Shall be sounding through the air.

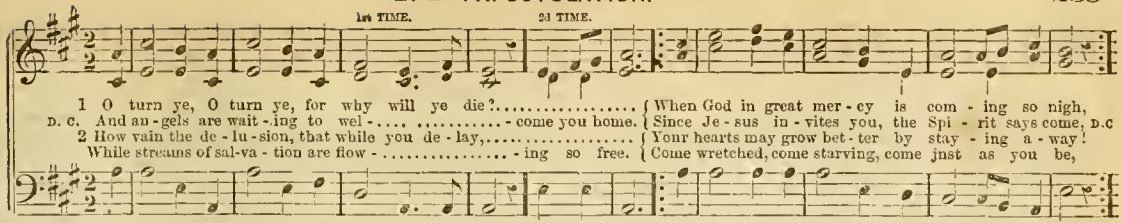
6 You will flee to rocks and mountains, &c.
From the old church-yards,
While the band of music, &c.
Shall be sounding through the air.

7 You will see the saints arising, &c.
From the old church-yards,
While the band of music, &c.
Shall be sounding through the air

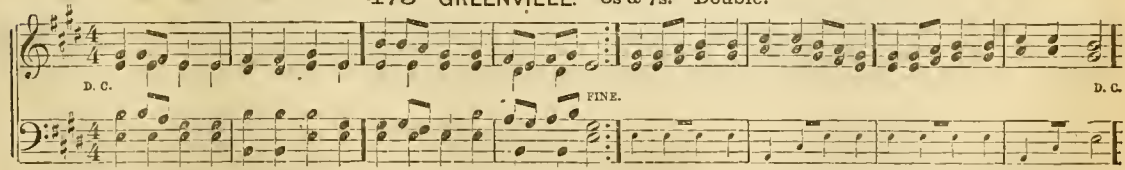
8 Angels bear them to the Saviour, &c.
From the old church-yards,
While the band of music, &c.
Shall be sounding through the air.

9 Then we 'll shout, our sufferings over, &c
From the old church-yards,
While the band of music, &c.
Shall be sounding through the air.

474 EXPOSTULATION. 11s.



475 GREENVILLE. 8s & 7s. Double.

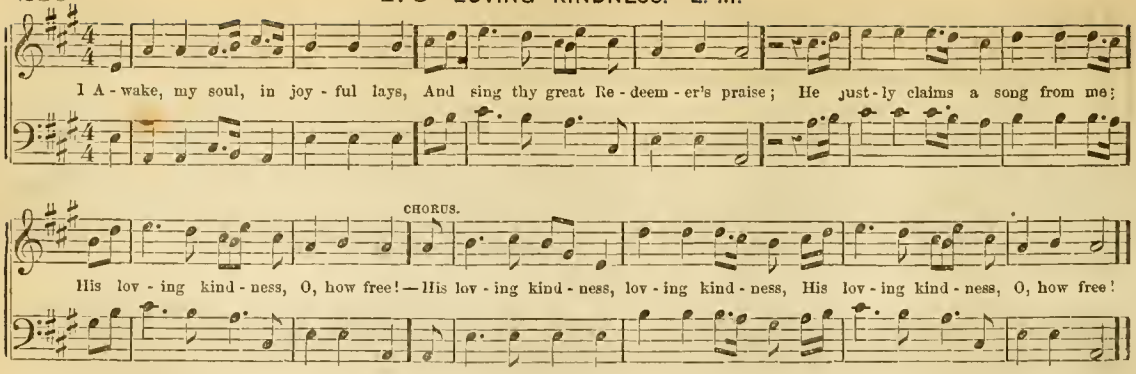


1 COME, thou fount of every blessing,
Tune my heart to sing thy grace;
Streams of mercy never ceasing
Call for songs of loudest praise.
Teach me some melodious sonnet,
Sung by flaming tongues above;
Praise the mount,—O, fix me on it!—
Mount of God's unchanging love

2 Here I raise my Ebenezer;
Hither by thy help I 'm come;
And I hope, by thy good pleasure,
Safely to arrive at home.
Jesus sought me when a stranger,
Wand'ring from the fold of God;
He, to save my soul from danger,
Interposed his precious blood.

3 O, to grace how great a debtor
Daily I'm constrained to be:
Let that grace, Lord, like a fetter,
Bind my wand'ring heart to thee!
Prone to wander, Lord, I feel it,
Prone to leave the God I love;
Here 's my heart, Lord, take and seal it,
Seal it from thy courts above.

476 LOVING KINDNESS. L. M.



2 He saw me ruined in the fall,
Yet loved me notwithstanding all;
He saved me from my lost estate;
His loving kindness, O, how great!
His loving kindness, &c.

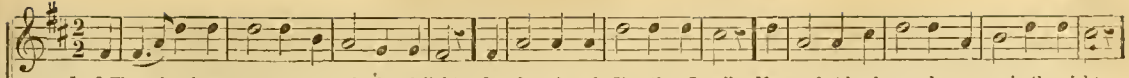
3 Though numerous hosts of mighty foes,
Though earth and hell its way oppose;
He safely leads His church along:
His loving-kindness, O how strong!
His loving kindness, &c.

4 When trouble, like a gloomy cloud,
Has gathered thick and thundered loud,
He near my soul has always stood;
His loving kindness, O, how good!
His loving kindness, &c.

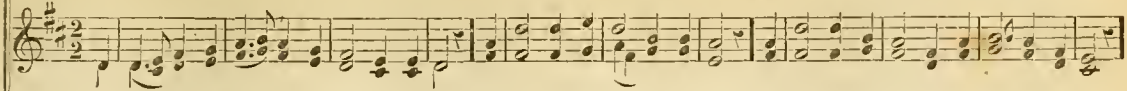
5 Often I feel my sinful heart
Prone from my Jesus to depart;
But though I have Him oft forgot,
His loving kindness changes not.
His loving kindness, &c

6 Soon shall I pass the gloomy vale,
Soon all my mortal powers must fail:
O, may my last, expiring breath
His loving kindness sing in death.
His loving kindness, &c.

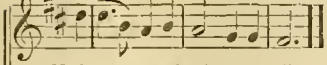
7 And when earth's rightful King shall come
To take his ransomed people home,
I'll sing upon that blissful shore,
His loving kindness evermore.
His loving kindness, &c.



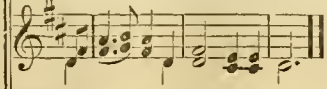
1 O Thou, in whose presence my soul takes delight; On whom in af - flic - tion I call; My comfort by day, and my song in the night;



2 O why should I wan - der, an alien from thee, Or cry in the desert for bread? Thy foes will rejoice when my sorrows they see,



My hope, my salvation, my all.



And smile at the tears I have shed.

3 Ye daughters of Zion, declare, have you seen
The star that on Israel shone?
Say, if in your tents my beloved has been,
And where with his flock he has gone?

4 This is my beloved, his form is divine,
His vestments shed odors around;
The locks on his head are as grapes on the vine,
When autumn with plenty is crowned.

5 His voice, as the sound of the dulcimer sweet,
Is heard through the shadow of death;
The cedars of Lebanon bow at his feet,
The air is perfumed with his breath.

6 His lips as a fountain of righteousness flow,
That waters the garden of grace;
From which their salvation the Gentiles may know,
And bask in the smiles of his face.

7 Love sits on his eyelids and scatters delight
Through all the bright mansions on high;
Their faces the cherubim veil in his sight,
And praise him with fulness of joy.

8 He looks, and ten thousands of angels rejoice,
And myriads wait for his word;
He speaks, and eternity, filled with his voice,
Re-echoes the praise of the Lord.

479 SAVIOUR'S CALL. 10s.

1 Come, at the Saviour's call, hark! hear him cry; "Turn, sinners, one and all, why will you die? Why will you mercy spurn, heed not my call?
2 Come, at the Spirit's call; hasten a-way; Lest vengeance on you fall, no more de-lay. Come to the Gospel stream, drink and rejoice;
3 Hear God the Father tell what he has done! To save a world from death, he gave his Son! Je-sus, to plead for us, now dwells on high;
4 Come, all ye weary souls—rest here is given,— Life to the dying now—then crowns in heaven; Haste, then, without delay—to Je-sus fly!

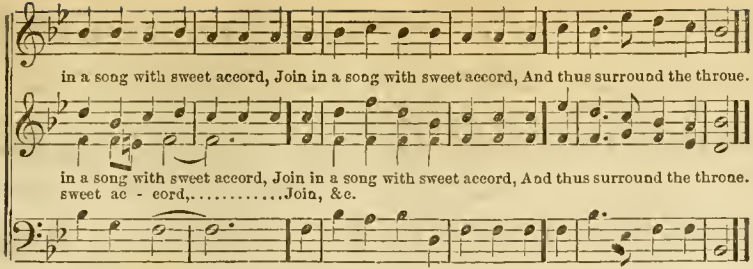
Sinners, turn, sinners, turn; I died for all."
Sinners, turn, sinners, turn, make Christ your choice.

Sinners, turn, sinners, turn; why will ye die?
Sinners, turn, sinners, turn; why will ye die?

480 CONCORD. S. M.

1 Come, we that love the Lord, And let our joys be known; Join

1 Come, we that love the Lord, And let our joys be known; Join in a song with



2 Let those refuse to sing
That never knew our God;
But children of the heavenly King
May speak their joys abroad.

3 The men of grace have found
Glory begun below:
Celestial fruits on earthly ground
From faith and hope may grow.

4 The hill of Zion yields
A thousand sacred sweets,
Before we reach the heavenly fields,
Or walk the golden streets.

5 Then let our songs abound.
And every tear be dry;
Let shouts of gladness echo round,
For lo! the kingdom's nigh.

481

1 THE Lord my shepherd is,
I shall be well supplied;
Since he is mine, and I am his,
What can I want beside?

2 He leads me to the place
Where heavenly pasture grows;
Where living waters gently pass,
And full salvation flows.

3 If e'er I go astray,
He doth my soul reclaim,
And guides me, in his own right way,
For his most holy name.

4 While he affords his aid,
I cannot yield to fear;
Tho' I should walk thro' death's dark shade
My Shepherd's with me there.

5 In sight of all my foes,
Thou dost my table spread;
My cup with blessings overflows,
And joy exalts my head.

6 The bounties of thy love
Shall crown my future days;
Nor from thy house will I remove,
Nor cease to speak thy praise.

482

1 BLEST be the tie that binds
Our hearts in Christian love;
The fellowship of kindred minds
Is like to that above.

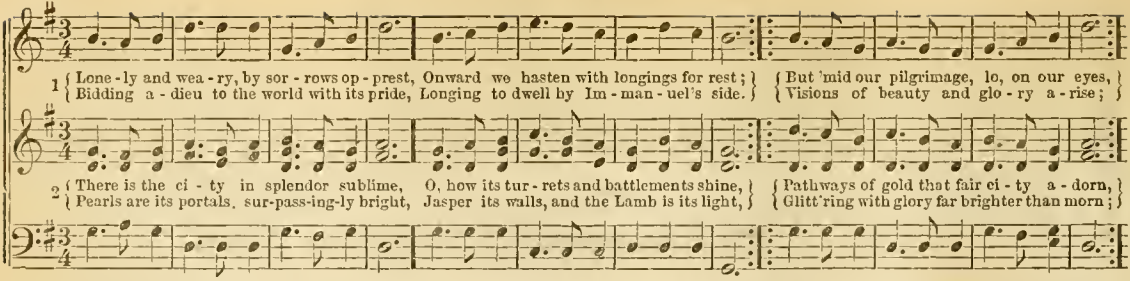
2 Before our Father's throne,
We pour our ardent prayers;
Our fears, our hopes, our aims are one,
Our comforts and our cares.

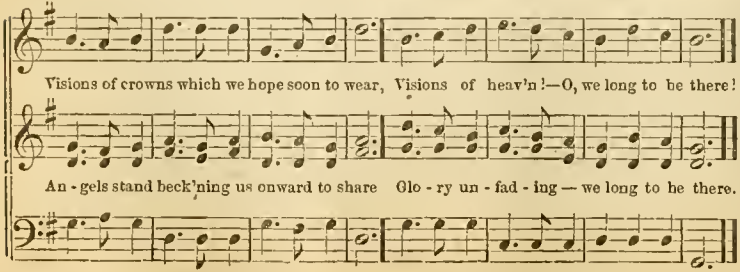
3 We share our mutual woes;
Our mutual burdens bear;
And often for each other flows
The sympathizing tear.

4 When we asunder part,
It gives us inward pain;
But we shall still be joined in heart,
And hope to meet again.

5 This glorious hope revives
Our courage by the way;
While each in expectation lives,
And longs to see the day.

6 From sorrow, toil, and pain,
And sin we shall be free;
And perfect love and friendship reign
Through all eternity.





3 Rivers are gliding 'mid unfading trees,
Songs of the blessed are borne on the breeze;
Glory-gilt mountains resplendent are seen,
Valleys and hills clad in Eden-like green:
There shall the glory of God ever be,
Filling the earth as the waves fill the sea;
There shall the ransomed, immortal, and fair,
Evermore dwell,—O, we long to be there!

4 There is the home of the pure and the blest:
There shall the weary be ever at rest;
There shall life'a trials and sorrows be o'er;
There shall the gathered ones part nevermore;
There shall the blest be from death ever free;
There their Redeemer in beauty they'll see:
Crowns of bright glory forever they'll wear;
O, to be with them!—we long to be there.

484

1 LIST, ye who languish, 'mid sorrows and tears,
Voices from heav'n are saluting your ears.
Voices of mercy that bid you to come,
Voices of greeting that welcome you home.
Come from your bondage, your darkness and chains,
Come from your dungeons where misery reigns,
Come from your 'husks' to your Father's blest home,
Sad-hearted prodigal, hasten! O come!

2 Come ye whom Satan in death doth enthrall,
Come, find in Jesus salvation for all;
Rest for the weary and hope for the lost,
Strength for the weak who by tempests are tost,
Joy for the saddened and light in their gloom.
Hope for the mourners who weep o'er the tomb,
Balm for the wounded, for hungry souls, bread,
Health for the dying and life for the dead.

3 Come to the home which by Christ is prepared,
Come, and its glory by you shall be shared;
Come to life's waters, that gush now for thee,
Come, find in Jesus salvation is free.
O for the spirit of God from on high,
Now in each heart, with the bride, may it cry,
All o'er the earth, where the perishing roam,
"Whoever will, let him come, let him come."

485

1 JOYFULLY, joyfully, onward I move,
Bound for the land of bright glory and love;
Angelic choristers sing as I come,
Joyfully, joyfully, haste to thy home!
Soon, with my pilgrimage ended below,
Home to the land of the blessed I go;
Pilgrim and stranger no more shall I roam,
Joyfully, joyfully, resting at home.

2 Friends fondly cherished, who greet me no more,
Soon shall I meet on the fair blissful shore,
Chanting in triumph o'er death's chilling gloom,
Joyfully, joyfully, resting at home.
Sounds of sweet music will fall on my ear;
Heavenly harpings I ever shall hear;
Ringing in harmony through the high dome,
Joyfully, joyfully, in my blest home.

3 Death, with thy weapons of war, lay me low;
Strike, King of terrors, I fear not the blow;
Jesus hath broken the bars of the tomb:
Joyfully, joyfully, I shall go home.
Bright will the morn of eternity dawn,
Death shall be banished, his sceptre be gone,
Joyfully then shall I witness his doom,
Joyfully, joyfully, safely at home.

486

[Change to Minor Key.]

1 CHANT a dirge tearfully for our lost friend;
God takes so fearfully that he doth lend:
In chaplets gracefully memories weave,
She hath so peacefully left us to wreathe.
Mourn not her youthfulness perishing here,
For love and truthfulness cast out her fear;
Mourn not, thou mother, the early grave given,
For she now rests in hope of the glories of heaven.

2 Death comes scarce welcomely to the young heart,
He bears him so gloomily doing his part;
He weaves such dark fearfulness round our dim sight,
We shrink with tearfulness back to life's light.
Bearing us carefully by life's frail way,
Oh, may we prayerfully watch out each day;
And if our frames breathlessly to earth are given,
At last with her deathlessly sit too in heaven.

487 MOUNT VERNON. 8s & 7s

L. MASON.

(This tune may be sung as a Duet by Treble voices.)

1 Sister, thou wast mild and lovely, Gen - tle as the summer breeze, Pleasant as the air of eve - ning, When it floats among the trees.

2 Peaceful be thy silent slumber,
Peaceful in the grave so low;
Thou no more wilt join our number,
Here no more our songs shalt know.

2 Dearest sister, thou hast left us;
Here thy loss we deeply feel;
But 't is God that hath bereft us;
He can all our sorrows heal.

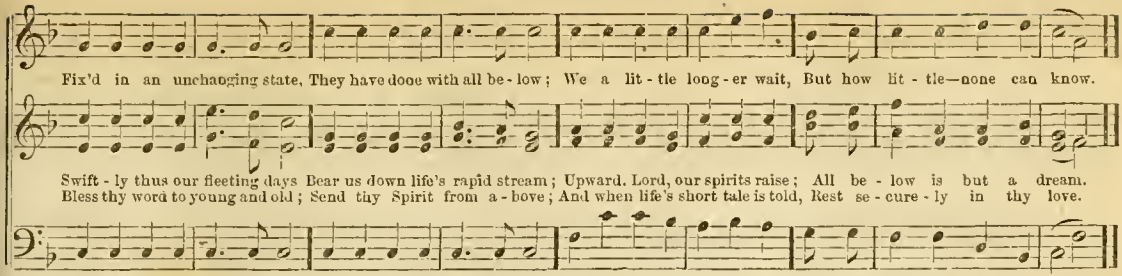
4 Yet again we hope to meet thee,
When mortality has fled,
Then in heaven with joy to greet thee,
Where no farewell tear is shed.

488 BENEVENTO. 7s. Double.

1 While, with ceaseless course, the sun Hasted thro' the former year, Many souls their race have run, Ne - ver more to meet us here:

2 As the wing - ed ar - row flies Speed - i - ly the mark to find; As the lightning from the skies Darts, and leaves no trace be - hind,—

3 Thanks for mercies past re - ceive; Par - don of our sins re - new; Teach us henceforth how to live With e - ter - ni - ty in view:



489

1 BLESSED Bible, precious word!
Boon most sacred from the Lord:
Glory to his name be given,
For the best rich gift from heaven.

2 'T is a ray of purest light,
Beaming through the depths of night;
Brighter than ten thousand gems
Of the costliest diadems.

3 'T is an orb, more radiant far
Than the fairest evening star;
Yea, the sun outshining even
When it rides midway in heaven.

4 'T is a fountain, pouring forth
Streams of life to gladden earth;
Whence eternal blessings flow,
Antidote for human woe.

5 'T is an ocean, vast and clear,
In which rays divine appear,
Bearing freight, the choicest store
Ever borne the wide world o'er.

6 'T is a mine, ay, deeper, too,
Then can mortal ever go;
Search we may for many years,
Still some new, rich gem appears.

490

1 FAINT not, Christian! though the road
Leading to thy blest abode,
Darksome be, and dangerous too,
Christ, thy Guide, will bear thee through.

2 Faint not, Christian! though in rage
Satan doth thy soul engage;
Take thee Faith's anointed shield,
Bear it to the battle field.

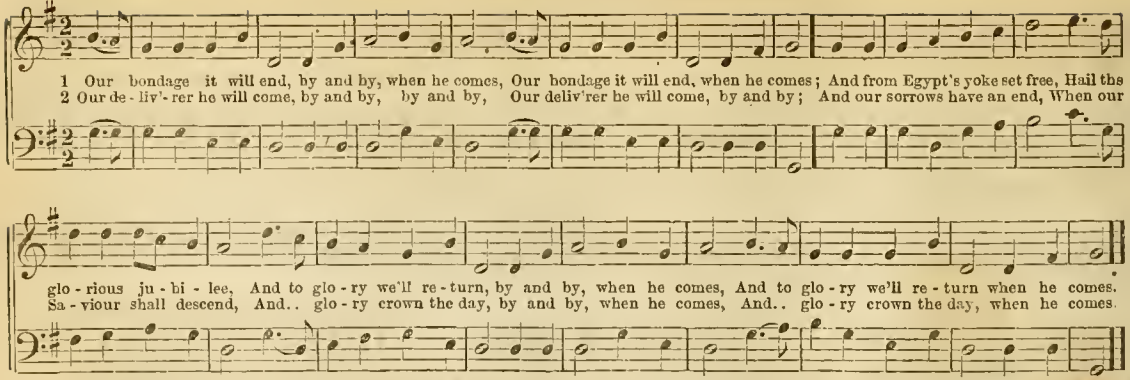
3 Faint not, Christian! though the world
Has its hostile flag unfurl'd;
Hold the cross of Jesus fast,
Thou shalt overcome at last.

4 Faint not, Christian! though within
There 's a heart so prone to sin:
Christ the Lord is over all,
He 'll not suffer thee to fall.

5 Faint not, Christian! though thy God
Smite thee with the chastening rod;
Smite He must, with Father's care,
That He may His love declare.

6 Faint not, Christian! Jesu 's near
Soon in glory He 'll appear,
And his love will then bestow
Victory o'er every foe.

491 DELIVERANCE



3 Though our enemies are strong, we 'll go on,
Though our hearts do sometimes fear,
Lo, Israel's God is near,
And the fiery pillar moves; we 'll go on, we 'll go on,
And the fiery pillar moves; we 'll go on.

4 And when to Jordan's flood we are come,
Jehovah rules the tide,
And the waters he 'll divide.
And the ransomed hosts will shout, We are come, we are come!
And the ransomed hosts will shout, We are come!

5 There friends shall meet again, who have loved,
And their union will be sweet,
At the dear Redeemer's feet,
When we meet to part no more, who have loved, who have loved;
When we meet to part no more, who have loved.

6 There with all thy happy throng, we 'll rejoice,
Shouting glory to our King,
Till the vaults of Heaven ring,
And to all eternity, we 'll rejoice, we 'll rejoice
And to all eternity, we 'll rejoice.

1 Saw ye my Saviour? Saw ye my Saviour? Saw ye my Saviour and God? O! he died on Cal - va-
2 He was ex - tend - ed, He was ex - tend - ed, Pain - ful - ly nailed to the cross; Here he bowed his head and

3 Darkness pre - vail - ed, Darkness pre - vail - ed, Darkness prevail'd o'er the land, And the sun re - fused to

ry, To atone for you and me, And to purchase our pardon with blood.
died, Thus my Lord was cru - ci - fied, To a - tone for a world that was lost.

shine, When his ma - jes - ty di - vine, Was de - ri - ded, in - sult - ed and slain.

4 Hail, mighty Saviour, Hail, mighty Saviour,
Prince, and the author of peace;
O! he burst the bars of death,
And, triumphant from the earth,
He ascended to mansions of bliss.

5 There interceding—There interceding,
Pleading that sinners may live,
Crying, "Father I have died,
O, behold my hands and side,
O, forgive them, I pray thee, forgive."

6 "I will forgive them—I will forgive them,
When they repent and believe,
Let them now return to thee,
And be reconciled to me,
And salvation they all shall receive."

493 LONGING. C. M.

1 O how I long to see that day When the re - deem'd shall come To Zi - on, clad in white ar - ray— Their blissful, happy home
2 To hear the al - le - lu - ias roll From the un - num-ber'd throng; The kingdom spread from pole to pole, And join redemption's song.
3 To see all Is - rael safe at home, Sing - ing on Zi - on's height; And Je - sus crown'd upon his throne; Cre - a - tion own his right.

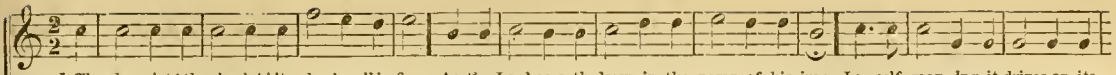
CHORUS.

O car - ry me home, car - ry me home To Mount Zi - on! Then carry me home to that ci - ty of love, Where saints and angels dwell.

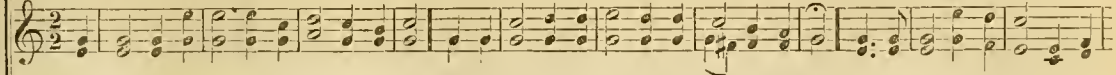
4 All hail! the morn of glory's nigh,
The pilgrim longs to see;
That dries the tear from every eye—
Creation's jubilee!
O carry, &c.

5 Jerusalem I long to see,
Blest city of my King!
And eat the fruit of Life's fair tree,
And hear the blood-wash'd sing!
O carry, &c.

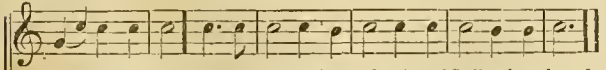
6 My longing heart cries out, O, come!
Creation groans for thee!
The weary pilgrim sighs: O, come!
Bring immortality!
O carry, &c.



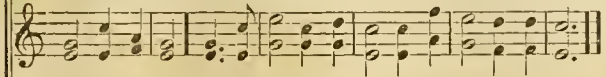
1 The cha - riot! the chariot! its wheels roll in fire, As the Lord cometh down in the pomp of his ire; Lo, self - mov - ing it drives on its



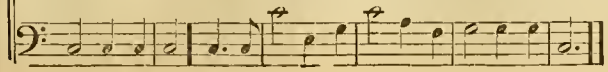
2 The glo - ry! the glo - ry! around him are ponred Mighty hosts of the angels that wait on the Lord; And the glo - ri - fied saints and the



pathway of cloud, And the heav'ns with the burden of Godhead are bowed.



martyrs are there, And there all who the palm-wreaths of victory wear.



3 The trumpet! the trumpet! the dead have all heard;
Lo, the depths of the stone-covered charnel are stirred!
From the sea, from the earth, from the south, from the north,
All the vast generations of man are come forth.

4 The judgment! the judgment! the thrones are all set
Where the Lamb and the white-vested elders are met;
There all flesh is at once in the sight of the Lord,
And the doom of eternity hangs on his word!

5 O, mercy! O, mercy! look down from above,
Great Creator, on us, thy sad children, with love!
When beneath to destruction the wicked are driven,
May the kingdom of God to the righteous be given!

495 OREB. 7s & 4s.

1 { Hark! from yonder mount arise Notes of sad - ness—Je - sus dies! }
{ On the cross the Lord of lords, Love for guilt - y man re - cords; } Sin - ner, sin - ner, Hear your dy - ing Sa - viour's words.

2 { "Mortal, for your guilt I die, Guilt that dared your God de - fy; }
{ Blood for you I free - ly give; Death I taste that you may live; } Will you, sin - ner, Free sal - va - tion now re - ceive?

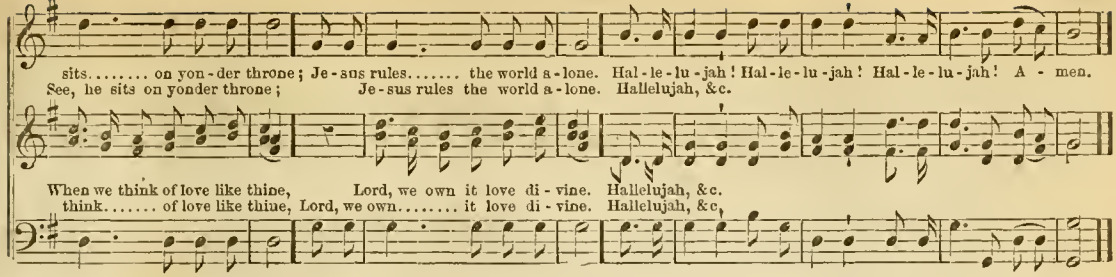
Hear your dy - ing Sa - viour's words.

Free sal - va - tion now re - ceive?"

496 HARWELL. 8s, 7s & 7s.

1 { Hark, ten thou - sand harps and voic - es, Sound the note of praise a - bove, }
{ Je - sus reigns, and heav'n re - joic - es, Je - sus reigns, the God of love: } See, he

2 { Je - sus, hail! whose glo - ry bright - ens All a - bove, and gives it worth; }
{ Lord of life, thy smile en - lightens, Cheers, and charms thy saints on earth. } When we



3 King of glory, reign forever,
Thine an everlasting crown;
Nothing from thy love shall sever
Those whom thou shalt call thine own;
Happy objects of thy grace,
Destined to behold thy face.
Hallelujah, &c.

4 Saviour, hasten thine appearing;
Bring, O bring the glorious day,
When, the awful summons hearing,
Heaven and earth shall pass away:
Then with golden harps we 'll sing,
"Glory, glory to our King."
Hallelujah, &c.

497

1 HARK, ten thousand thousand voices
Sing the song of Jubilee;
Earth through all her tribes rejoices,
Broke her long captivity.
Hail, Messiah! great Deliverer,
Hail, Messiah! praise to thee!
2 Now the theme, in pealing thunders,
Through the universe is rung;
Now, in gentler tones, the wonders
Of redeeming grace are sung.
Wider now, and louder rising,
Swells and soars th' enraptured strain.
3 While they sweep the golden lyre,
More enchanting notes arise,
Till each anthem, wafted higher,
Joins the chorus of the skies.
Earth's unnumbered tongues comprising,
Sound the Conqueror's praise again.

4 O, the rapturous, blissful story,
Spoken to Immanuel's praise:
And the strains so full of glory,
That immortal voices raise!
Now a sea of bliss unbounded
Spreads o'er earth from pole to pole.
5 While our crowns of glory casting
At his feet, in rapture lost,
We, in anthems everlasting,
Mingle with th' angelic host;
Jesus reigns! the shout is sounded,
And its joyous echoes roll.
6 Yes, he reigns; the great Messiah,
In millennial glory crowned;
Israel's hope and earth's desire,
Now triumphant and renowned.
Hail, Messiah! reign forever!
Hail, Immanuel! Lord of all!

498 DEAREST TIE. C. M.

1 { Hail, sweet-est, dearest tie that binds Our glow-ing hearts in one,
Hail, sacred hope, that tunes our minds To har-mo-ny di-vine. } It is the hope, the blissful hope Which Je-sus' grace has giv'n,

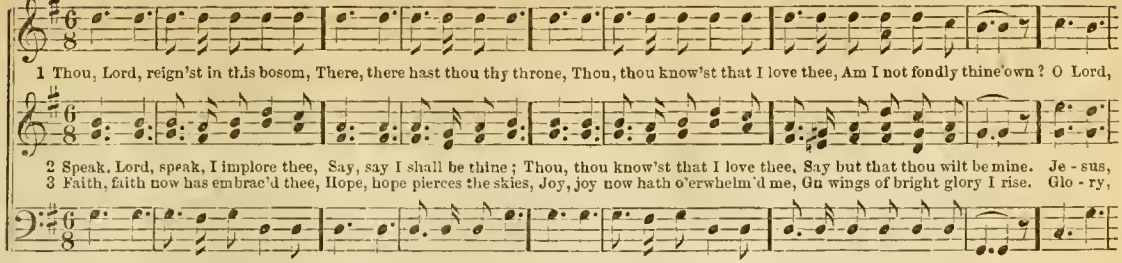
2 { What tho' the Northern wintry blast Shall howl a-round my cot?
What tho' be-neath an Eastern sky Be cast our dis-tant lot? } Yet still we share the blissful hope Which Je-sus' grace has giv'n,

The hope, when days and years are past, We all shall meet in heaven.

The hope, when days and years are past, We all shall meet in heaven.

3 From Burmah's shores, from Afric's strand,
From India's burning plain,
From Europe, from Columbia's land,
We hope to meet again.
It is the hope, the blissful hope
Which Jesus' grace has given,
The hope, when days and years are past,
We all shall meet in heaven.

4 No lingering look, no parting sigh
Our future meeting knows;
There friendship beams from every eye
And hope immortal glows.
O sacred hope! O blissful hope!
Which Jesus' grace has given,
The hope, when days and years are past.
We all shall meet in heaven



500

1 HARK! hark! hear the blest tidings;
Soon, soon, Jesus will come,
Robed, robed in honor and glory,
To gather his ransomed ones home:
Yes, yes, O yes,
To gather his ransomed ones home.

2 Joy, joy, sound it more loudly;
Sing, sing, glory to God;
Soon, soon, Jesus is coming;
Publish the tidings abroad.
Yes, yes, &c.

3 Bright, bright, seraphs attending;
Shouts, shouts, filling the air;
Down, down, swiftly from heaven,
Jesus our Lord will appear.
Yes, yes, &c.

4 Now, now, through a glass darkly,
Shine, shine, visions to come;
Soon, soon, we shall behold them,
Cloudless and bright in our home.
Yes, yes, &c.

5 Long, long, we have been waiting,
Who, who, love his blest name;
Now, now, we are delighting
Jesus is near to proclaim.
Yes, yes, &c.

6 Still, still, rest on the promise;
Cling, cling, fast to his word;
Wait, wait, if he should tarry,
We 'll patiently wait for the Lord.
Yes, yes, O yes,
We 'll patiently wait for the Lord.

501 COMPASSION. L. P. M.

1 { Would Je - sus have the sinner die? Why hangs he then on yonder tree? What means that strange expiring cry? Sinners, he prays for you and me; } { "Forgive them, Father, O forgive, They know not that by O sin - ner, then thy Saviour see, Remember him who

2 { Thou lov - ing, all - a - to - ning Lamb, Thee by thy painful ag - o - ny, Thy bloody sweat, thy grief and shame, Thy cross and passion on the tree, } { Thy precious death and life — I pray, Take all, take all my O sinner then thy Saviour see, Remember him who

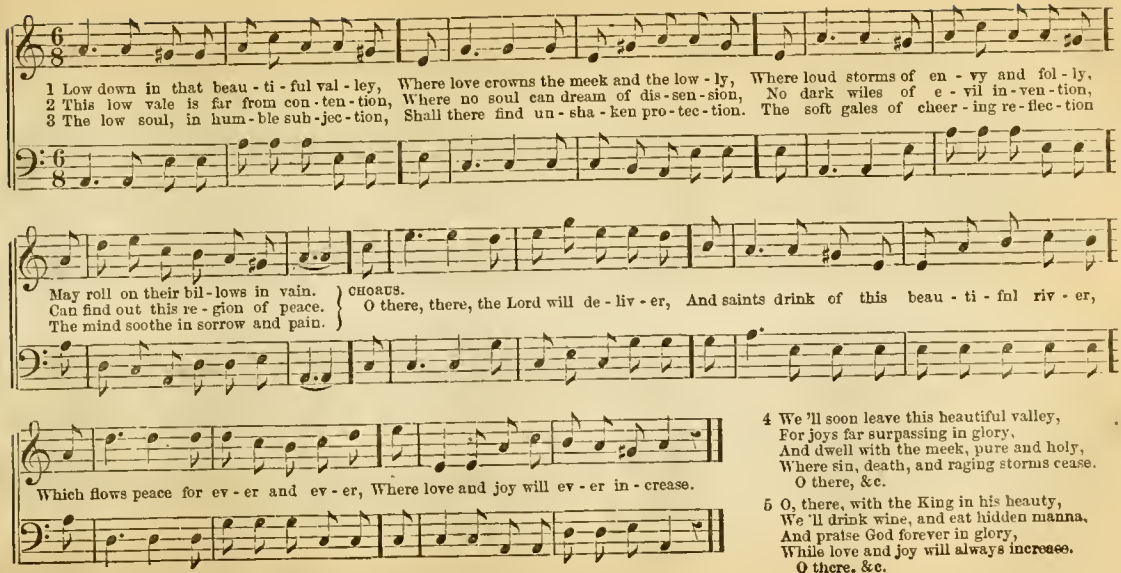
502 ANGELS HOVERING ROUND!

me they live!" .....
..... died for thee.

sins a - way.....
..... died for thee.

1 There are angels hov'ring round, There are angels, &c There are an - gels, an - gels hov'ring round.
2 To car - ry the tidings home, To carry, &c. To car - ry,.... to car - ry the tidings home.

3 To the new Je - ru - sa - lem, To the new, &c. To the new,... the new.... Je - ru - sa - lem
4 Poor sinners are coming home, Poor sinners, &c. Poor sinners.... sinners.... are coming home.



4 We 'll soon leave this beautiful valley,
For joys far surpassing in glory,
And dwell with the meek, pure and holy,
Where sin, death, and raging storms cease.
O there, &c.

5 O, there, with the King in his beauty,
We 'll drink wine, and eat hidden manna,
And praise God forever in glory,
While love and joy will always increase.
O there. &c.

504 HEAVENLY HOME. 11s.

1 My home is in Eden, my rest is not here, Then why should I murmur when trials are near? Be hush'd my dark spirit, soon Je - sus will

2 It is not for me to be seeking my bliss, And building my hopes in a region like this; I look for a city which hands have not

3 The thorn and the thistle around me may grow; I would not recline upon ro - ses be - low; I ask not my portion, I seek not a

come, To short - en my journey and welcome me home.

pil'd, I pant for a country by sin un - de - filed.

rest, Till I find them for - ev - er in Je - sus's breast.

505 I'M GOING HOME. L. M.

1 { My heav'nly home is bright and fair, Nor pain, nor death can enter there:
Its glittering towers the sun outshine; That heavenly mansion shall be mine.

2 { While here, a stranger far from home, Affliction's waves may round me foam;
And, though like Lazarus, sick and poor, My heavenly mansion is secure,

CHORUS. FINE. End with 2d strain of Chorus.

f. I'm going home to die no more.

f. f.

I'm going home, I'm going home, I'm going home to die no more; To die no more, to die no more,

FINE.

3.

Let others seek a home below,
Which flames devour, or waves o'erflow;
Be mine the happier lot to own,
A heavenly mansion near the throne.
I'm going home, &c.

4.

Then fail this earth, let stars decline,
And sun and moon refuse to shine,
All nature sink and cease to be,
That heavenly mansion stands for me.
I'm going home, &c.

506 CONFERENCE. C. M.

1 Where two or three to-geth-er meet, To seek the Lord by prayer, The Lord is in the midst of these, And he will sure - ly hear.
2 Shine, Lord, on every soul that comes By prayer to seek thy face, Thou knowest our hope, our only hope, Is grounded on thy grace.

3 Help us, O Lord, to ask in faith, Take un - be - lief a - way, And for the blessings that we need, Give us a heart to pray.
4 The hearing ear, the watchful eye, The contrite heart be - stow, And shine up-on us from on high, To make our grs - ces grow.

507 HERE IS NO REST. 10s, 8s & 7s.

1 Here o'er the earth, as a strang - er I roam, Here is no rest, here is no rest; Here, as a pil - grim, I wan - der a - lone,
My heart doth leap while I hear Je - sus say,

2 Here fierce temptations be - set me a - round, Here is no rest, here is no rest; Here I am griev'd while my foes me surround;
I will go for - ward, for this is my theme,

FINE. End with 3d and 4th stanzas.

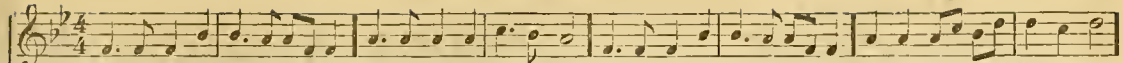
Yet I am blest, I am blest; There, there is rest, there is rest.
For I look forward to that glorious day, When sin and sorrow shall va - nish a - way,

FINE.

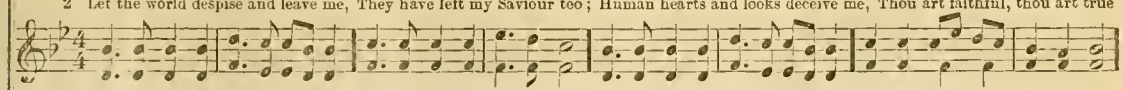
Yet I am blest, I am blest; There, there is rest, there is rest.
Let them revile me, and scoff at my name, Laugh at my weeping, en - dea - vor to shame;

3 Here are afflictions and trials severe;
Here is no rest, here is no rest;
Here I must part with the friends I hold dear,
Yet I am blest, I am blest;
Sweet is the promise I read in his word,
Blessed are they who have died in the Lord,
They shall be called to receive their reward
There, there is rest, there is rest.

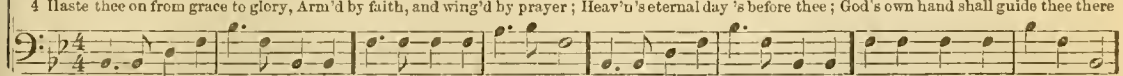
4 This world of cares is a wilderness state,
Here is no rest, here is no rest;
Here I must bear from the world, all its hate.
Yet I am blest, I am blest;
Soon shall I be from the wicked released,
Soon shall the weary forever be blest,
Soon shall I lean upon Jesus' breast,
There, there is rest, there is rest.



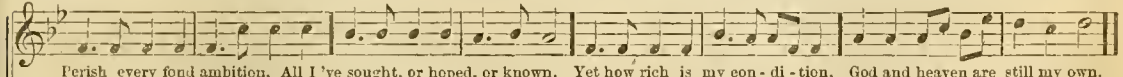
1 Je - sus, I my cross have taken. All to leave, and follow thee; Naked, poor, despised, forsaken, Thou, from hence, my all shalt be.
2 Let the world despise and leave me, They have left my Saviour too; Human hearts and looks deceive me, Thou art faithful, thou art true



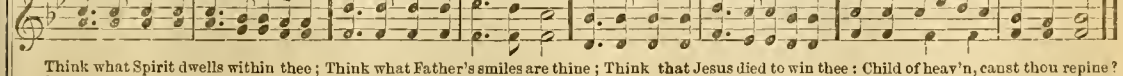
3 Soul, then know thy full salvation; Rise o'er sin, and fear, and care; Joy to find, in eve - ry station, Something still to de er bear.
4 Haste thee on from grace to glory, Arm'd by faith, and wing'd by prayer; Heav'n's eternal day 's before thee; God's own hand shall guide thee there



Perish every fond ambition, All I 've sought, or hoped, or known, Yet how rich is my con - di - tion, God and heaven are still my own.
O, 't is not in grief to harm me, While thy love is left to me! O, 't were not in joy to charm me, If that love were hid from me!

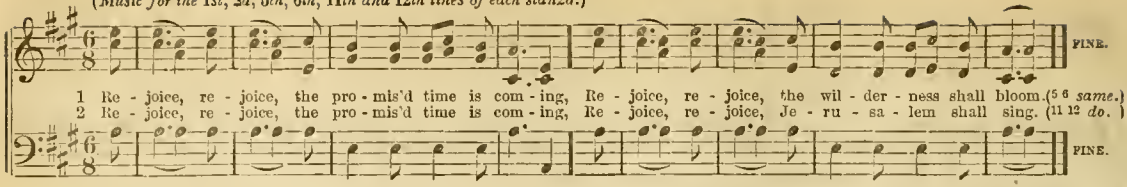


Think what Spirit dwells within thee; Think what Father's smiles are thine; Think that Jesus died to win thee: Child of heav'n, canst thou repine?
Soon shall close thy earthly mission, Soon shall pass thy pilgrim days; Hope shall change to glad fruition, Faith to sight, and prayer to praise.

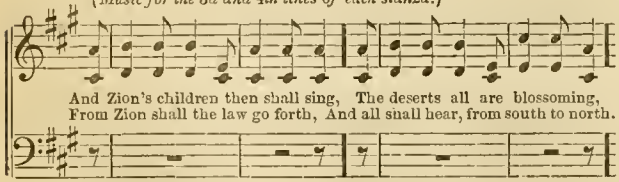


509 MILLENNIAL GLORY.

(*Music for the* 1*st*, 2*d*, 5*th*, 6*th*, 11*th and* 12*th lines of each stanza.*)



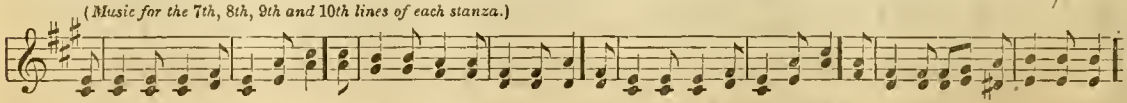
(*Music for the* 3*d and* 4*th lines of each stanza.*)

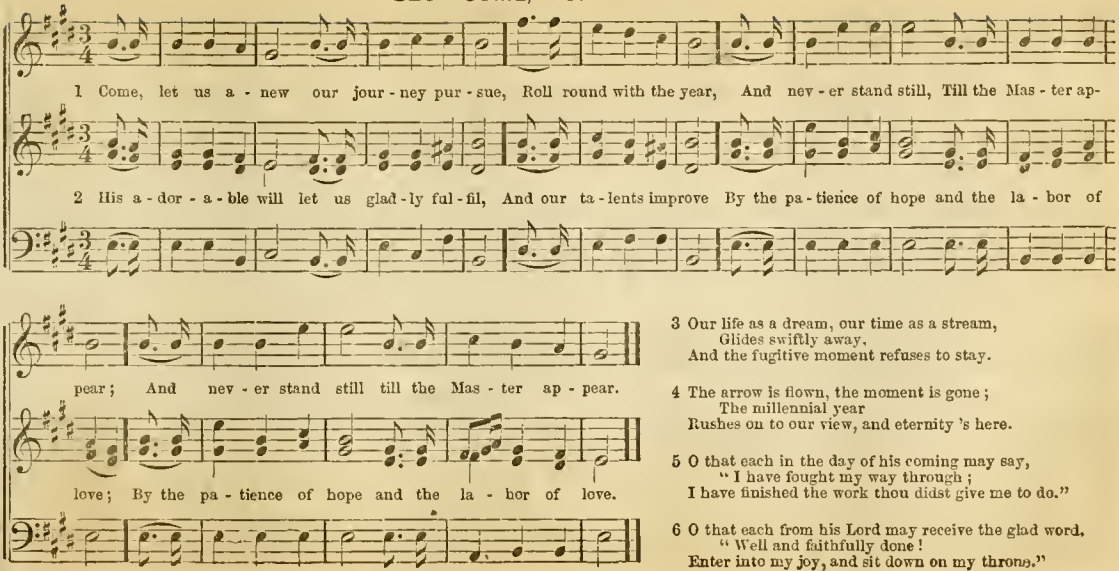


3.

1 Rejoice, rejoice, the promis'd time is coming,
2 Rejoice, rejoice, the "Prince of peace" shall reign;
3 And lambs may with the leopard play,
4 For naught shall harm in Zion's way.
5 Rejoice, rejoice, the promis'd time is coming,
6 Rejoice, rejoice, the "Prince of peace" shall reign:
7 The sword and spear of needless worth,
8 Shall prune the tree and plough the earth,
9 For peace shall smile from shore to shore,
10 And nations shall learn war no more.
11 Rejoice, rejoice, the promis'd time is coming,
12 Rejoice, rejoice, the "Prince of peace" shall reign.

(*Music for the* 7*th*, 8*th*, 9*th and* 10*th lines of each stanza.*)





3 Our life as a dream, our time as a stream,
Glides swiftly away,
And the fugitive moment refuses to stay.

4 The arrow is flown, the moment is gone;
The millennial year
Rushes on to our view, and eternity 's here.

5 O that each in the day of his coming may say,
"I have fought my way through;
I have finished the work thou didst give me to do."

6 O that each from his Lord may receive the glad word,
"Well and faithfully done!
Enter into my joy, and sit down on my throne."

511 I'M A TRAVELLER. 7s & 4s.

1 I 'm a lone - ly trav' - ler here, Wea - ry, op - prest; But my journey's end is near; Soon I shall rest. Dark and drea - ry is the way.

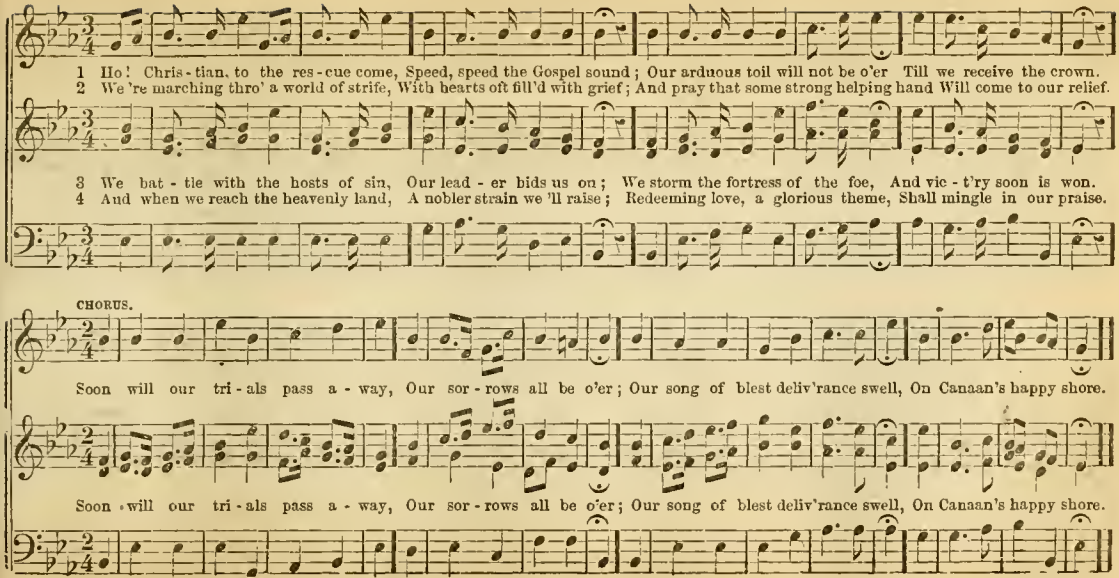
2 I 'm a wea - ry trav' - ler here, I must go on; For my journey's end is near; I must be gone. Brighter joys than earth can give
3 I 'm a trav' - ler to a land Where all is fair; Where is seen no broken band; All, all are there. Where no tear shall ever fall,

Toil - ing I've come; Ask me not with you to stay; Yon - der 's my home

Win me a - way; Pleasures that for - ev - er live; I can - not stay.
Nor heart be sad; Where the glo - ry is for all, And all are glad.

4 I 'm a trav'ler, and I go
Where all is fair;
Farewell all I 've loved below—
I must be there.
Worldly honors, hopes and gain,
All I resign;
Welcome sorrow, grief and pain,
If heav'n be mine.

5 I 'm a trav'ler—call me not—
Onward 's my way;
Yonder is my rest and lot,
I cannot stay.
Farewell earthly pleasures all,
Pilgrim I 'll roam;
Hail me not—in vain you call
Yonder 's my home


1 Ho! Chris-tian, to the res-cue come, Speed, speed the Gospel sound; Our arduous toil will not be o'er Till we receive the crown.
2 We're marching thro' a world of strife, With hearts oft fill'd with grief; And pray that some strong helping hand Will come to our relief.
3 We bat-tle with the hosts of sin, Our lead-er bids us on; We storm the fortress of the foe, And vic-t'ry soon is won.
4 And when we reach the heavenly land, A nobler strain we 'll raise; Redeeming love, a glorious theme, Shall mingle in our praise.
CHORUS.
Soon will our tri-als pass a-way, Our sor-rows all be o'er; Our song of blest deliv'rance swell, On Canaan's happy shore.
Soon will our tri-als pass a-way, Our sor-rows all be o'er; Our song of blest deliv'rance swell, On Canaan's happy shore.

513 CHRISTIAN MARINER. P. M.

As sung by D. R. and M. S. Mansfield.

Arranged by A. T. G.

1 Mariner, haste! there's a threat'ning gale In the darkness. List! there's a faint, sad wail. Keep out the life-boat till day is o'er;
:// Hoist ev - 'ry sail, for the breakers roar.

2 Mar - i - ner, haste! for a witching song Greets thine ear from the gid - dy throng: Fame leaves a sting when her song is o'er;
:// And earth's probation is al - most o'er;

FINE.

Anchor thy boat on the oth - er shore. Mar - i - ner, haste! for the tide waits not; Tear from its mooring thy frag - ile bark:
Anchor, &c.

FINE

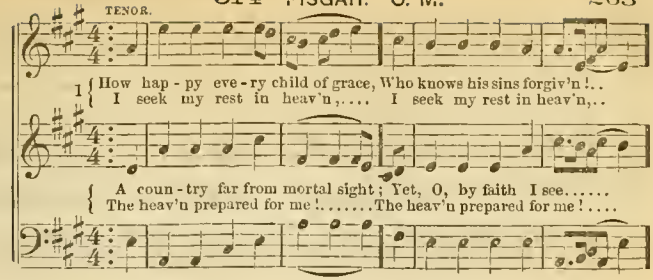
D. S.

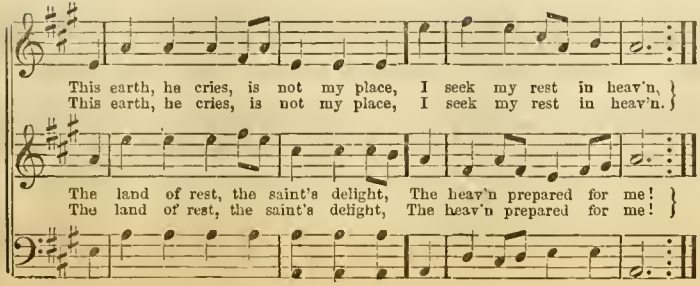
Anchor thy boat on the oth - er shore. Mar - i - ner, haste from the shades of pride! Gomorrah and Sodom sleep side by side,

D. S.

3 Mariner, haste! from the love of gain,
Its votaries' wreath, and its golden chain,
And earth is mad with its shining ore,
Anchor thy boat on the other shore.
Mariner, haste! thou art weary now,
Shadows of suffering are on thy brow:
Fainting and weak, grasp the dipping oar—
Anchor thy boat on the other shore.

4 Seekest thou peace, where the storms come not?
Home, where sorrows are all forgot?
Friends that will love thee, and change no more—
Anchor thy boat on the other shore.
Mariner, haste! there is no time to sleep:
Push out thy boat where the dark waters leap.
Toil bravely on though the wild breakers' roar—
Anchor thy boat on the other shore.





O, what a blessed hope is ours!
While on this earth we stay,
We more than taste the heavenly powers
And antedate that day;
We feel the resurrection near,
Our life in Christ concealed,
And with his glorious presence here
Our earthen vessels filled.

3 O, would he all of heaven bestow!
Then like our Lord we 'll rise;
Our bodies, fully ransomed, go
To take the glorious prize.
On him with rapture then I 'll gaze,
Who bought the bliss for me.
And shout and wonder at his grace
Through all eternity.

515 RICHLAND. 11s.

1 Daughter of Zion! awake from thy sadness! Awake! for thy foes shall oppress thee no more; ..Bright o'er thy hills dawns the day-star of

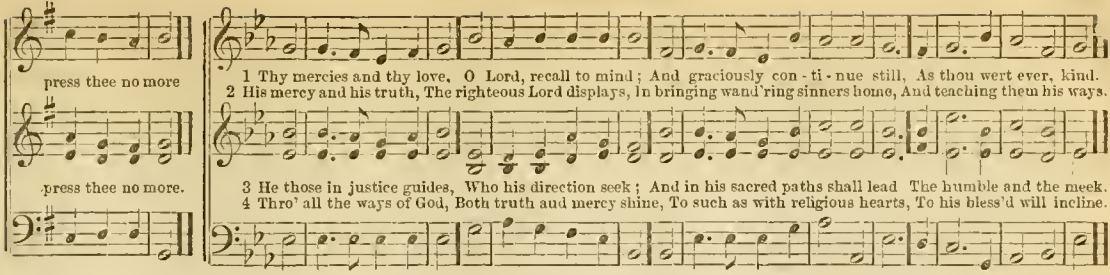
2 Strong were thy foes, but the arm that subdu'd them, And scatter'd their legions, was mightier far; They fled like the chaff from the scourge that pur-

3 Daughter of Zion! the pow'r that hath sav'd thee, Extoll'd with the harp and the timbrel should be; ...Shout! for the foe is destroy'd that en-

glad - ness, A - rise! for the night of thy sor - row is o'er. Daughter of Zi - on! awake from thy sad - ness! A - wake! for thy foes shall op-

su'd them: ....Vain were their steeds and their chariots of war. Daughter of Zi - on! awake from thy sad - ness! A - wake! for thy foes shall op-

slav'd thee, Th'op - pressor is vanquish'd, and Zion is free. Daughter of Zi - on! &c.



517

1 THE Spirit, in our hearts,
Is whispering, Sinner, come!
The Bride, the church of Christ, proclaims
To all his children, Come!

2 Let him that heareth say
To all about him, Come!
Let him that thirsts for righteousness,
To Christ, the fountain, come.

3 Yes, whosoever will,
O, let him freely come,
And freely drink the stream of life!
'T is Jesus bids him come.

4 Lo, Jesus, who invites,
Declares, I quickly come!
Lord, even so; I wait thy hour:
Jesus, my Saviour, come

518

1 GREAT Shepherd of the flock,
To whom the sheep belong,
Be thou our trust and confidence,
Our glory and our song.

2 From every devious path
Our wandering feet restore;
Be thou our constant guard and guide,
And let us stray no more.

3 With thirst and hunger pained,
When faint and near to die,
With living water, living bread,
Do thou our wants supply.

4 Here let us often taste
Of thy distinguished love,
Till we a full repast obtain
In mercies from above.

519

1 JESUS, we look to thee,
Thy promised presence claim;
Thou in the midst of us shalt be,
Assembled in thy name:

2 Thy name salvation is,
Which here we come to prove:
Thy name is life, and health, and peace,
And everlasting love.

3 Not in the name of pride
Or selfishness we meet;
From nature's paths we turn aside,
And worldly thoughts forget

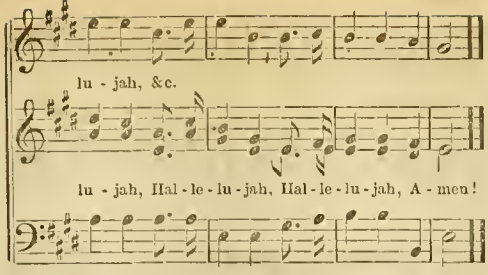
4 We meet the grace to take,
Which thou hast freely given:
We meet on earth for thy dear sake,
That we may meet in heaven.

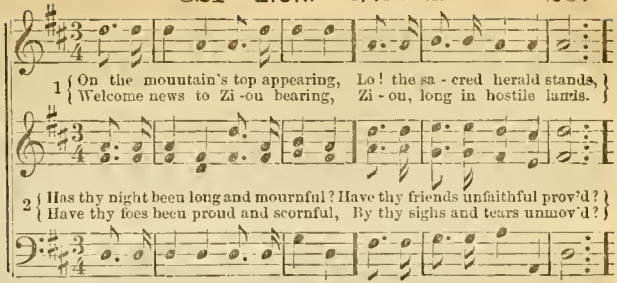
1 Glad tidings! glad tidings! the Kingdom is near, Our glorious De - liv'- rer will soon, soon appear; In clouds of bright glo - ry to our
2 Glad tidings! glad tidings! the Kingdom is near, On the plains of fair Canaan we soon shall appear; With harps tun'd celes - tial, our

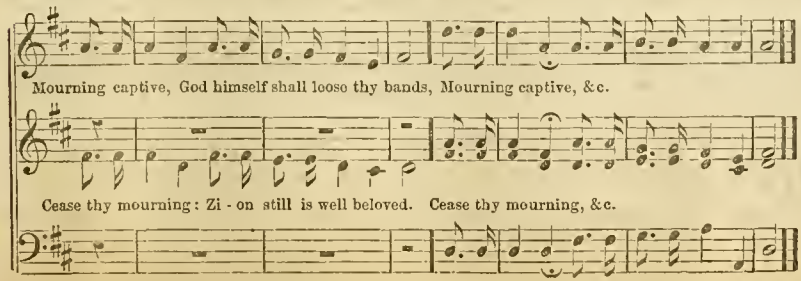
3 Glad tidings! glad tidings! the Kingdom is near, 'Tis the voice of th' Archangel methinks that I hear, A - rous - ing the na - tions, a -
4 Glad tidings! glad tidings! the Kingdom is near, Rejoice then ye pilgrims, your redemption is near; The pro - mis'd pos - ses - sion we

rescue he 'll come, And An - gels will hail us to Heav - en, our home. Hal - le - lu - jah, A - men, Hal - le-
voices we 'll raise To Je - sus our Saviour, in ac - cents of praise.

waking the dead From their cold dus - ty pil - lows where long they have laid. Hal-le - lu - jah, A - men, Hal - le - lu - jah, A - men, Hal - le-
soon shall receive, And with Je - sus in glo ry e - ter - nal - ly live. Hal - le - lu - jah, A - men, Hal - le-







3 God, thy God, will now restore thee;
He himself appears thy Friend;
All thy foes shall flee before thee;
Here their boasts and triumphs end;
Great deliv'rance
Zion's King will surely send.

4 Peace and joy shall now attend thee;
All thy warfare now be past;
God thy Saviour will defend thee;
Victory is thine at last.
All thy conflicts
End in everlasting rest

522 JERUSALEM. C. M.

1 { Lo, what a glorious sight ap - pears, To our be - liev - ing eyes; } And.... the old roll - ing skies!.... And the old roll - ing skies!
{ The earth and seas are pass'd a - way, And the old roll - ing skies! }

When we meet to part no more,.... On Ca - naan's hap - py shore;

CHORUS.

The earth and seas are pass'd away, And.. the old roll - ing skies! — O, that will be joy - ful, joy - ful, joy - ful, O, that will be
'Tis there we 'll meet at Jesus' feet, When we meet to part no more.—FINE.

joy - ful, When we meet to part no more,

joy - ful, When we meet to part no more,

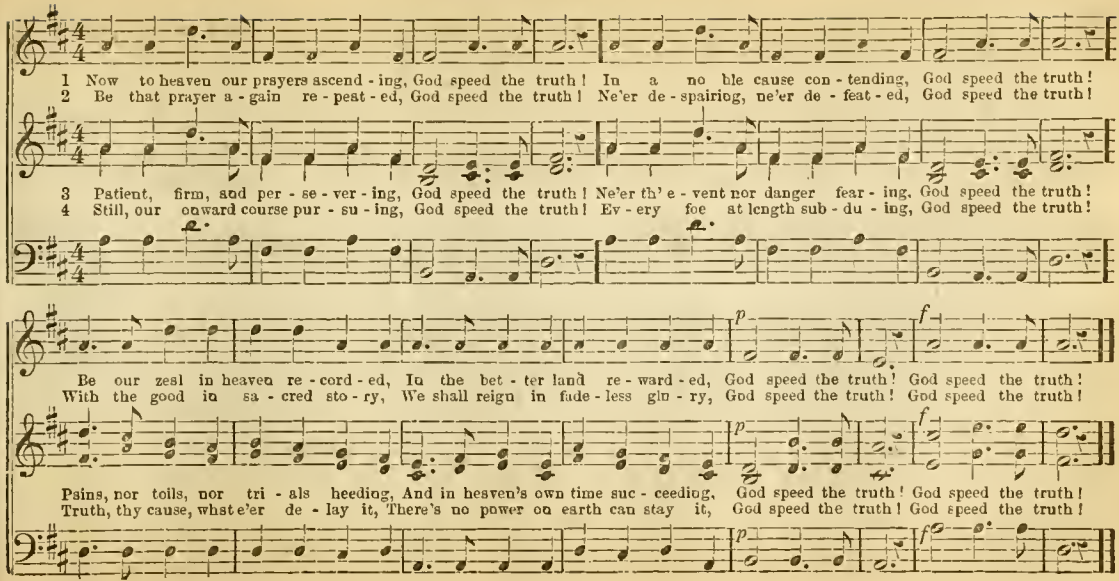
2 From the third heav'n, where God resides,
That holy, happy place;
The New Jerusalem comes down,
Adorned with shining grace.—CHORUS.

3 Attending angels shout for joy,
And the bright armies sing,
"Mortals, behold the sacred seat
Of your descending King!—CHO.

4 "The God of glory down to men
Removes his blest abode;
Men are the objects of his love,
And he their gracious God.—CHO.

5 "His own soft hand shall wipe the tears
From every weeping eye;
And pains, and groans, and griefs, and fears,
And death itself, shall die."—CHO.

6 How bright the vision! O, how long
Shall this glad hour delay?
Fly swifter round, ye wheels of time,
And bring the welcome day!—CHO.


1 Now to heaven our prayers ascend - ing, God speed the truth! In a no ble cause con - tending, God speed the truth!
2 Be that prayer a - gain re - peat - ed, God speed the truth! Ne'er de - spairing, ne'er de - feat - ed, God speed the truth!
3 Patient, firm, and per - se - ver - ing, God speed the truth! Ne'er th' e - vent nor danger fear - ing, God speed the truth!
4 Still, our onward course pur - su - ing, God speed the truth! Ev - ery foe at length sub - du - ing, God speed the truth!
p
f
Be our zeal in heaven re - cord - ed, In the bet - ter land re - ward - ed, God speed the truth! God speed the truth!
With the good in sa - cred sto - ry, We shall reign in fade - less glo - ry, God speed the truth! God speed the truth!
p
f
Pains, nor toils, nor tri - als heeding, And in heaven's own time suc - ceeding, God speed the truth! God speed the truth!
Truth, thy cause, what e'er de - lay it, There's no power on earth can stay it, God speed the truth! God speed the truth!
p
f

Words written for this work.

524 RESURRECTION MORNING.

Arranged from an old Melody.

1 Glo - ry to God! the night is al - most o'er, And we'll shout hal - le - lu - jah in the morning,
2 Je - sus is com - ing, soon he'll rend the sky, And we'll shout hal - le - lu - jah in the morning,

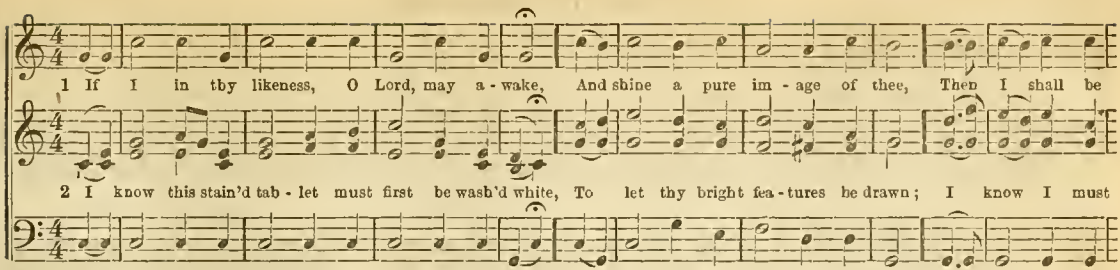
FINE.

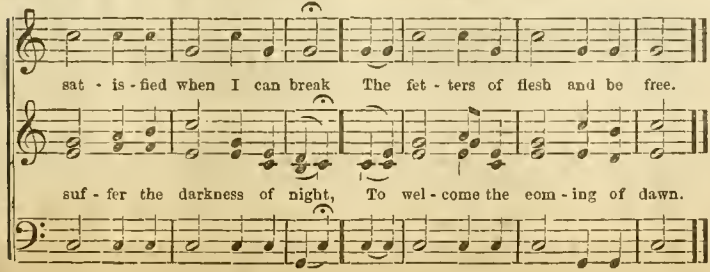
Soon shall we meet on E - den's bliss - ful shore, And we'll shout hal - le - lu - jah in the morning.
Lift up your heads, re - demp - tion draw - eth nigh, And we'll shout hal - le - lu - jah in the morning.
Sweet - ly we'll sing the prais - es of our King, And we'll shout hal - le - lu - jah in the morning.

Cho. In the morning, in the morning, In the re - sur - rection morning, ://:

3 Soon we shall rest where living waters flow,
And we'll shout hallelujah in the morning,
Sickness and sorrow never more to know,
And we'll shout hallelujah in the morning. Cho.

4 Come, blessed Saviour, come, O quickly come,
And we'll shout hallelujah in the morning,
Take us, we pray, to glory's fadeless home,
And we'll shout hallelujah in the morning. Cho.





3 O! I shall be satisfied when I can cast
The shadow of nature all by,
When this cold, dreary world from my vision is passed,
To dwell 'neath an unclouded sky.

4 I now feel the blest morning begins to draw near,
When time's dreary fancy shall fade,
If then in thy likeness I may but appear,
In glory and beauty arrayed.

5 To see thee in glory, O Lord, as thou art,
Freed from mortal, perishing clay,
My spirit is longing to be where thou art,
And sighs for the dawn of that day.

6 And when on thine own image in me thou hast smiled.
Within thy blest mansion, and when
The arms of my Father encircle his child,
O! I shall be satisfied then.

526 COME TO JESUS. (Chorus.)

ALTO.
TENOR.

Come to Je - sus, Come to Je - sus, Come to Je - sus, Come to Je - sus, come! Come to Je - sus, Come to Je - sus,
He will save you, He will save you, He will save you, Come to Je - sus, come! He will save you, He will save you,

Come to Je - sus, Come to Jesus, come! Come to Je - sus, sin - ner, come!
He will save you, Come to Jesus, come! Come to Jesus, sin - ner, come!

JUST NOW. (Chorus.)

Come to Jesus, Come to

Je - sus, Come to Je - sus, just now; just now; Come to Je - sus, Come to Je - sus, just now.

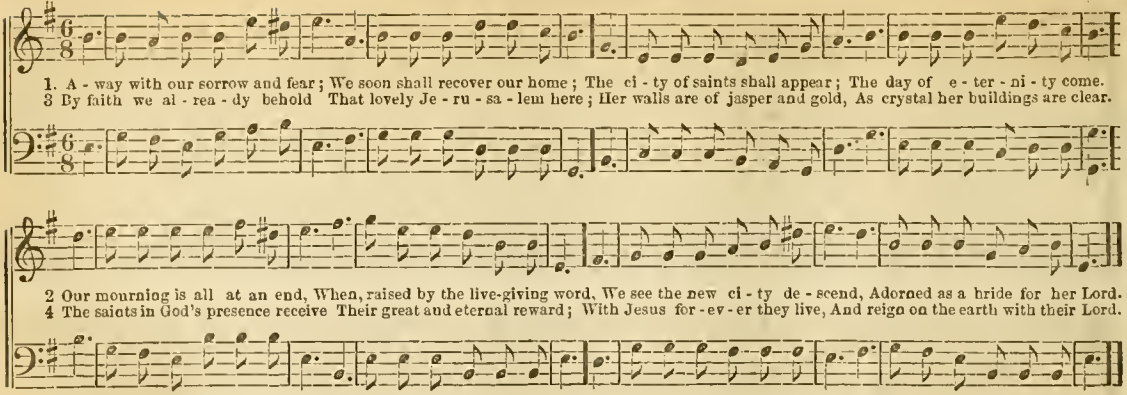
1 Re - joice, all ye be - liev - ers, And let your lights ap - pear; The evening is ad - vancing, The midnight now is near.
2 See that your lamps are burning, Re - plen - ish them with oil, And wait for your sal - va - tion, The end of earth - ly toil.
3 Ye wise and ho - ly vir - gins, Now raise your voi - ces higher, Till, in the songs of glo - ry, They meet the an - gel choir.

4 Ye saints, who here in patience Your cross and suff'rings bore, Shall live and reign for - ev - er, When sor - row is no more.
5 Our hope and ex - pec - ta - tion, O Je - sus! now ap - pear; A - rise, thou Sun, so longed for, O'er this be - nighted sphere.

The Bridegroom is a - ris - ing, And soon he draw - eth nigh, Up, up, and watch, and wres - tle, At midnight comes the cry.
The watchers on the mountain, Proclaim the Bridegroom near; Go meet him as he cometh, With hal - le - lu - jahs clear.
The marriage - feast is wait - ing, The doors wide op - en stand; Be rea - dy, then, to meet him, The Bridegroom is at hand.

Around the throne of glo - ry, The Lamb ye shall be - hold; In tri - umph cast be - fore him, Your di - a - dems of gold!
With heart and hands up - lift - ed, We plead, O Lord, to see, The day of earth's redemp - tion, That brings us un - to thee!

528 CORYDON. 8s. Double.



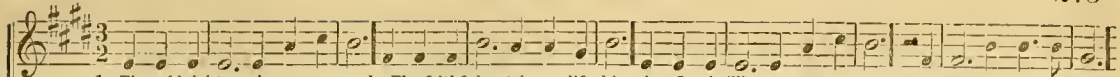
529

1 How sweet on thy bosom to rest,
When nature's affliction is near!
The soul that can trust thee is blest;
Thy smiles bring me freedom from fear.

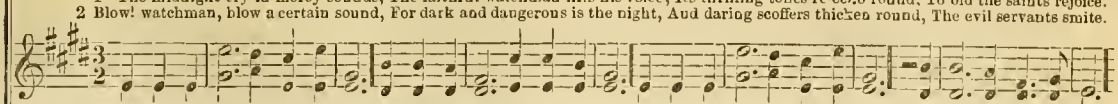
2 The Lord has in kindness declared
That those who will trust in his name
Shall in the sharp conflict be spared.
His mercy and love to proclaim.

3 This promise shall be to my soul
A messenger sent from the skies,
An anchor when billows shall roll,
A refuge when tempests arise.

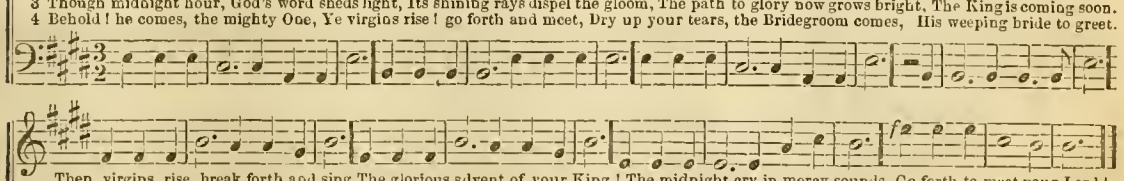
4 O Saviour, the promise fulfil;
Its comforts impart to my mind;
Then calmly I 'll bow to thy will,
To the cup of affliction resigned.



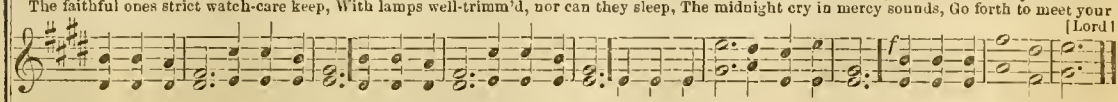
1 The midnight cry in mercy sounds, The faithful watchman lifts his voice; Its thrilling tones re-echo round, To bid the saints rejoice.
2 Blow! watchman, blow a certain sound, For dark and dangerous is the night, And daring scoffers thicken round, The evil servants smite.



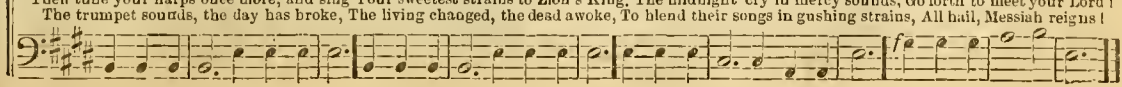
3 Though midnight hour, God's word sheds light, Its shining rays dispel the gloom, The path to glory now grows bright, The King is coming soon.
4 Behold! he comes, the mighty One, Ye virgins rise! go forth and meet, Dry up your tears, the Bridegroom comes, His weeping bride to greet.



Then, virgins, rise, break forth and sing The glorious advent of your King! The midnight cry in mercy sounds, Go forth to meet your Lord!
The faithful ones strict watch-care keep, With lamps well-trimm'd, nor can they sleep, The midnight cry in mercy sounds, Go forth to meet your [Lord!



Then tune your harps once more, and sing Your sweetest strains to Zion's King, The midnight cry in mercy sounds, Go forth to meet your Lord!
The trumpet sounds, the day has broke, The living changed, the dead awoke, To blend their songs in gushing strains, All hail, Messiah reigns!



531 THE EDEN LAND. 8s & 7s.

Words and music composed for this work by A. T. GORHAM.

MODERATO.

1 { We seek a land all summer bright, With fade - less beau - ty glowing, Where earth is robed with endless light,
{ Where perfumed ze - phyrs fan the hills, And wave the star-eyed flowers, Whose ev - er breath - ing fragrance fills

And crys - tal streams are flowing; } f CHORUS. f Then on, press on, till the morn - ing dawn, Our glorious home is near - ing; We'll
Fair E - den's sun - ny bowers. }

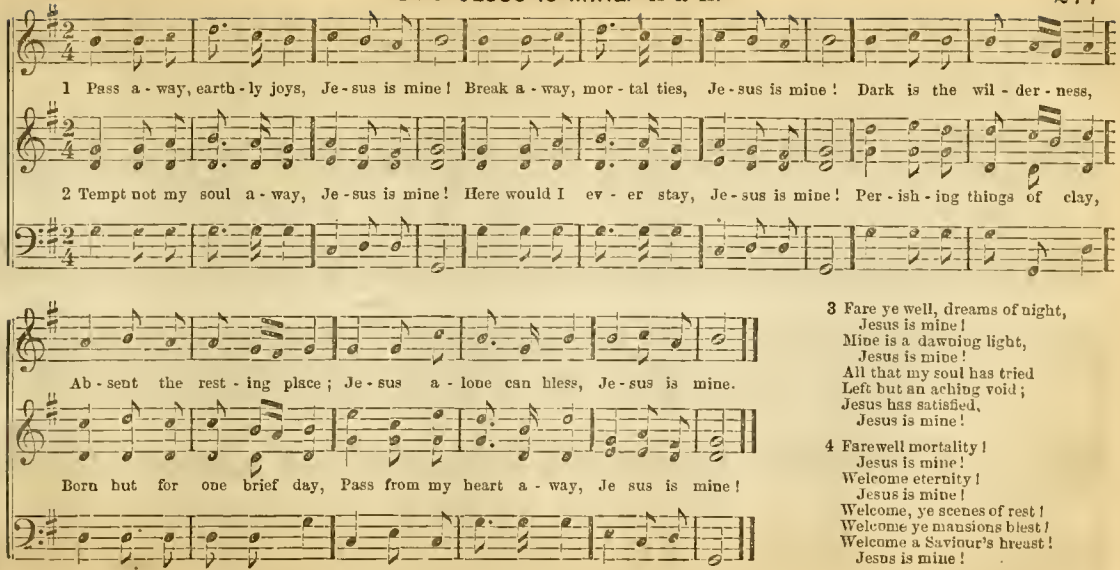
shout the crown and kingdom won, At Je - sus' bright appearing.

2.

The heaven-built city there unbars
Her massive gem-set portals,
And, brighter than ten thousand stars,
Shine God's white-robed immortals.
With palms of vict'ry waving high,
They sing Love's wondrous story;
They wake the harps of sounding joy,
And reign in endless glory.
CHO.—Then on, press on, &c.

3.

We're journeying to that Eden land,
Through Sorrow's swelling ocean,
But soon we'll gain the shining strand,
Beyond the waves' commotion.
Soon morn will flush the orient skies,
With golden radiance streaming;
The Sun of Righteousness arise,
O'er earth and heaven beaming.
CHO.—Then on, press on, &c.



3 Fare ye well, dreams of night,
Jesus is mine!
Mine is a dawning light,
Jesus is mine!
All that my soul has tried
Left but an aching void;
Jesus has satisfied,
Jesus is mine!

4 Farewell mortality!
Jesus is mine!
Welcome eternity!
Jesus is mine!
Welcome, ye scenes of rest!
Welcome ye mansions blest!
Welcome a Saviour's breast!
Jesus is mine!

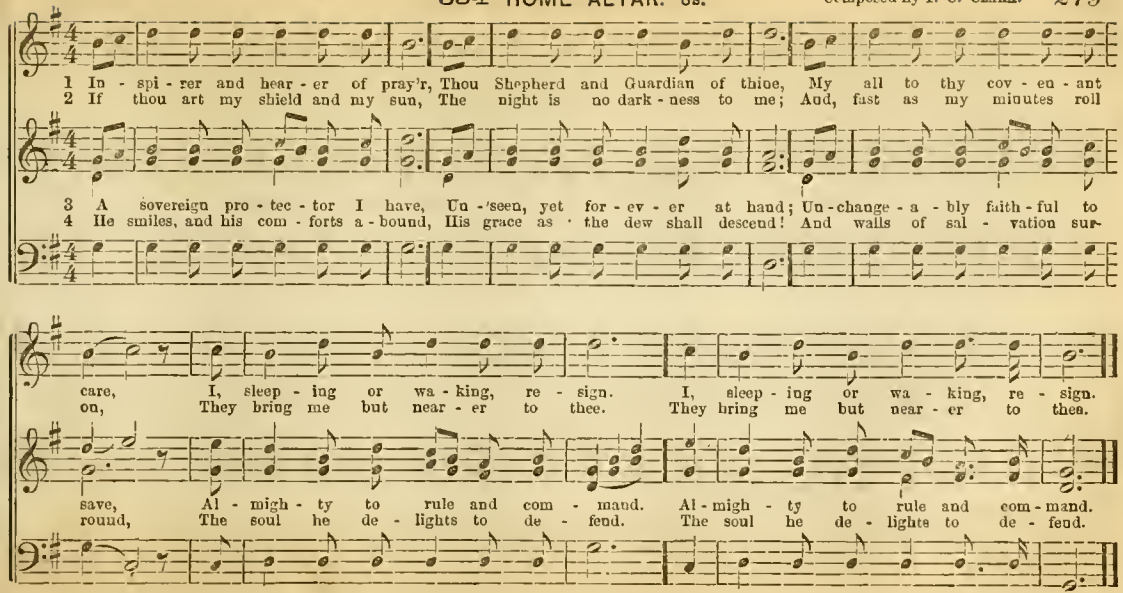
533 ZION'S PILGRIM. 11s & 8s.

1 In songs of sub - lime a - do - ra - tion and praise, Ye pil - grims for Zi - on who press,
2 His love from e - ter - ni - ty fixed up - on you, Broke forth and dis - cov - er'd its flame,
3 O, had not he pi - tied the state you were in, Your ho - soms his love had ne'er felt;

4 What was there in you that could mer - it es - teem, Or give the Cre - a - tor de - light?
5 Then give all the glo - ry to his ho - ly name, To him all the glo - ry be - longs;

Break forth and ex - tol the great An - cient of days, His rich and dis - tin - guish - ing grace.
When each with the cords of his kind - ness he drew, And brought you to love his great name.
You all would have lived, would have died too in sin, And sunk with the load of your guilt.

'Twas "Ev - en so, Fa - ther," you ev - er must sing, "Be - cause it seemed good in thy sight."
Be yours the high joy still to sound his great fame, And crown him in each of your songs.


1 In - spi - rer and hear - er of pray'r, Thou Shepherd and Guardian of thine, My all to thy cov - en - ant
2 If thou art my shield and my sun, The night is no dark - ness to me; And, fast as my minutes roll
3 A sovereign pro - tec - tor I have, Un - seen, yet for - ev - er at hand; Un - change - a - bly faith - ful to
4 He smiles, and his com - forts a - bound, His grace as the dew shall descend! And walls of sal - vation sur-
care, I, sleep - ing or wa - king, re - sign. I, sleep - ing or wa - king, re - sign.
on, They bring me but near - er to thee. They bring me but near - er to thee.
save, Al - migh - ty to rule and com - mand. Al - migh - ty to rule and com - mand.
round, The soul he de - lights to de - fend. The soul he de - lights to de - fend.

535 WORLD OF BEAUTY.

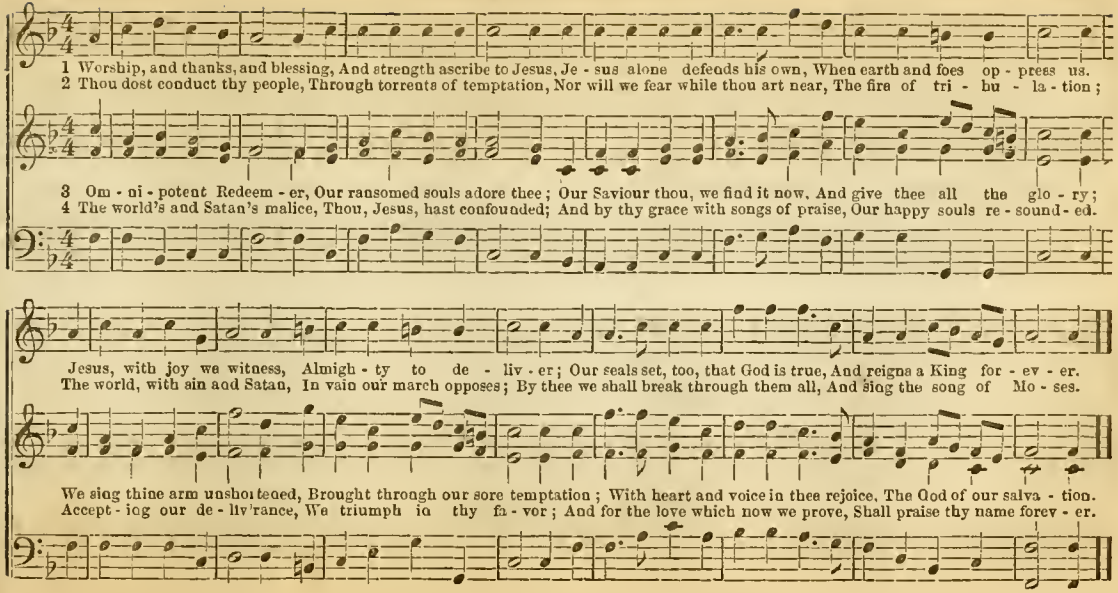
Music by A. T. Gorham.

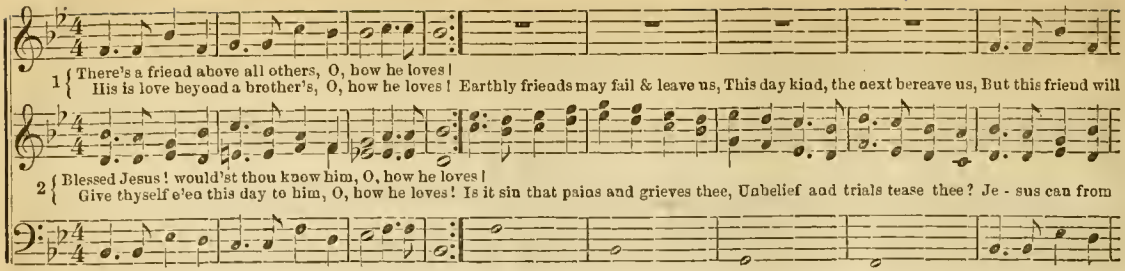
1 I have read of a world of beauty, Where there is no gloomy night, Where love is the mainspring of du - ty, And
2 I have read of its flowing riv - er, That bursts from beneath the throne, And the beauti - ful trees that ev - er, Are

3 O to dwell in that land of glo - ry, And to breathe its balmy air! While we sing Love's won - drous story, And

God the fountain of light. And I long to be there in that E - den so fair, I long, O, I long to be there.
CHORUS
found on its banks a - lone. And I long to be there, &c.

shout with the ransom'd there. And I long to be there, &c.
CHORUS


1 Worship, and thanks, and blessing, And strength ascribe to Jesus, Je - sus alone defends his own, When earth and foes op - press us.
2 Thou dost conduct thy people, Through torrents of temptation, Nor will we fear while thou art near, The fire of tri - bu - la - tion;
3 Om - ni - potent Redeem - er, Our ransomed souls adore thee; Our Saviour thou, we find it now, And give thee all the glo - ry;
4 The world's and Satan's malice, Thou, Jesus, hast confounded; And by thy grace with songs of praise, Our happy souls re - sound - ed.
Jesus, with joy we witness, Almigh - ty to de - liv - er; Our seals set, too, that God is true, And reigns a King for - ev - er.
The world, with sin and Satan, In vain our march opposes; By thee we shall break through them all, And sing the song of Mo - ses.
We sing thine arm unshortened, Brought through our sore temptation; With heart and voice in thee rejoice, The God of our salva - tion.
Accept - ing our de - liv'rance, We triumph in thy fa - vor; And for the love which now we prove, Shall praise thy name forev - er.



3 Love this friend who longs to save thee,
O, how he loves!
Dost thou love? He will not leave thee,
O, how he loves!
Think no more then of to-morrow,
Take his easy yoke and follow,
Jesus carries all thy sorrows,
O, how he loves!

4 All thy sins shall be forgiven,
O, how he loves!
Backward all thy foes be driven,
O, how he loves!
Best of blessings he'll provide thee,
Nought but good shall e'er betide thee,
Safe to glory he will guide thee,
O, how he loves!

5 Pause, my soul! adore and wonder,
O, how he loves!
Nought can cleave this love asunder,
O, how he loves!
Neither trial, nor temptation.
Doubt, nor fear, nor tribulation,
Can bereave us of salvation,
O, how he loves!

6 Let us still this love be viewing,
O, how he loves!
And though faint keep on pursuing,
O, how he loves!
He will strengthen each endeavor,
And when passed o'er Jordan's river,
This shall be our song forever,
O, how he loves!

1 Glory to Je sus for his love, Flowing to every na - tion, Bowels of sweet compassion move, Offer - ing free sal - va - tion.
2 Sinners, repair to Je - sus' arms, Why will you slight his favor? Now he invites you to his charms, Willing to be your Sa - viour.

3 Now is the time, no more delay, Fly from the path of na - ture; Fear not what scoffing sinners say, Yield to your great Cre - a - tor.
4 Then shall the starry welkin ring, "Glory to God our Saviour!" Angels and saints shall join to sing Praises for all his fa - vor.

Here may the poor, the lame, the blind, Every needed blessing find; Justice and mercy here combine, Offer - ing free sal - va - tion.
O, that you would on him believe, All your transgressions he'll forgive; Comfort and peace shall you receive, Flowing from Christ forever.

So shall your dying souls obtain Freedom from all your guilt and pain; So shall you soon in glory reign, Praising your great Crea - tor.
Then shall the theme of perfect love, Flowing from the Great Source above, Every tuneful passion move, Praising the Lord for - ev - er.

539 JUST AS I AM.

Arranged for this work.

1 Just as I am, without one plea, But that thy blood was shed for me, And that thou bidst me come to thee, O Lamb of God, I come.

2 Just as I am, and waiting not To rid my soul of one dark blot, To thee whose blood can cleanse each spot, O Lamb of God, I come.

540 SWEET STORY OF OLD. 11s & 9s. (Double.)

A. T. G.

3 Just as I am—though tossed about,
With many a conflict, many a doubt,
Fightings within, and fears without,
O Lamb of God, I come!

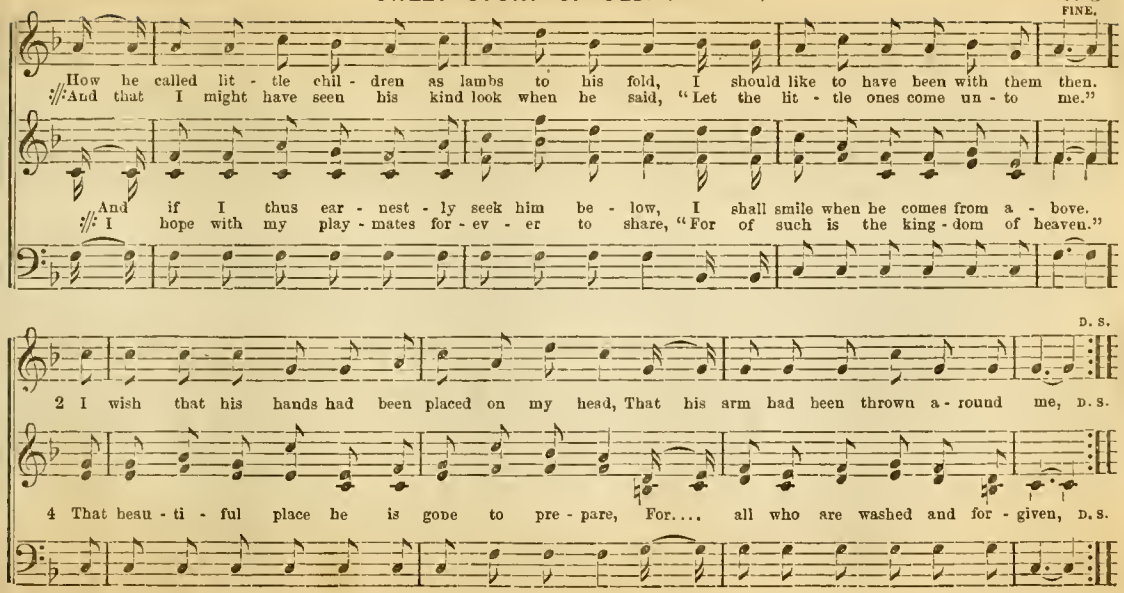
4 Just as I am—poor, wretched, blind,
Sight, riches, healing of the mind,
Yea, all I need, in thee to find,
O Lamb of God, I come!

5 Just as I am—Thou wilt receive,
Wilt welcome, pardon, cleanse, relieve;
Because Thy promise I believe,
O Lamb of God, I come!

6 Just as I am—Thy love unknown,
Has broken every barrier down,
Now, to be Thine, yea, Thine alone,
O Lamb of God, I come!

1 I think when I read that sweet story of old, When Jesus was here among men,

3 Yet still to his footstool in pray'r I may go, And ask for a share in his love;


FINE.
How he called lit - tle chil - dren as lambs to his fold, I should like to have been with them then.
:// And that I might have seen his kind look when he said, "Let the lit - tle ones come un - to me."
And if I thus ear - nest - ly seek him be - low, I shall smile when be comes from a - bove.
:// I hope with my play - mates for - ev - er to share, "For of such is the king - dom of heaven."
D. S.
2 I wish that his hands had been placed on my head, That his arm had been thrown a - round me, D. S.
4 That beau - ti - ful place he is gone to pre - pare, For.... all who are washed and for - given, D. S.

541 COME AND REIGN.

From "Millennial Harp."

FINE.

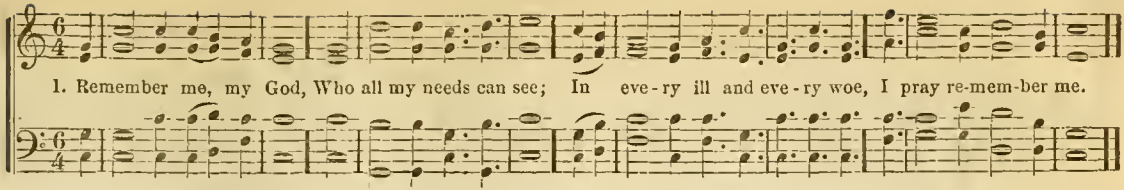
1 Come and reign; come and reign, Je - sus, on thy throne; And O, it fills my heart with joy To know we're almost home.
Chorus. Come and reign, &c.

D. C.

Here I drop the fall - ing tear, As pil - grim-like, I roam, An ex - ile from my Father's house; But soon he'll call me home.
2 Here I grieve the friends I love, And they in turn grieve me; But, O my Father, grant me grace, That I may not grieve thee.

3 Here disease invades our frames,
We wither, droop, and die;
But there eternal youth shall bloom,
And bright shall beam each eye.
Come and reign, &c.

4 Here we meet and part again,
As round and round we roam;
But there we'll meet and part no more,
And sweetly rest at home.
Come and reign, &c.



2 Remember me my God,
By sin and woe opprest;
O hold me up beneath my load,
And give me peace and rest.

3 If sickness sore o'ertake,
And pain my portion be,
Then Savior for thy merey's sake
I pray remember me.

4 Remember me my God,
When at thy great white throne
The trembling world awaits thy nod,
O claim me as thine own.

5 My God remember me,
To thee I lift my eyes,
O grant that I at last may be
With thee in Paradise.

543 Deliverance. S. M.

1 O! to behold the day,
When from earth's toil and strife,
Our Lord shall call us hence away,
To reign with him in life.

2 Here, Lord, 'mid tears and sighs,
'Mid curse and death we roam,
O come, dear Savior, from on high,
And take thy people home.

3 Then shall we be at rest,
Our doubts and dangers o'er,
With endless peace and glory blest
We ne'er shall wander more.

4 How sweet that glad repose,
With all the pure and free,
Where life's bright crystal river flows,
Where spreads life's healing tree.

544 God is love. S. M.

1 My God, how shall I sing?
The praise of love divine,
The love that did salvation bring
To dying souls like mine.

2 In guilt and blood I lay,
Unpitied, stained, defiled;
But Jesus washed my sins away,
And on me kindly smiled.

3 While here 'mid countless toes,
In deserts dark I roam,
Thy love still guides me as I go,
And shall conduct me home.

4 And when around the throne,
With all the blest I sing,
Thy love shall be of every joy
The never failing spring. H. L. H.

545 THE VOICE OF FREE GRACE.

LENTO.

1. The voice of free grace cries, Es-cape to the mountain; For Adam's lost race Christ hath opened a fountain;
2. Now glo-ry to God in the high-est is giv-en; Now glo-ry to God is re-e-choed in heav-en;
3. O Je-sus, ride on, thy king-dom is glo-ri-ous; O'er sin, death, and hell, thou'lt make us vic-to-ri-ous;
4. As on Zi-on we stand, having gained the blest shore, With our harps in our hands, we'll praise ev-er-more;

AFFETTUOSO.

For sin and uncleanness, and eve-ry transgression, His blood flows most freely in streams of sal-va-tion.
A-round the whole earth let us tell the glad sto-ry, And sing of his love, his sal-va-tion and glo-ry.

Thy name shall be praised in the great con-gre-ga-tion, And saints shall ascribe un-to thee their sal-va-tion.
We'll range the blest fields on the banks of the riv-er, And sing of re-demp-tion for-ev-er and ev-er.

His blood flows most freely in streams of salvation. } Hal-le - lu - jah to the Lamb, who has pur-chased our par-don;
And sing of his love, his sal-va-tion and glo-ry. }

And saints shall ascribe unto thee their salvation. } Hal - le - lu - jah to the Lamb, who has pur-chased our par-don;
And sing of redemption for - ev - er and ev-er. }

NEZZO PIANO.

We'll praise him a - gain when we pass o - ver Jor-dan; We'll praise him a-gain when we pass o - ver Jor - dan.

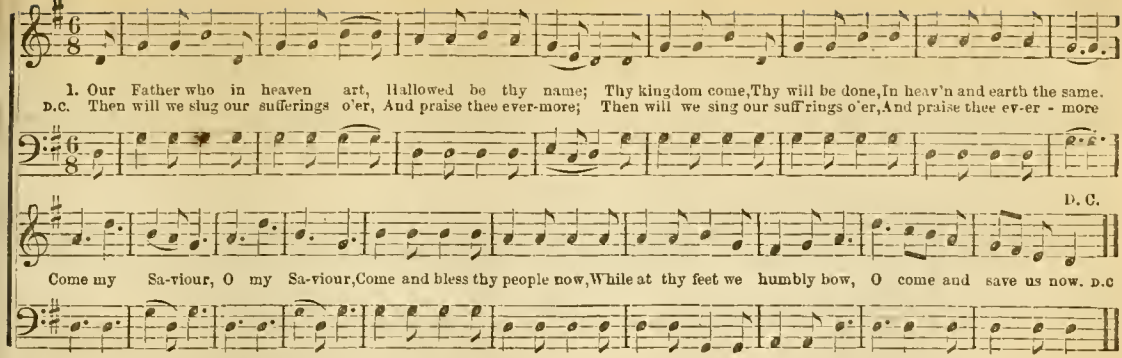
We'll praise him a - gain when we pass o- ver Jor-dan; We'll praise him a-gain when we pass o - ver Jor - dan.

546 JESUS IS THERE.

1. Haste, my dull soul, a - rise, Shake off thy eare; Press for the promised prize, Migh-ty in prayer.
2. Souls for the marriage feast, Robed and pre - pared;— Ho - ly must be such guests; Je - sus is there!
3. Heaven's bliss is perfect, pure—Je - sus is there! Heaven's bliss is ev - er sure—Thou art its heir.

Christ, he has gone be-fore, Count all thy sufferings o'er; He all thy bur-dens bore—Je - sus is there.
Saints, wear your victory palms, Chant your ce - les-tial psalms: Bride of the Lamb, thy charms Oh! let me wear.

What makes its joys complete—What makes its hymns so sweet; There we our friends will greet—Je-sus is there.



2

Give us this day our daily bread;
Our trespasses forgive;
As we forgive our fellow-men,
May we thy grace receive.
Come, my Saviour, &c.

3

And in temptation leave us not;
From evil us defend;
For thine, O Lord, the kingdom is,
For ever, without end.
Come, my Saviour, &c.

4

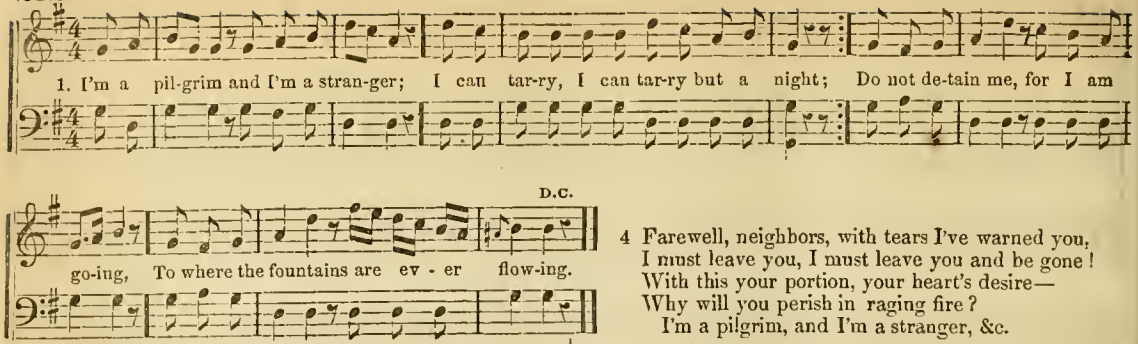
Thine is the power, O Lord, to bring
The kingdom down to men;
Thine is the glory evermore,
And kingdom without end.
Come, my Saviour, &c.

5

In that glad day shall all thy saints
A joyful tribute bring,
Of praise and pow'r, of joy and song,
To their exalted king
Come, my Saviour, &c.

548 PILGRIM. P. M.

HEB. XI. 12.



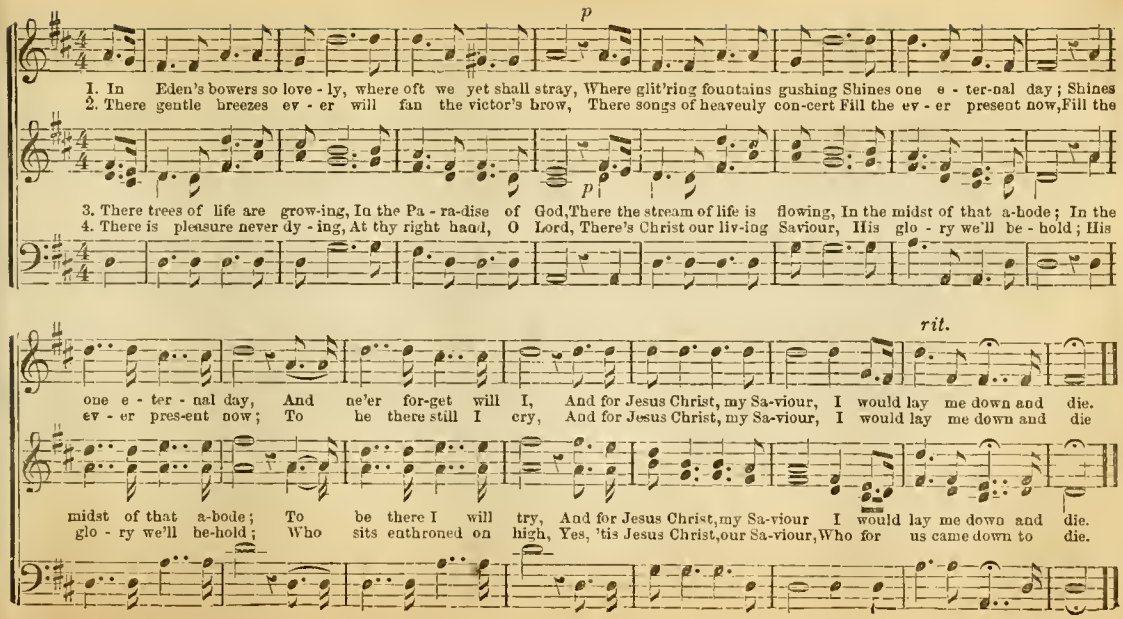
2 There the glory is ever shining!
O, my longing heart, my longing heart is there;
Here in this country so dark and dreary,
I long have wandered forlorn and weary.
I'm a pilgrim, and I'm a stranger, &c.

3 There's the city to which I journey;
My Redeemer, my Redeemer is its light!
There is no sorrow, nor any sighing,
Nor any tears there, nor any dying!
I'm a pilgrim, and I'm a stranger, &c.

4 Farewell, neighbors, with tears I've warned you,
I must leave you, I must leave you and be gone!
With this your portion, your heart's desire—
Why will you perish in raging fire?
I'm a pilgrim, and I'm a stranger, &c.

5 Father, mother and sister, brother!
If you will not journey with me I must go!
Now since your vain hopes you will thus cherish,
Should I too linger and with you perish?
I'm a pilgrim, and I'm a stranger, &c.

6 Farewell, dreary earth, by sin so blighted,
In immortal beauty soon you'll be arrayed!
He who has formed thee, will soon restore thee!
And then thy dread curse shall never more be;—
I'm a pilgrim and I'm a stranger;
Till thy rest shall end the weary pilgrim's night.


p
1. In Eden's bowers so love - ly, where oft we yet shall stray, Where glit'ring fountains gushing Shines one e - ter-nal day; Shines
2. There gentle breezes ev - er will fan the victor's brow, There songs of heaveuly con-cert Fill the ev - er present now, Fill the
p
3. There trees of life are grow-ing, In the Pa - ra-dise of God, There the stream of life is flowing, In the midst of that a-bode; In the
4. There is pleasure never dy - ing, At thy right haud, O Lord, There's Christ our liv-ing Saviour, His glo - ry we'll be - hold; His
rit.
one e - ter - nal day, And ne'er for-get will I, And for Jesus Christ, my Sa-viour, I would lay me down and die.
ev - er pres-ent now; To be there still I cry, And for Jesus Christ, my Sa-viour, I would lay me down and die
midst of that a-bode; To be there I will try, And for Jesus Christ, my Sa-viour I would lay me down and die.
glo - ry we'll be-hold; Who sits enthroned on high, Yes, 'tis Jesus Christ, our Sa-viour, Who for us came down to die.

550 THE LAST CALL.

1. 'Tis the last call of mercy, That lin-gers for thee; Oh! sin - ner re - ceive it; To Je - sus now flee! He of - ten has call'd thee, But thou hast re - fus'd! His of-fer'd sal - va-tion And love is a-bus'd!
2. If thou slightest this warning, Now of-fered at last, Thine will be the sad mourning—"The har-vest is past," Sal - va - tion I've slighted, The summer is o'er, And now there is pardon, Sweet pardon, no more.

3

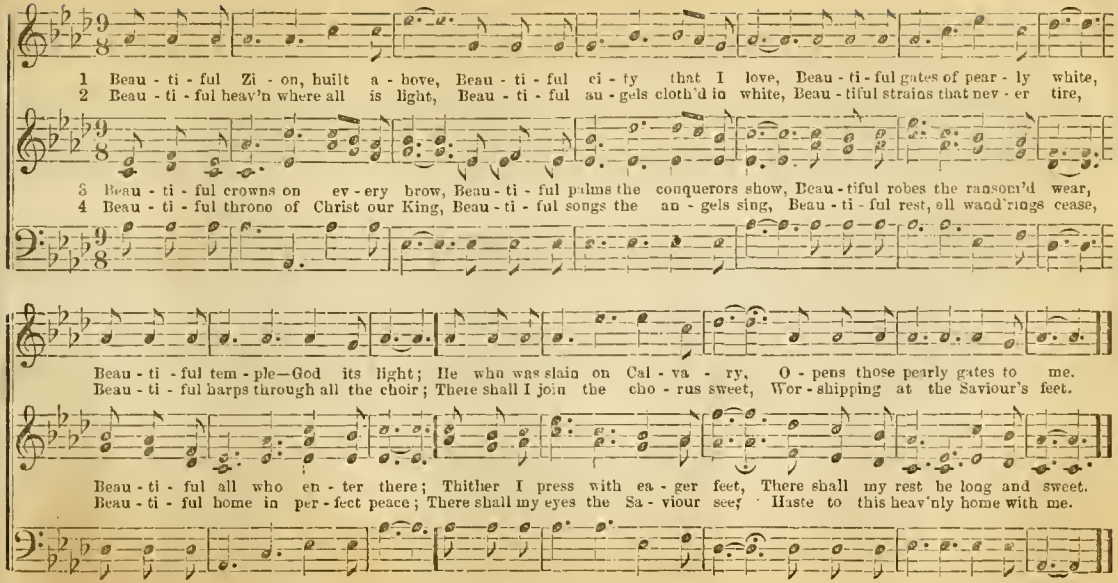
'Tis the last call of mercy,
Oh, turn not away,
For now swiftly hasteth
The dread vengeance day!
The Spirit invites you,
And pleads with you, come!
Oh, come to Life's waters,
Nor thirstingly roam!

4

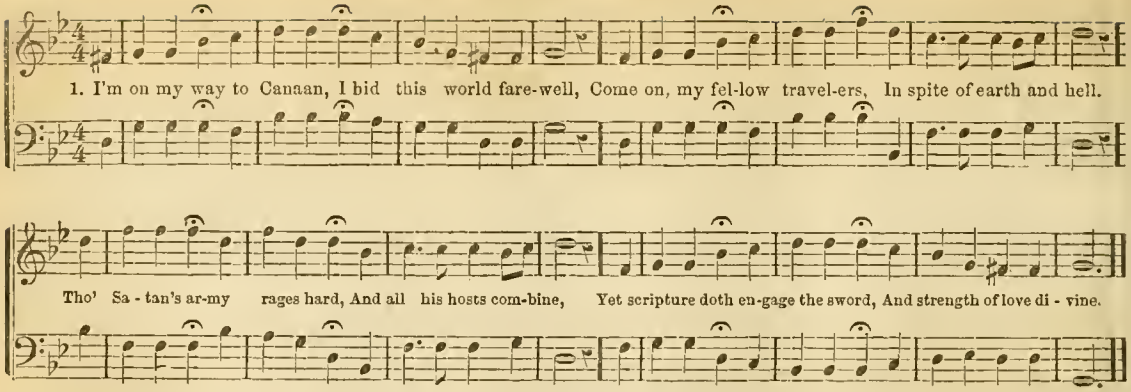
'Tis the last call of mercy,
Oh, steel not thy heart,
For now she is rising
From earth to depart!
The Bride is now calling—
"Ye thirsty souls, come!"
Oh, come with the ransom'd,
In heaven there's room!

5

'Tis the last call of mercy,
That lingers for thee;
Break away from thy bondage,
Oh, sinner, be free!
Be not a sad mourner—
"The harvest is past,
The summer is ended"—
And perish at last!


1 Beau - ti - ful Zi - on, built a - bove, Beau - ti - ful ci - ty that I love, Beau - ti - ful gates of pear - ly white,
2 Beau - ti - ful heav'n where all is light, Beau - ti - ful an - gels cloth'd in white, Beau - tiful strains that nev - er tire,
3 Beau - ti - ful crowns on ev - ery brow, Beau - ti - ful palms the conquerors show, Beau - tiful robes the ransom'd wear,
4 Beau - ti - ful throne of Christ our King, Beau - ti - ful songs the an - gels sing, Beau - ti - ful rest, all wand'rings cease,
Beau - ti - ful tem - ple—God its light; He who was slain on Cal - va - ry, O - pens those pearly gates to me.
Beau - ti - ful harps through all the choir; There shall I join the cho - rus sweet, Wor - shipping at the Saviour's feet.
Beau - ti - ful all who en - ter there; Thither I press with ea - ger feet, There shall my rest be long and sweet.
Beau - ti - ful home in per - fect peace; There shall my eyes the Sa - viour see; Haste to this heav'nly home with me.

552 WAY TO CANAAN. C. M



2

I'll blow the gospel trumpet lond,
And on the nations call;
For Christ hath me commissioned
To say he died for all.
Come try his grace, come prove him now,
You shall the gift obtain;
He will not send yon empty away,
Nor let yon come in vain.

3

My soul looks up and sees him smile,
While he the blessing sends,
And I am thinking all the while—
"When will this journey end?"
I contemplate it can't be long
Till he will come again,
Then I shall join that heavenly throng,
And in his kingdom reign.

4

"But stop," says Patience, "wait awhile,
The crown's for those who fight,
The prize for those who rnn the race
By faith and not by sight."
Then Faith doth take a pleasing view,
Hope waits, Love sits and sings.
Desire flutters to be gone,
But Patience clips her wings.

UNISON.

1 Mark that pilgrim—low-ly bending, At the shrine of prayer—ascending, Praise and sighs together blending From his lips in mournful strain;
2. List a-gain;—the low earth sigheth, And the blood of martrys crieth From its bosom, where there lieth Mil-lions up-on millions slain:

Glow-ing with sincere con-tri-tion, And with childlike, blest submission, Ev - er ris-eth this pe - ti - tion—"Jesus, come—oh, come to reign."
"Lord, how long, ere thy word given, All the wick-ed shall be driv-en From the earth by bolts of Heaven? Je-sus, come—oh come to reign."

3
Kingdoms now are reeling, falling,
Nations lie in woe appalling,
On their sages vainly calling
All these wonders to explain;
While the slain around are lying,
God's own little flock are sighing,
And in secret places crying,
"Jesus, come—oh come to reign."

4
Here the wicked lived securely,
Of to-morrow boasting surely,
While from those who're walking purely
They extort dishonest gain;
Yea, the meek are burden'd, driven;
Want and care to them are given,
But they lift the cry to Heaven,
"Jesus, come—oh come to reign."

5
Christian, CHEER THEE—land is nearing.
Still be hopeful—nothing fearing;
Soon, in majesty appearing,
You'll behold the Lamb once slain;
Oh how joyful then to hear him,
While all nations shall revere him,
Saying to his flock who fear him,
"*I have come—on earth to reign.*"

554 I LONG TO BE THERE. 11s

1. In the midst of temptation, and sorrow, and strife, And e-vils unnumber'd, of this bit ter life, I . look to a blessed earth, free from all care;
2. When pov-er - ty presses, and foes do sur-round, And clouds of thick darkness do hover around, The pathway to glory which Christ did prepare,

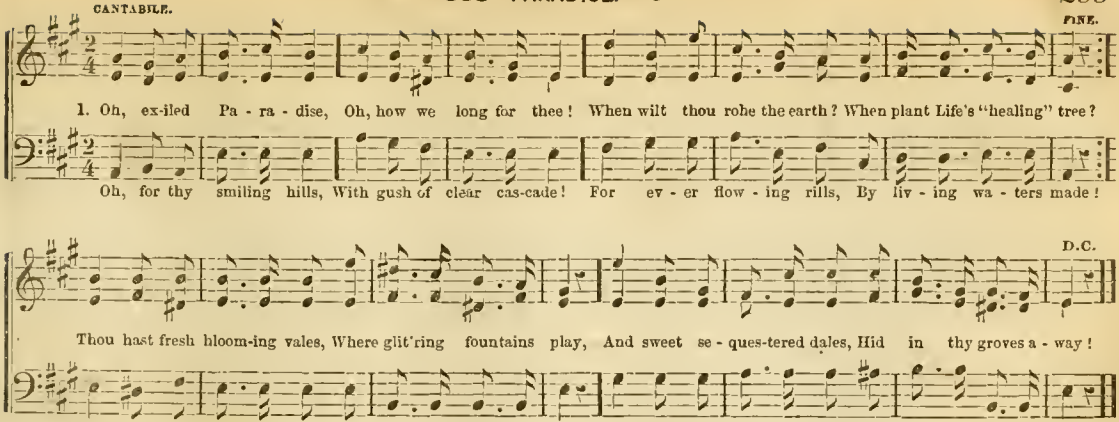
The kingdom of Je-sus, and long to be there, long to be there, long to be there, The kingdom of Je-sus, And long to be there!
I look for his coming, and long to be there, long to be there, long to be there, I look for his coming, And long to be there!

3

When the wicked are scoffing,—because I believe
The Saviour is coming, my pains to relieve,—
I weep for their folly, and bow in deep prayer,
For Christ's coming kingdom, and long to be there!

4

I long to be there! and the thought that 'tis near
Makes me almost impatient for Christ to appear,
And fit up that dwelling of glories so rare,
The earth rob'd in beauty, I long to be there!



2 Oh, for thy fragrant flowers
That bloom through all the year;
Oh, for thy rosy bowers,
The "wilderness" to cheer!
To thee we shall "return,
And to Mount Zion come!"
With songs sing joyfully,
"And shout the harvest home!"

Awake the harp and lute,
In praises to the King
Who reigns on David's throne,
To Him Hosannas bring!

3 Jesus shall ever reign!
When His bright kingdom comes
The sun shall be ashamed
Before his dazzling thrones!

The moon confounded, then,
Shall hide her silver ray,
And saints of every age
Rejoice in glorious day:
Oh, exiled Paradise,
Oh, how we long for thee!
Robe thou anew the earth,
Bring back Life's healing tree.

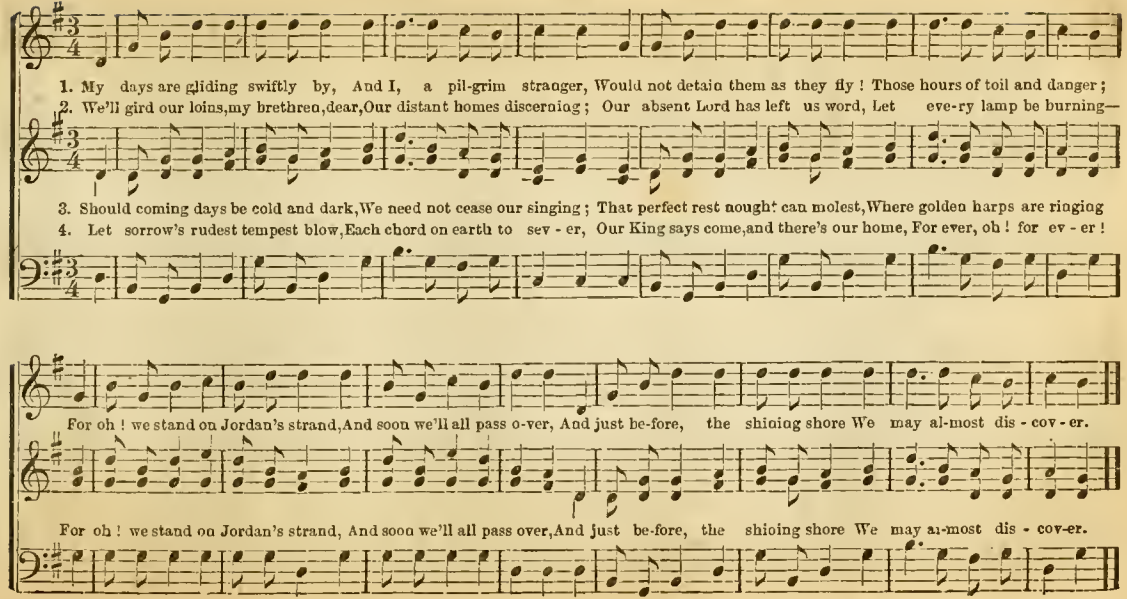
556 GLORIOUS TREASURE. 10s & 8s.

1. Re - lig - ion is a glo-rious treas-ure The pur-chase of a Saviour's blood;
It fills the mind with con - so - la - tion, It lifts the heart to things a - bove; } It calms our fears, it soothes our sor - rows,

It smoothes our way o'er life's rough sea, 'T is mix'd with goodness meek, humble, patient, This heavenly por - tion mine shall be.

2 How vain, how fleeting, how transitory!
This world, with all its pomp and show,
Its vain delights and delusive pleasures,
I gladly leave them all below;
But grace and glory shall be my story,
While I in Jesus such beauties see.
While endless ages are onward rolling,
This heavenly portion mine shall be.

3 This earthly house shall be dissolved,
And mortal life shall soon be o'er—
All earthly cares and earthly sorrows
Shall pain my heart and eyes no more;
Yet "pure religion" remains forever,
And strengthened my glad heart shall be;
While endless ages are onward rolling,
This heavenly portion mine shall be.


1. My days are gliding swiftly by, And I, a pil-grim stranger, Would not detain them as they fly ! Those hours of toil and danger ;
2. We'll gird our loins,my brethren,dear,Our distant homes discerning ; Our absent Lord has left us word, Let eve-ry lamp be burning—
3. Should coming days be cold and dark,We need not cease our singing ; That perfect rest nought can molest,Where golden harps are ringing
4. Let sorrow's rudest tempest blow,Each chord on earth to sev - er, Our King says come,and there's our home, For ever, oh ! for ev - er !
For oh ! we stand on Jordan's strand,And soon we'll all pass o-ver, And just be-fore, the shining shore We may al-most dis - cov - er.
For oh ! we stand on Jordan's strand, And soon we'll all pass over,And just be-fore, the shining shore We may al-most dis - cov-er.

558 THE GREAT PHYSICIAN. 7s & 6s.

1. How lost was my con - di-tion Till Je - sus made me whole; There is but one Phy - si - cian Can cure the sin - sick soul:
2. The worst of all dis - eas-es Is light, compared with sin; On eve - ry part it seiz - es, But ra - ges most with - in;

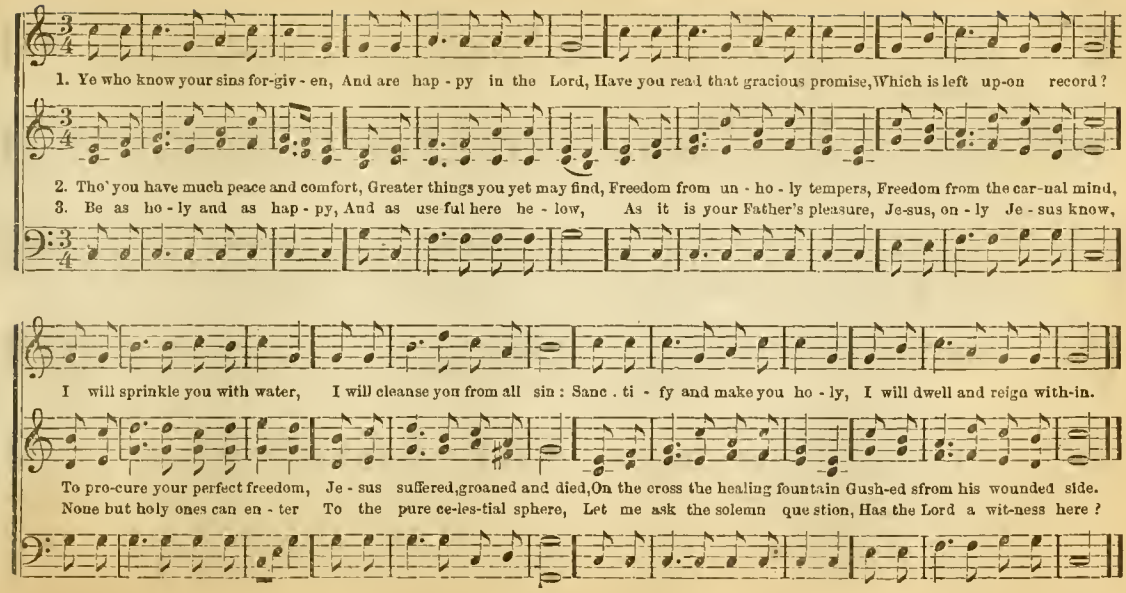
3. From men great skill professing, I sought a cure to gain; But this proved more distressing, And ad-ded to my pain,
4. At length this great Physician,(How matchless is his grace!) Ac - cept - ed my pe - ti - tion, And un-der-took my case:

5. A dy - ing, ris - en Je-sus, Seen by an eye of faith, At once from dan - ger frees us, And saves the soul from death

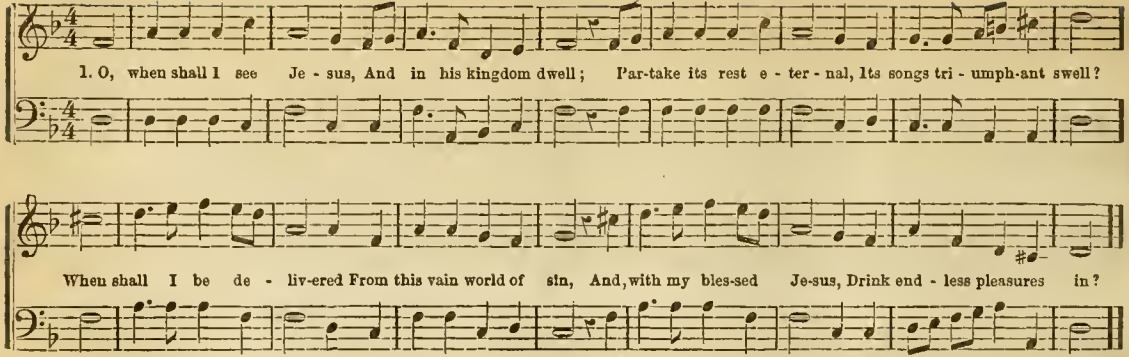
Next door to death he found me, And snatched me from the grave, To tell to all a-round me His wondrous pow'r to save.
'Tis pal - sy, plague, and fe - ver, And mad-ness all com-bined; And none but a be - liev - er The least re - lief can find.

Some said that nothing ailed me, Some gave me up for lost; Thus eve-ry refuge failed me, And all my hopes were crossed.
First gave me sight to view him, For sin my eyes had sealed; Then bade me look un-to him; I looked, and I was healed!

Come, then, to this Phy si - cian, His help he'll free - ly give; He makes no hard con - di-tion—'Tis on - ly look and live.


1. Ye who know your sins for-giv - en, And are hap - py in the Lord, Have you read that gracious promise, Which is left up-on record?
2. Tho' you have much peace and comfort, Greater things you yet may find, Freedom from un - ho - ly tempers, Freedom from the car-nal mind,
3. Be as ho - ly and as hap - py, And as use ful here be - low, As it is your Father's pleasure, Je-sus, on - ly Je - sus know,
I will sprinkle you with water, I will cleanse you from all sin: Sanc . ti - fy and make you ho - ly, I will dwell and reign with-in.
To pro-cure your perfect freedom, Je - sus suffered, groaned and died, On the cross the healing fountain Gush-ed sfrom his wounded side.
None but holy ones can en - ter To the pure ce-les-tial sphere, Let me ask the solemn que stion, Has the Lord a wit-ness here?

560 O, WHEN SHALL I SEE JESUS? 7s & 6s.



2

But now I am a soldier;
My Captain's gone before;
He's given me my orders,
And bids me not give o'er:
If I continue faithful,
A righteous crown he'll give,
And all his valiant soldiers
Eternal life shall have.

3

Our eyes shall then, with rapture,
The Saviour's face behold;
Our feet, no more diverted,
Shall walk the streets of gold;
Our ears shall hear with transport
The hosts celestial sing;
Our tongues shall chant the glory
Of our immortal King.

FINE.

1. Oh! blissful day of promise blest, We long to share thy peace, When pain and eve - ry ill shall end, And pleasures nev - er cease,—
And eve - ry wond'ring, grateful heart, Ex - tol thy work of grace.

2. Re-deem'd beyond the reach of sin, Vic - to - rious o'er the grave, The ransom'd shall with angel tongues A - dore thy power to save.
And naught shall e-ver cause a tear, For grief will ne'er be found.

3. There crowns of glory gemm'd with light, The gifts from Christ's own hand, Shall every princely saint a-dorn With - in the promis'd land.
"To Christ, who saved us by his blood, All glo - ry shall be-long."

Close with second strain.

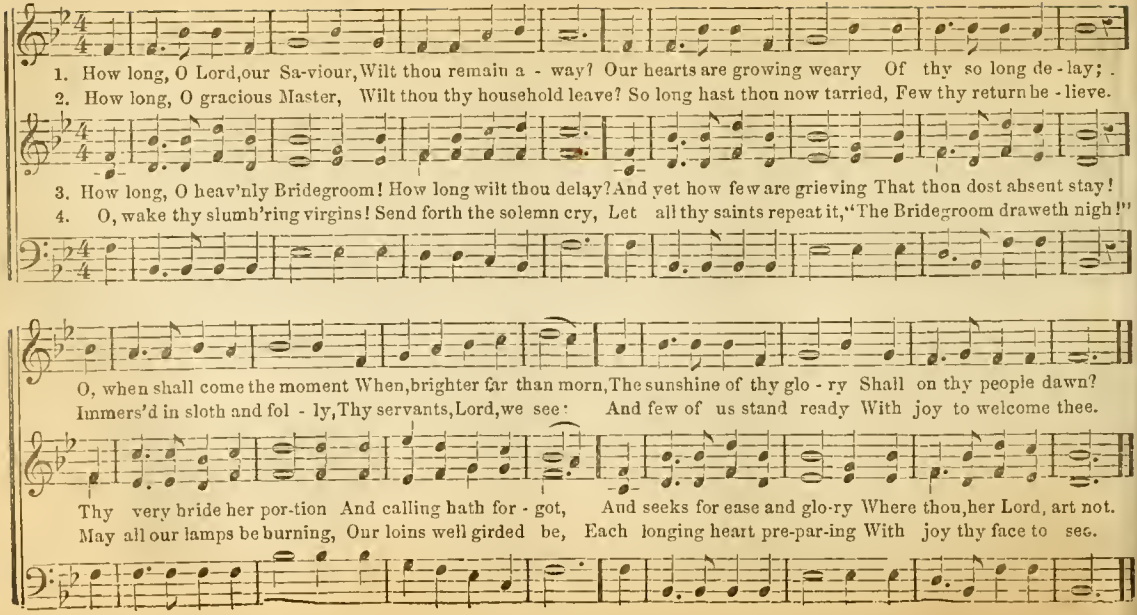
When rapt'rous joy, like ho - ly fire, Shall swell our song of praise,

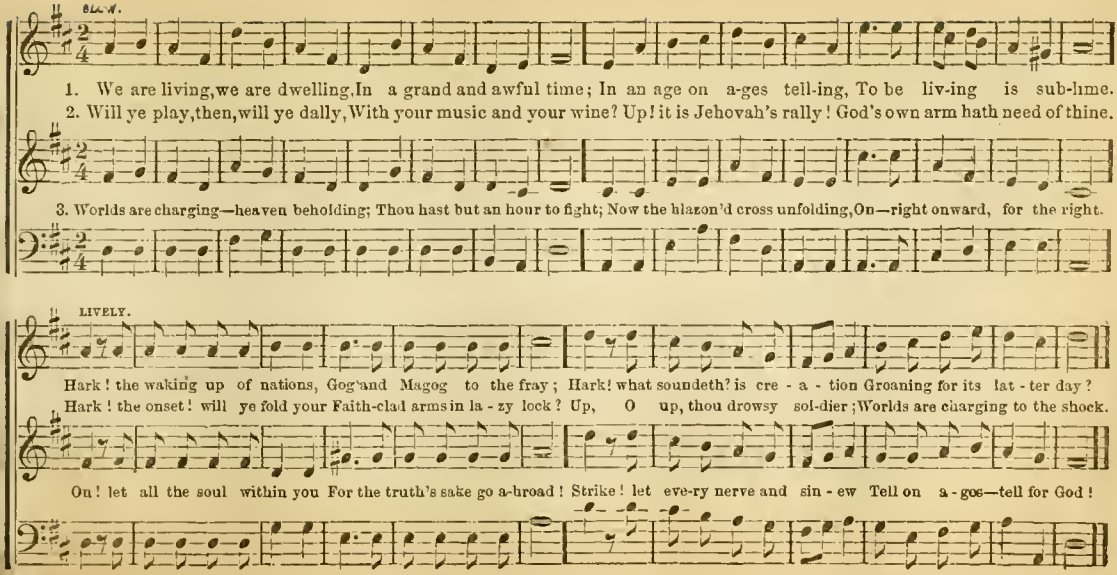
Thy wond'rous love shall keep each heart In sweet-est u-nion bound,

To gold - en lyres each voice shall tune An anthem sweet and long,—

4

Oh! glorious day, with haste draw near,
For we would share thy rest;
We long from every evil freed
To be supremely blest.
Oh! shed thy beams of glory forth
Dispel this gloomy night,
And let the earth renew'd rejoice
To see thy welcome light.


1. How long, O Lord, our Sa-viour, Wilt thou remain a - way? Our hearts are growing weary Of thy so long de - lay;
2. How long, O gracious Master, Wilt thou thy household leave? So long hast thou now tarried, Few thy return be - lieve.
3. How long, O heav'nly Bridegroom! How long wilt thou delay? And yet how few are grieving That thou dost absent stay!
4. O, wake thy slumb'ring virgins! Send forth the solemn cry, Let all thy saints repeat it, "The Bridegroom draweth nigh!"
O, when shall come the moment When, brighter far than morn, The sunshine of thy glo - ry Shall on thy people dawn?
Immers'd in sloth and fol - ly, Thy servants, Lord, we see: And few of us stand ready With joy to welcome thee.
Thy very bride her por-tion And calling hath for - got, And seeks for ease and glo-ry Where thou, her Lord, art not.
May all our lamps be burning, Our loins well girded be, Each longing heart pre-par-ing With joy thy face to see.


SLOW.
1. We are living, we are dwelling, In a grand and awful time; In an age on a-ges tell-ing, To be liv-ing is sub-lime.
2. Will ye play, then, will ye dally, With your music and your wine? Up! it is Jehovah's rally! God's own arm hath need of thine.
3. Worlds are charging—heaven beholding; Thou hast but an hour to fight; Now the blazon'd cross unfolding, On—right onward, for the right.
LIVELY.
Hark! the waking up of nations, Gog and Magog to the fray; Hark! what soundeth? is cre - a - tion Groaning for its lat - ter day?
Hark! the onset! will ye fold your Faith-clad arms in la - zy lock? Up, O up, thou drowsy sol-dier; Worlds are charging to the shock.
On! let all the soul within you For the truth's sake go a-broad! Strike! let eve-ry nerve and sin - ew Tell on a - ges—tell for God!

564 BOWER OF PRAYER. 11s.

1. To leave my dear friends, and with neighbors to part, And go from my home, af - fects not my heart, Like the
2. Dear bow'r, where the pine and the pop - lar have spread, And wov'n their branches a roof o'er my head; How
3. The ear - ly shrill notes of a lov'd night-in-gale That dwelt in the bow'r, I ob-serv'd as my bell To

tho't of absenting my-self for a day, From that blest re-treat where I've chosen to pray,—where I've chosen to pray.
oft have I knelt on the ev - er-green there, And pour'd out my soul to my Sa-viour in prayer, to my Saviour in prayer.

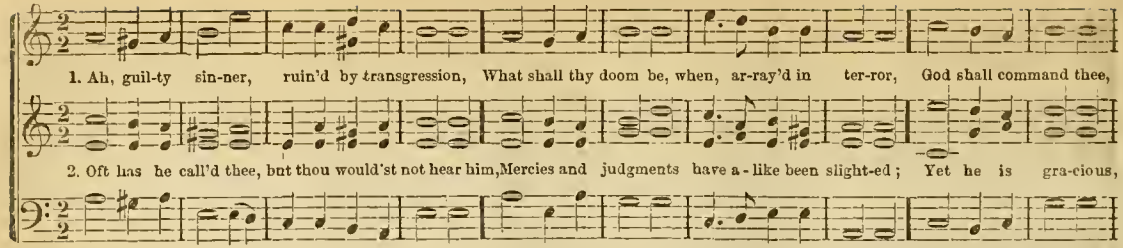
call me to duty, while birds in the air Sung anthems of praises while I went to prayer, while I went to prayer

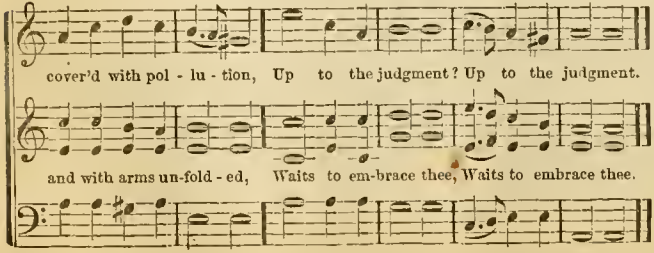
1. This book is all that's left me now! Tears will unbidden start; With falt'ring lip and throbbing brow, I press it to my heart;
2. Ah! well do I re-mem-ber those Whose names these records bear; Who round the hearth-stone used to close, After the evening prayer,

3. My fa-ther read this ho - ly book To brothers, sis-ters dear— How calm was my poor mother's look, Who lov'd God's word to hear.
4. Thou truest friend man ever knew, Thy con-stan-cy I've tried; When all were false I've found thee true, My coun-sel-lor and guide.

For man - y gen-er - a-tions pass'd Here is our family tree; My mother's hands this Bible clasp'd; She, dy-ing, gave it me.
And speak of what these pages said, In tones my heart would thrill! Tho' they are with the silent dead, Here are they liv- ing still.

Her an-gel face—I see it yet! What thronging mem'ries come! A-gain that lit - tle group is met, With-in the walls of home.
The mines of earth no treasure give, That could this volume buy— In teaching me the way to live, It learnt me how to die



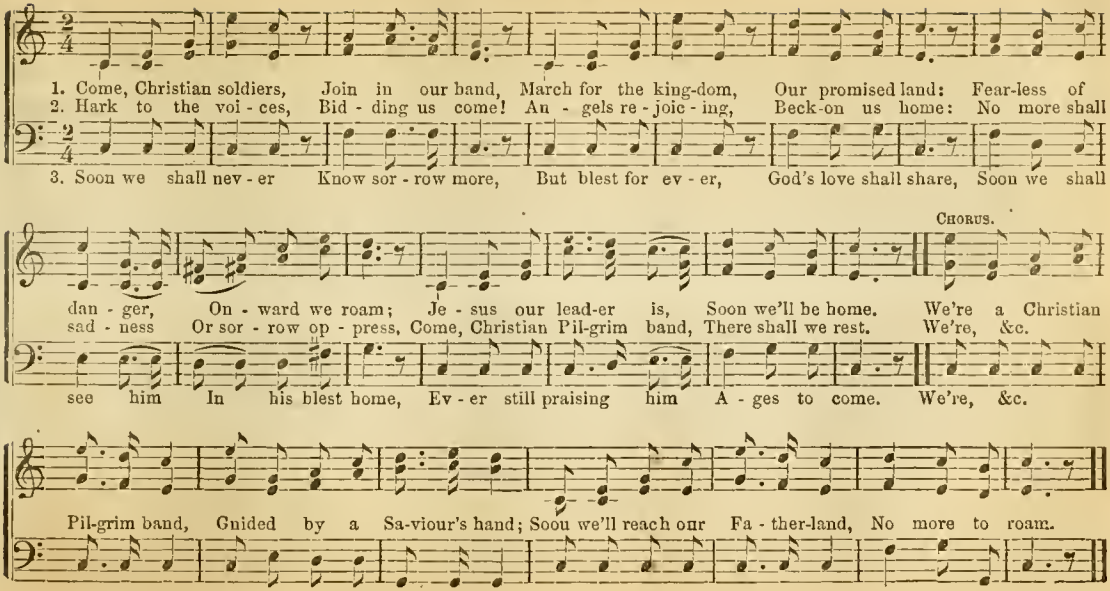


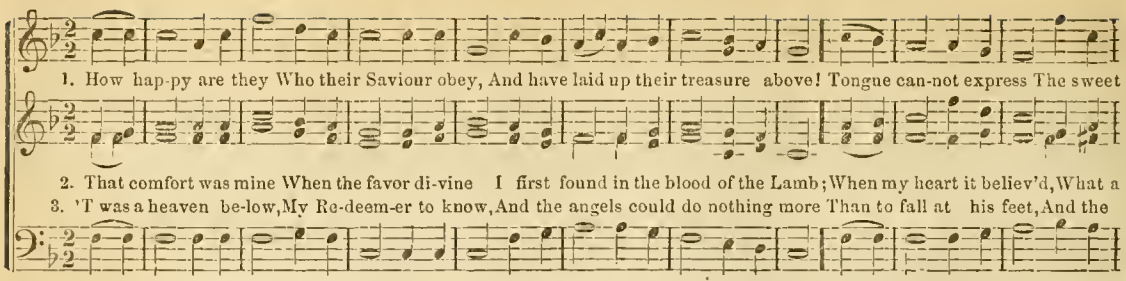
3 Come, then, poor sinner, come away this moment,
Just as you are, come, filthy and polluted,
Come to the fountain open for uncleanness;
Jesus invites you.

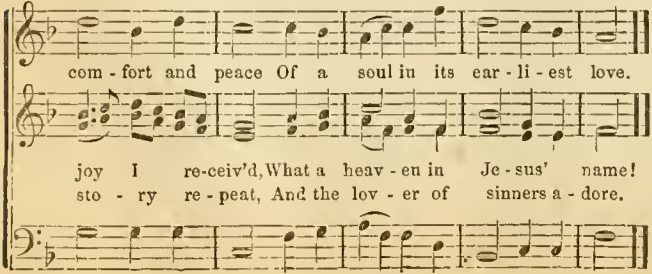
4 But, if you trifle with his gracious message,
Cleave to the world and love its guilty pleasures,
Mercy, grown weary, shall in righteous judgment,
Quit you for ever.

5 Then you shall call, but he will not regard you,
Seek for his favor, yet shall never find it,
Cry to the rocks to hide you from his presence,
Deep in their caverns.

6 Oh! guilty sinner, hear the voice of warning;
Fly to the Saviour, and embrace his pardon;
So shall you fearless meet, with joy triumphant,
Death and the judgment!

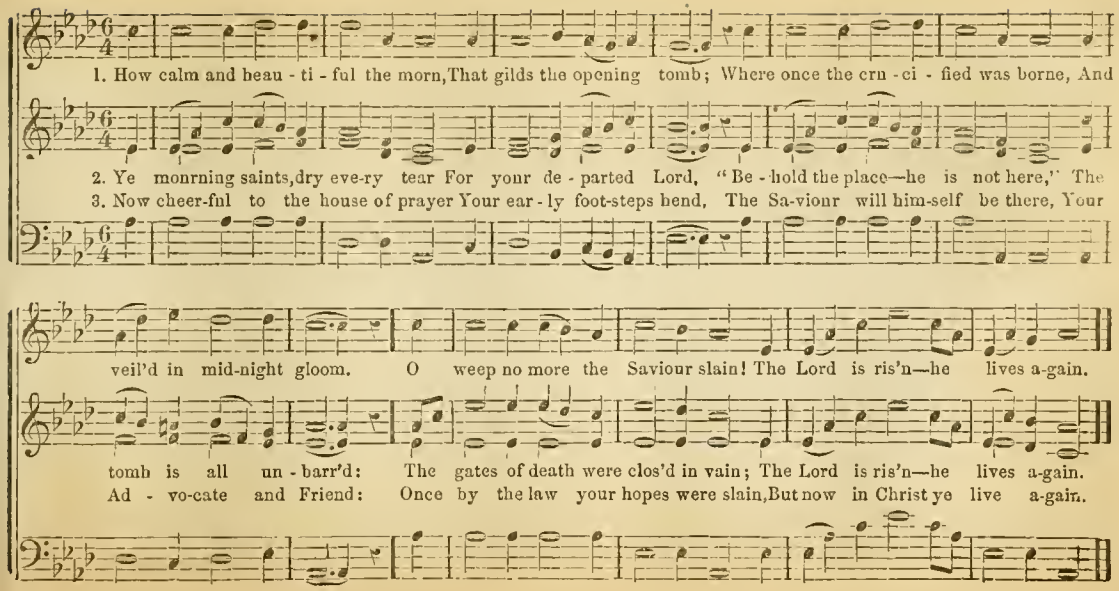

1. Come, Christian soldiers, Join in our band, March for the king-dom, Our promised land: Fear-less of
2. Hark to the voi - ces, Bid - ding us come! An - gels re - joic - ing, Beck-on us home: No more shall
3. Soon we shall nev - er Know sor - row more, But blest for ev - er, God's love shall share, Soon we shall
Chorus.
dan - ger, On - ward we roam; Je - sus our lead-er is, Soon we'll be home. We're a Christian
sad - ness Or sor - row op - press, Come, Christian Pil-grim band, There shall we rest. We're, &c.
see him In his blest home, Ev - er still praising him A - ges to come. We're, &c.
Pil-grim band, Guided by a Sa-viour's hand; Soon we'll reach our Fa - ther-land, No more to roam.





4
Jesus all the day long
Was my joy and my song;
O that all his salvation might see!
He hath lov'd me, I cried,
He hath suffer'd and died,
To redeem even rebels like me.

5
O the rapturous height
Of that holy delight
Which I felt in the life-giving blood!
Of my Saviour possess'd,
I was perfectly blest,
As if fill'd with the fulness of God.


1. How calm and beau - ti - ful the morn, That gilds the opening tomb; Where once the cru - ci - fied was borne, And
2. Ye mourning saints, dry eve-ry tear For your de - parted Lord, "Be - hold the place—he is not here," The
3. Now cheer-ful to the house of prayer Your ear - ly foot-steps bend, The Sa-viour will him-self be there, Your
veil'd in mid-night gloom. O weep no more the Saviour slain! The Lord is ris'n—he lives a-gain.
tomb is all un - barr'd: The gates of death were clos'd in vain; The Lord is ris'n—he lives a-gain.
Ad - vo-cate and Friend: Once by the law your hopes were slain, But now in Christ ye live a-gain.

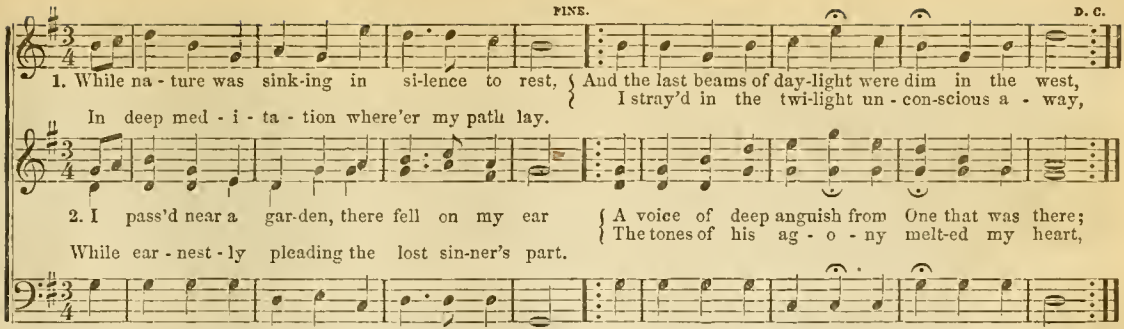
570 BIBLE LEADS TO GLORY.

1. My Bi-ble leads to glo-ry, My Bi-ble leads to glo-ry, My Bi-ble leads to glo - ry, Ye fol-low-ers of the Lamb.
2. I'm on my way to glo-ry, I'm on my way to glo-ry, I'm on my way to glo - ry, Ye fol-low-ers of the Lamb.
3. I'm fight-ing for a kingdom, I'm fighting for a kingdom, I'm fighting for a kingdom, Ye fol-low-ers of the Lamb.
4. We'll have a shout in glo-ry, We'll have a shout in glo-ry, We'll have a shout in glo-ry, Ye fol-low-ers of the Lamb.
5. There we shall live for - ev-er, There we shall live for-ev-er, There we shall live for-ev-er, Ye fol-low-ers of the Lamb.

CHORUS.

Sing on, pray on, ye fol - low - ers of Im-man - u - el, Sing on, pray on, Ye fol-low - ers of the Lamb.

Sing on, pray on, ye fol - low - ers of Im-man - u - el, Sing on, pray on, Ye fol - low - ers of the Lamb.



3 In offering to heaven his strong, matchless prayer,
He spake of the torments the sinner must bear;
His life as a ransom he offered to give,
That sinners redeemed in glory might live.

4 So deep was his sorrow, so fervent his prayers,
That down o'er his bosom roll'd sweat, blood, and tears!
I wept to behold him, and asked his name;
He answer'd, "'Tis Jesus—from heaven I came.

5 "I am thy Redeemer—for thee I must die;
The cup is most painful, but cannot pass by;
Thy sins like a mountain are laid upon me,
And all this deep anguish I suffer for thee!"

6 I heard with attention the tale of his woe,
While tears like a fountain of waters did flow;
The cause of his sorrow to hear him repeat,
Affected my heart, and I fell at his feet.

7 I trembled with horror, and loudly did cry,
"Lord, save, or I perish! O, save, or I die!"
He smiled when he saw me, and said to me, "Live!
Thy sins, which are many, I freely forgive."

8 How sweet was that language! it made me rejoice!
His smile, O, how pleasant! how cheering his voice!
I ran from the garden to spread it abroad;
I shouted, "Salvation! O, glory to God!"

9 I'm now on my journey to mansions so bright,
My soul full of glory, of peace, love and light!
I think of the garden, the prayer, and the tears,
And that loving stranger who banish'd my fears.

10 The day of bright glory is rolling around,
When Gabriel, descending, the trumpet shall sound;
My soul then in raptures of glory will rise,
To gaze on that stranger with unclouded eyes.

572 ANTIOCH. C. M.

SPIRITED.

1 Joy to the world! the Lord will come! Let earth receive her King; And

1 Joy to the world! the Lord will come! Let earth receive her King; Let ev'-ry heart prepare him room, And heav'n and nature

1 Joy to the world! the Lord will come! Let earth receive her King; And

heav'n and nature sing..... And heav'n and nature sing.

sing, And heav'n and nature sing, And heav'n, And heav'n and nature sing..

heav'n and nature sing, And heav'n and nature sing, And heav'n and nature sing.

2 Joy to the world! the Lord shall reign!
Let men their songs employ;
While fields and floods, rocks, hills, and plains
Repeat the sounding joy.

3 No more shall sin and sorrow grow,
Nor thorns infest the ground;
He comes to make his blessings flow
Far as the curse is found.

4 He'll rule the world with truth and grace,
And make the nations prove
The glories of his righteousness
And wonders of his love.

573 (ANTIOCH.)

1 HOW sweet the name of Jesus sounds
In a believer's ear!
It soothes his sorrows, heals his wounds,
And drives away his fear.

2 It makes the wounded spirit whole,
And calms the troubled breast;
'Tis manna to the hungry soul,
And to the weary, rest.

3 Jesus our Shepherd, Husband, Friend,
Our Prophet, Priest, and King;
Our Lord, our life, our way, our end,
Accept the praise we bring.

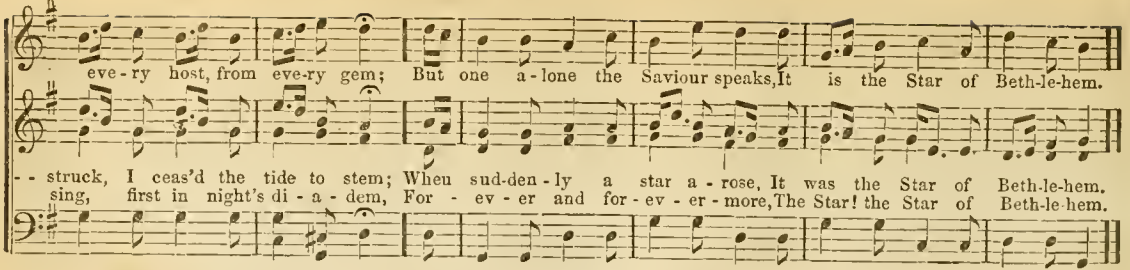
4 Weak is the effort of each heart,
And cold our warmest thought,
But when we see thee as thou art,
We'll praise thee as we ought.

574 STAR OF BETHLEHEM. L. M.

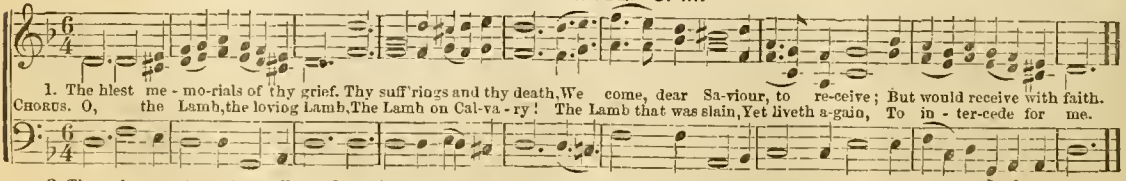
1. When marshall'd on the night-ly plain, The glitt'ring host be - stud the sky; One star a-lone of all the train, Can fix the sin-ner's wand'ring eye Hark! hark! to God the chorus breaks, From

2. Once on the raging seas I rode. The storm was loud, the night was dark, The o-cean yawn'd, and rudely blow'd The wind that toss'd my found'ring bark. Deep hor-ror then my vi - tals froze; Death-

3. It was my guide, my light, my all; It bade my dark fore- bod-ing cease; And thro' the storm and danger's thrall, It led me to the port of peace. Now safe - ly moor'd—my per-ils o'er, I'll



575 SACRIFICE. C. M.



3

The pledges thou wast pleased to leave
Our mournful minds to move,
We come, dear Saviour, to receive;
But would receive with love.—CHO.

4

Here, in obedience to thy word,
We take the bread and wine;
The utmost we can do, dear Lord,
For all beyond is thine.—CHO.

5

Increase our faith, and hope, and love;
Lord, give us every good;
We would thy full salvation prove,
And share thy flesh and blood.

1. "Are we al - most there? are we al - - most there?" Says the wea - ry saint as he sighs for home;
2. Then he talks of the flow'rs, the un - sul - lied stream, That flows thro' the Par - a - dise of God;
3. He is weary and sick of this world's rude strife, And pants for a ho - ly, peaceful clime:

"Are those the ver - dant trees that rear Their state - ly forms 'mid heaven's bright dome?"
And he longs to wake from life's troubled dream, To walk those gold - en streets a-broad.
To glow with the vig - or of end - less life, And be compass'd no more by the bounds of time.

4 His eye is fixed on the world to come,
He walks by faith through this vale of care,
And oft inquires as he draws near home;
With anxious heart, "Are we almost there?"

5 They bid him look at the charms of earth,
At the boasted trophies man doth rear;
To enter the giddy halls of mirth—
But ah! how vain do they all appear.

6 For he's had an earnest of those joys
Which the righteous alone can ever share;
He turns with contempt from these earthly toys,
And fervently asks—"Are we almost there?"

7 He is waiting to hear the trumpet sound.
And to meet his Saviour in the air;
The day-star dawns—soon with joyous bound,
He can say indeed—"We are almost there!"

577 "HAIL TO THE BRIGHTNESS." 11s & 10s. L. MASON.

PRESTO.

1. Hail to the brightness of Zion's glad morning! Joy to the lands that in darkness have lain! Hush'd be the accents of sor-row and
2. Hail to the brightness of Zion's glad morning, Long by the prophets of Israel fore-told! Hail to the millions from bondage re-

3. Lo, in the des-ert rich flowers are springing; Streams ev-er co-pious are gilding a-long; Loud from the mountain-tops ech-oes are
4. See the dead risen from land and from ocean; Praise to Je-ho-vah as-cending on high; Fall'n are the engines of war and com-

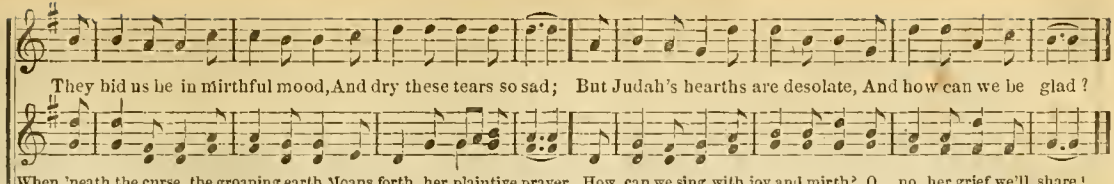
mourning; Zi-on in tri-umph begins her mild reign.
-turn-ing! Gentiles and Jews the blest vision be-hold.

ring-ing; Wastes rise in ver-dure and mingle in song
mo-tion; Shouts of sal-va-tion are rending the sky.

578 THE CAPTIVE'S LAMENT. C. M.

1. O, no, we can-not sing our songs, Our glad and cheerful lays;
Our sadden'd harps refuse their strings To Zion's joy-ful strains!

2. Our si-lent harps o'er Babel's streams Are hung on willows lone;
We'll mourn until our absent Lord Re-turns to claim his own.



3 How can we sing when martyrs mourn,
"How long, O Lord, how long?"
How can our souls gush forth in joy,
And swell with raptured song?
Then bid us not refrain from grief,
For we must still be sad;
Until the "Morning Star" arise,
We will no more be glad.

579

1 On time's tempestuous ocean wide,
A gallant ship set sail;
And out into the raging deep
She stood before the gale;
Well fitted to abide the storm,
And angry waters' foam,
And bring the captives that she bore,
Unto her haven home.

2 Long was to be her voyage—the time,
Six thousand years almost—
Ere she would make the highland height,
Along the heavenly coast;
Yet with her sails expanded wide,
On, on she swiftly flew;
Bearing with ardent hope and love
Her passengers and crew.

3 Oft tempests have assailed her round,
And stormy winds rose high;
And dark have been the mountain waves,
That bore her to the sky;
But o'er them all, with steady helm,
She onward pressed her way;
Her compass, true unto the pole,
Guides her to endless day.

4 Long, long she has been out, and now
She nears her haven home;
A beacon light hangs o'er her bow,
And bids her thither come.
And voices joyful oft are heard,
And music swelling high;
The land! the land! the land ahead!
With rapture now they cry.

5 Now soon will she be safely moor'd,
And anchor'd in the bay;
And all her passengers, on shore,
Will keep a festal day;
And long their songs of joy will rise,
Beneath high heaven's dome—
They've passed the stormy sea of time,
They've reached their haven home.

580 WILL YOU GO?

FINE.

1. We're going to see the bleeding Lamb,—Will you go? Will you go?
In rapturous strains to praise his name,—Will you go? Will you go?
And all the joys of heaven we'll share,—Will you go? Will you go?

The crown of life we

D.C.

there shall wear, The conqueror's palms our hands shall bear,

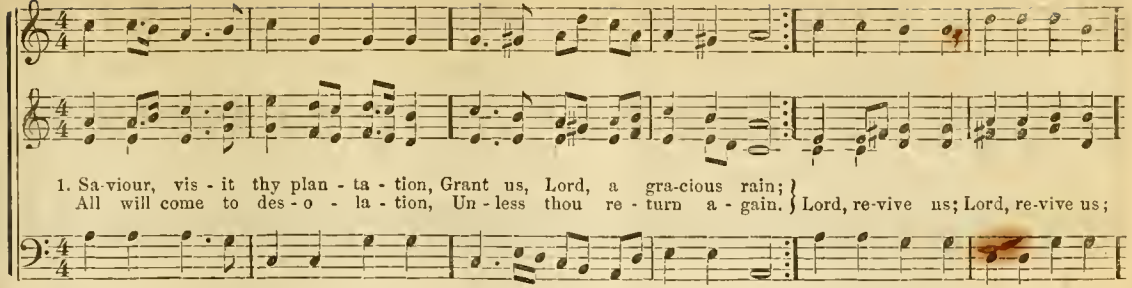
2 We're going to join the Heavenly Choir, Will you go?
To raise our voice and tune the lyre,—Will you go?
There saints and angels lond shall sing,
Hosanna to their God and King,
And make the heavenly arches ring,—Will you go?

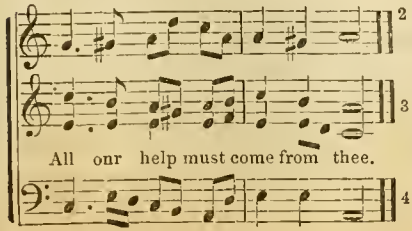
3 Ye weary, heavy-laden, come,—Will you go?
In the blest house there still is room,—Will you go?
The Lord is waiting to receive,
If thou wilt on him now believe,
He'll give thy troubled conscience ease,—Come, believe!

4 The way to Heaven is free for all,—Will you go?
For Jew and Gentile—great and small,—Will you go?
Make up your mind, give God your heart,
With every sin and idol part,
And now for glory, make a start,—Come away!

5 The way to Heaven is strait and plain,—Will you go?
Repent, believe, be born again,—Will you go?
The Saviour cries aloud to thee,
"Take up thy cross and follow me,"
And thou shalt my salvation see,—Come to me!

6 O, could I hear some sinner say,—I will go!
I'll start this moment, clear the way,—Let me go!
My old companions, fare you well,
I'll not my hope of glory sell,
I mean with Jesus Christ to dwell,—Let me go! Fare you well.





2 Keep no longer at a distance;
Shine upon us from on high,
Lest, for want of thine assistance,
Every plant should droop and die.

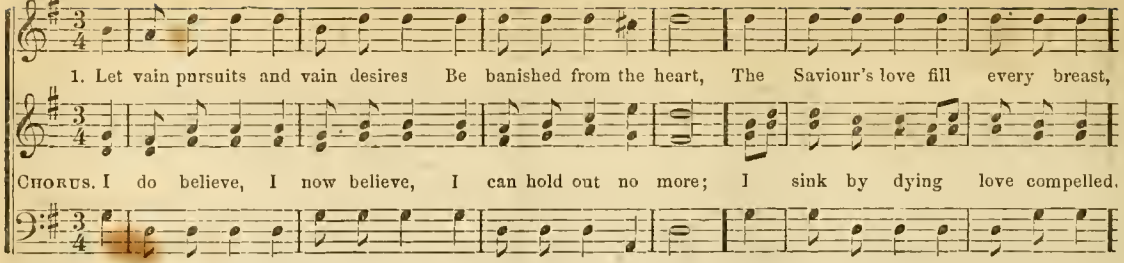
3 Surely once thy garden flourished,
Every plant look'd gay and green;
Then thy word our spirits nourished:
Happy seasons we have seen!

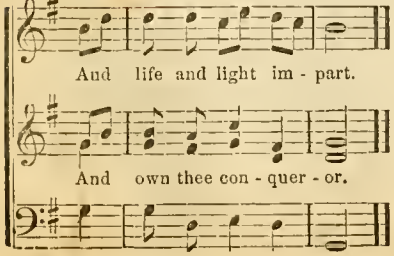
4 Dearest Saviour, hasten hither,
Thou canst make them bloom again;
O, permit them not to wither,
Let not all our hopes be vain!

5 Let our mutual love be fervent,
Make us prevalent in prayers;
Let each one esteem'd thy servant
Shun the world's bewitching snares,

6 Break the tempter's fatal power,
Turn the stony heart to flesh,
And begin from this good hour
To revive thy work afresh.

582 I DO BELIEVE. C. M.





2 He knew how frail our nature is,
Our souls how apt to stray,
How much we need his gracious help
To keep us in the way.
CHO.—I do believe, &c.

3 These faithful pledges of his love
His mercy did ordain
To bring refreshment to our souls,
And faith and hope sustain
CHO.—I do believe, &c.

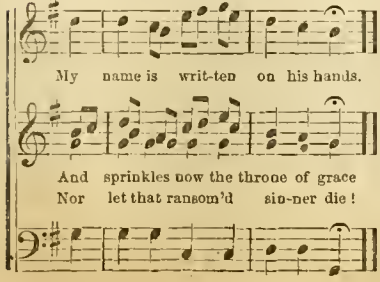
4 Since such his condescending grace,
Let us, with hearts sincere,
Obedient to his holy will,
His table now draw near.
CHO.—I do believe, &c.

5 And while we join to celebrate
The suff'rings of our Lord,
May we receive new grace and power
T' obey his holy word.
CHO.—I do believe, &c.

1. A-rise my soul, a-rise! Shake off thy guilty fears;
The bleeding sa - cri-fice In my be - half ap-pears;
Be - fore the throne my Sa-viour stands, My name is writ - ten on his hands,

2. He ev - er lives a-bove, For me to in - ter-cede;
His all-re - deeming love, His precious blood to plead;
His blood a-toned for all our race, And sprinkles now the throne of grace,

3 Five bleeding wounds he bears, Received on Cal-va-ry,
They pour effectual prayers, They strongly speak for me.
For - give him, O for - give, they cry, Nor let that ransom'd sin - ner die,



4 The Father hears him pray,
His dear anointed One;
He cannot turn away
The presence of his Son;
His Spirit answers to the blood,
And tells me I'm a child of God.
5 To God I'm reconciled;
His pardoning voice I hear;
He owns me for his child;
I can no longer fear;
With confidence I now draw nigh,
And Father, Abba, Father, cry.

584

1 Behold, how good a thing
It is to dwell in peace,
How pleasing to our King
This fruit of righteousness!
When brethren all in one agree,
How great the joys of unity!

2 When all are sweetly joined,
True followers of the Lamb,
The same in heart and mind,
In thought and speech the same,
And all in love together dwell,
The comfort is unspeakable.

3 Where unity takes place,
The joys of heaven we prove:
This is the gospel grace,
The unction from above,
The Spirit on all believers shed
Descending swift from Christ our Head.

4 In him when brethren join,
And follow after peace,
The fellowship divine
He promises to bless:
He fills them with his choicest store,
He gives them life for evermore

1. We have heard from the bright, the better land; We have heard, and our hearts are glad; For we were a lone-ly pilgrim band,
2. They say green fields are waving there, And they never a blight shall know; That des ert wilds are blooming fair,
3. We have heard of the robe, the palm, the crown, And the silvery hand in white; The city of gems in a high renown,

And weary, and worn, and sad. They tell us the pil - grims ev - er dwell there, No lon-ger are homeless ones;
And ro-ses of Sha - ron grow; And love - ly birds in bow - ers green Their mel-o - dy ev - er re - peat;
Il - lumin'd with heav'n-ly light; The King is seen in his beau - ty fair, The joy and the light of the land;

ritard. ad lib.

We know that the good - ly land is fair; Life's riv - er of wa - ter there runs.
Their war - blings min - gle, in eve - ry scene, With harpings of seraphs so sweet.
A lit - tle while, and we hope to be there, To join with that glo - ri - ous band.

586 HOPE. 6s.

1. Sing praise! the tomb is void Where the Redeemer lay; Sing of our bonds destroyed, Our darkness turned to day.
2. Weep for your dead no more; Friends, be of joyful cheer! Our star moves on before, Our narrow path shines clear.
3. He who, so patiently, The crown of thorns did wear,—He hath gone up on high; Our hope is with him there.

4 Now is his truth revealed,
His majesty and might;
The grave has been unsealed;
Christ is our life and light.

5 He who for men did weep;
Suffer, and bleed, and die,—
First fruits of them that sleep,—
Christ has gone up on high.

6 His vict'ry hath destroyed
The shafts that once could slay.
Sing praise! the tomb is void
Where the Redeemer lay

587 I AM BOUND FOR THE LAND OF CANAAN.

Arr. by S. Hubbard, 1842.

1 { Toge - ther let us sweet - ly live; I am bound for the land of Canaan; O Canaan, bright Canaan, I am
{ Toge - ther let us sweet - ly die; I am, &c.

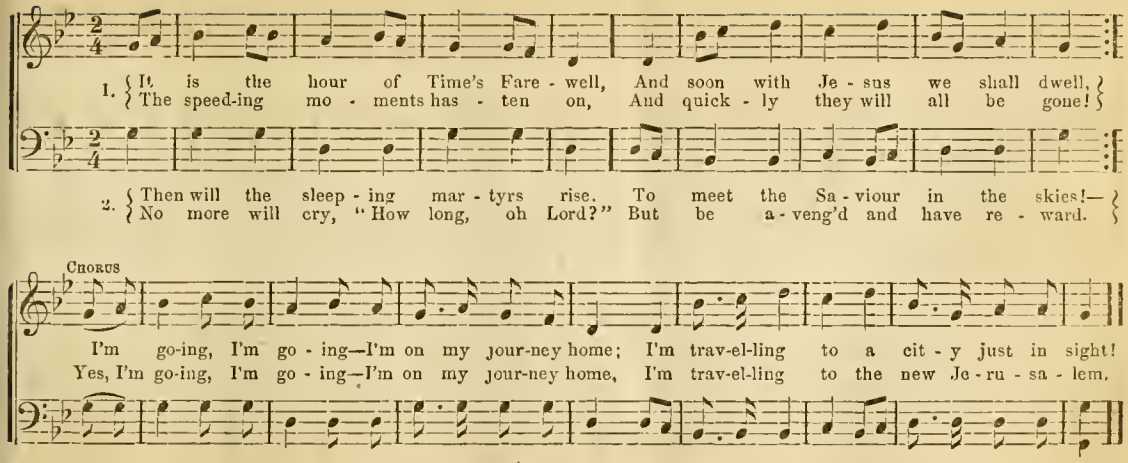
2 { To - geth - er let us watch and pray; I am bound for the land of Canaan; O Canaan, bright Canaan, I am
{ And hail re - demp - tion's joy - ous day; I am, &c.

bound for the land of Canaan; O Ca - naan, it is my hap - py home; I am bound for the land of Ca - naan.

bound for the land of Ca - naan; O Ca - naan, it is my hap - py home; I am bound for the land of Ca - naan.

3 Our songs of praise shall fill the skies, I am bound, &c.,
While higher still our joys shall rise, I am bound, &c.,
O Canaan, bright Canaan, &c.

4 Then come with me, beloved friend; I am bound, &c.,
The joys of heaven shall never end; I am bound, &c.,
O Canaan, bright Canaan, &c



3

Then will the sleeping saints come forth,
Who lie entombed in sea and earth,
And, robed in immortality,
Their Jesus, "face to face" will see.
Cho.—I'm going, I'm going, &c.

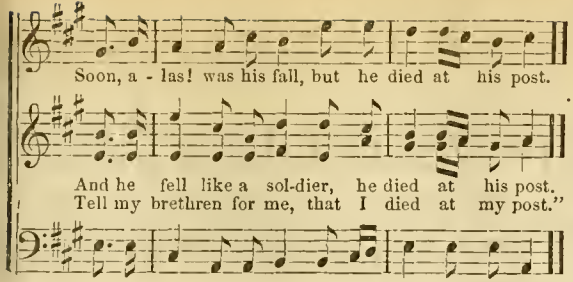
4

The living saints—they too will be
Remembered in the Jubilee.
"Caught up together" in the air.
Their Saviour's triumph they will share.
Cho.—I'm going, I'm going, &c.

589 THE FAITHFUL SENTINEL. 11s & 12s.

1. A-way from his home and the friends of his youth, He hast-ed, the her-ald of mer-cy and truth;
2. The stranger's eye wept, that in life's brightest bloom, One gift-ed so highly should sink to the tomb:
3. He wept not himself that his war-fare was done: The bat-tle was fought, and the vic-to-ry won;

For the love of his Lord, and to seek for the lost; Soon, a-las! was his fall, but he died at his post.
For in ar-dor he led in the van of his host, And he fell like a sol-dier, he died at his post.
But he whispered to those whom his heart lov'd the most, "Tell my brethren for me, that I died at my post.



4

He asked not a stone to be sculptured with verse;
He asked not that fame should his merits rehearse;
But he asked as a boon, when he gave up the ghost,
That his brethren might know that he died at his post.

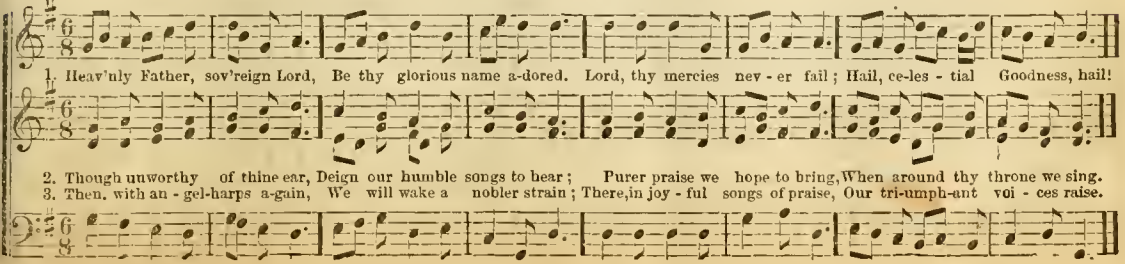
5

Victorious his fall—for he'll rise where he fell,
With Jesus, his Master, in glory to dwell;
He will pass o'er the sea, he will reach the bright coast,
For he fell like a martyr—he died at his post.

6

And can we the words of our brother forget?
Oh, no! they are fresh in our memory yet:
An example so sacred shall never be lost,
We will fall in the work—we will die at our post.

590 WARREN. 7s.



591 SOLDIERS OF THE CROSS.

BILLINGS.

1. I love this pure re-lig-ion, Soldiers of the Ju-bi - lee;
I love this pure re-lig-ion, - - - - - - - Soldiers of the Cross.

2. We'll preach a full Sal-va-tion,* Soldiers of the Ju-bi-lee;
3. We'll soon be in the kingdom - - - - - - - Soldiers of the Cross, Re-member me while toiling here, Re-member me while toiling here.

4. There are no tears in heaven, Sol-diers of the Ju - bi-lee.
5. We'll have a shout in glo-ry, - - - - - - - Soldiers of the Cross.

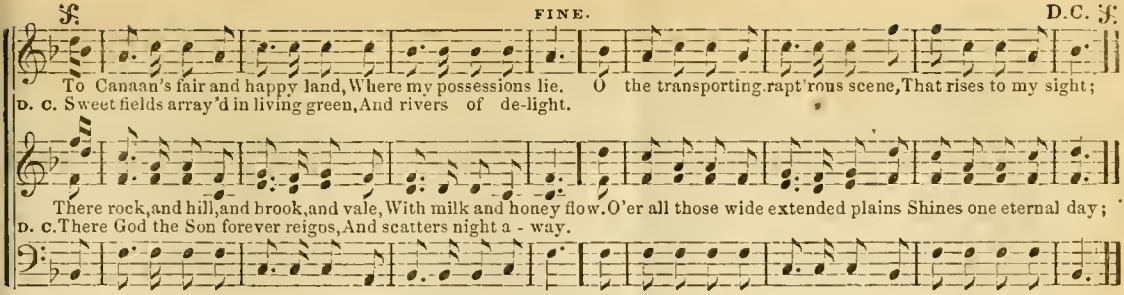
* *Repeat this line, then sing under 2.*

Soldiers of the Ju - bi-lee.
- - - - - - - Soldiers of the Cross.

592 ON JORDAN'S STORMY BANKS.

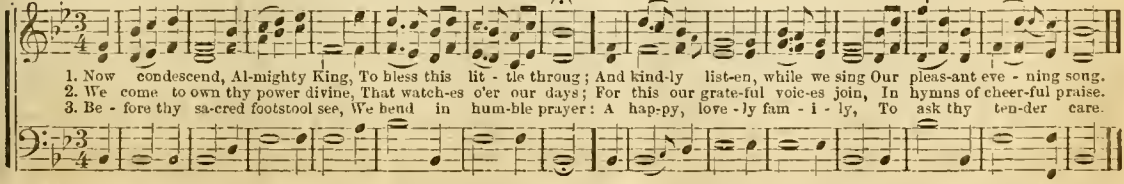
1. On Jordan's stormy banks I stand, And cast a wish-ful eye

2. There gen'rous fruits that never fail, On trees im-mor-tal grow.



593 FAMILY CIRCLE. C. M.

WM. B. BRADBURY.



4 May we in safety sleep to-night,
From every danger free;
Because the darkness and the light
Are both alike to Thee.

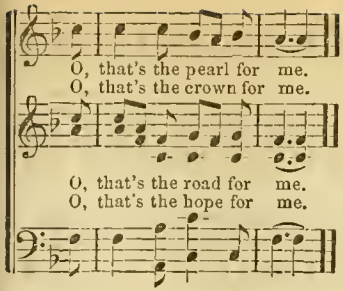
5 And when the rising sun displays
His cheerful beams abroad,
Then shall our morning hymns of praise
Declare thy goodness Lord.

6 Brothers and sisters, hand in hand,
Our lips together move;
Then smile upon this cheerful band,
And join our hearts in love.

ANDANTINO.

1. The pearl that worldlings covet, Is not the pearl for me, Its beauty fades as quickly As sunshine on the sea; But there's a pearl sought
2. The crown that decks the Monarch, Is not the crown for me, It dazzles but a moment, Its brightness soon will flee; But there's a crown pre-
3. The road that many travel, Is not the road for me; It leads to death and sor-row, In it I would not be. But there's a road that
4. The hope that sinners cherish, Is not the hope for me; Most surely will they perish, Unless from sin made free. But there's a hope which

by the wise, 'T is called "the pearl of greatest price;" Tho' few its value see,— O, that's the pearl for me, O, that's the pearl for me,
pared a-bove, For all who walk in humble love, For-ev - er bright 't will be, O, that's the crown for me, O, that's the crown for me.
leads to God, 'T is mark'd by Christ's most precious blood, The way for all is free, O, that's the road for me, O, that's the road for me,
rests in God, And leads the soul to keep his word, And sinful pleasures fly, O, that's the hope for me, O, that's the hope for me.



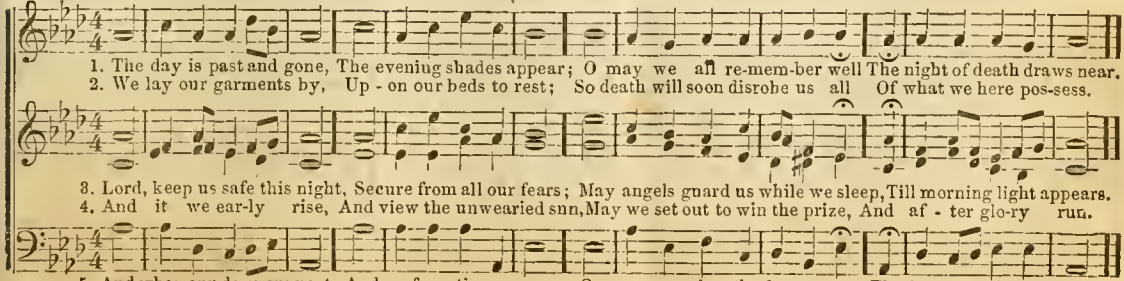
595

1 Must Simon bear his cross alone,
And all the world go free?
No; there's a cross for every one,
And there's a cross for me.
Yes, there's a cross on Calvary,
Through which by faith the crown I see;
To me it is pardon bringing;
O, that's the cross for me!

2 How faithful does the Saviour prove
To those who serve him here!
They now may taste his perfect love,
And joy to hail him near.
Yes, perfect love will dry the tear,
And cast out all tormenting fear,
Which round my heart is clinging;
O, that's the love for me!

3 We'll bear the consecrated cross,
Till from the cross we're free,
And then go home to wear the crown,
For there's a crown for me.
Yes, there's a crown in heaven above,
The purchase of my Savionr's love,
For me at his appearing;
O, that's the crown for me!

596 EVENING HYMN. S. M.



597 AMAZING GRACE. C. M. Double.

1. A - mazing grace! how sweet the sound That saved a wretch like me!
I once was lost, but now am found, Was blind, but now I see.
'Twas grace that taught my heart to fear,

2. Through many dangers, toils and snares, I have al - read - y come,
'Tis grace has brought me safe thus far, And grace will lead me home.
The Lord hath promised good to me,

3. Yes, when this flesh and heart shall fail, And mortal life shall cease,
I shall possess with - in the veil, A life of joy and peace.
This earth will soon dissolve like snow,

And grace my fears re - lieved; How pre - cious did that grace appear, The hour I first be - lieved.

His word my hope se - cures; He will my shield and portion be, As long as life en - duren

The sun forbear to shine; But God, who called me here be - low Will be for ev - er mine.

SLOW.

1. Hark, my soul, it is the Lord! 'T is thy Sa-viour, hear his word! Je - sus speaks, he speaks to thee -

2. I de - liv-er'd thee when bound, And when bleed-ing, heal'd thy wound, Sought thee wand'ring, set thee right.

3. Mine is an un-chang-ing love, High - er than the heights a - bove, Deep - er than the depths be-neath,

Say, poor sin-ner, lov'st thou me?

Turn'd thy dark-ness in - to light.
Free and faith-ful, strong as death.

4 Thou shalt see my glory soon,
When the work of faith is done,
Partner of my throne shalt be—
Say, poor sinner, lov'st thou me?

5 Lord, it is my chief complaint,
That my love is still so faint;
Yet I love thee, and adore,
O for grace to love thee more!

599

1 Lord, accept our feeble song!
Power and praise to Thee belong·
We would all thy grace record,
Holy holy holy Lord!

2
Rich in glory, thou didst stoop,
Thence is all thy people's hope;
Thou wast poor, that we might be
Rich in glory, Lord, with thee.

3
When we think of love like this,
Joy and shame our hearts possess
Joy, that thou couldst pity thus,
Shame, for such returns from us.

4
Yet we hope the day to see,
When we shall from sin be free;
When to thee in glory brought,
We shall serve thee as we ought.

600 CONTRAST. 8s.

1. How tedious and tasteless the hours, When Jesus no longer I see; Sweet prospects, sweet birds and sweet flow'rs, Have lost all their sweetness to me:

2. His name yields the richest perfume, And sweeter than music his voice; His presence disperses my gloom, And makes all within me rejoice:

3. Content with be-hold-ing his face, My all to his pleasure resigned; No changes of season or place Would make any change in my mind;

The mid-summer sun shines but dim, The fields strive in vain to look gay; But when I am happy in him, December's as pleasant as May.

I should, were he always thus nigh, Have nothing to wish or to fear; No mor-tal so happy as I, My summer would last all the year

While bless'd with a sense of his love, A palace a toy would ap-pear; And prisons would palaces prove, If Jesus would dwell with me there.

601

1 The church in her militant state
Is weary, and cannot forbear;
The saints with desire still wait,
To see him again in the air.
The Spirit invites, in the bride,
Her heavenly Lord to descend;
And place her, enthron'd at his side,
In glory that never shall end.

2 The news of his coming I hear,
And gladly I join in the cry;
O Jesus, in triumph appear!
Appear in the clouds of the sky.
Come, Lord, to the bride of thy love,
In fulness of majesty come;
And give me the mansion above,
Prepared in thy heavenly home.

602

FINE.

1. { Let thy kingdom, blessed Saviour, Come and bid our jar-ring cease;
Come, O come, and reign for ev-er, God of love, and Prince of Peace: }
Day and night thy lambs are crying, Come good Shepherd, feed thy sheep.

2. { Many follow men's in-ven-tions, And sub-mit to human laws;
Hence di-vis-ions and contentions Sul-ly the Redeemer's cause: }
All is up-roar and con-fu-sion, Come good Shepherd, lead thy sheep.

D.C.

Vis-it now thy precious Zi-on, See thy people mourn and weep;

Hence we suffer per-se-cu-tion, While the fool-ish vir-gins sleep:

3 Some of Paul, some of Apollos,
Some of Cephas, few agree;
Jesus, let us hear thee call us,
Help us, Lord, to follow thee:
Then we'll rush thro' what incumbers,
Ev'ry hind'rance overleap;
Fearing not their force or numbers,
Come, good Shepherd, feed thy sheep.

4 Come, good Lord, with courage arm us,
Persecution we'll not fear;
Nothing, Lord, we know can harm us,
While our loving Shepherd's near:
Glory! glory! give him glory,
Strong is he, and he will keep;
He will clear our way before us,
The good Shepherd feeds his sheep.

603 COME AWAY. P M.

ANIMATO.

1. O come, come a-way! For time's career is closing; Let worldly care henceforth forbear. O come, come a-way! Come,
2. A-wake! ye awake! no time now for re-pos-ing; "The Lord is near!" breaks on the ear, O come, come a-way! Come,
3. Come where sacred song the pilgrim's heart is cheering; Come, and learn there the pow'r of prayer, O, come, come away! In

come! our ho-ly joys renew, Where love and heav'nly friendship grew; The Spirit welcomes you! O, come, come a-way!
come, where Jesus' love will be, Who says, "I meet with two or three:" Sweet promise made to thee! O, come, come a-way

sweetest notes of sym - pa-thy We praise and pray in har-mo - ny: Love makes our un - i - ty; O, come, come a-way!

4

Night soon will be o'er! and endless day appearing;
Away from home no more we roam;
O, come, come away!
And when the trump of God shall sound,
The saints no more by Death are bound:
He owns our Jesus crowned;
O, come, come away!

5

O come, come away, my Saviour, in thy glory!
"Thy kingdom come, thy will be done,"
O, come, come away!
O, come, my Lord, thy right maintain,
And take thy throne and on it reign;
Then earth shall bloom again!
O, come, come away

604

1 O hail, happy day, that speaks our trials ended,
Our Lord has come to take us home;
O hail, happy day;
No more by doubts or fears distressed,
We now shall gain our promised rest,
And be forever blest; O hail, happy day.

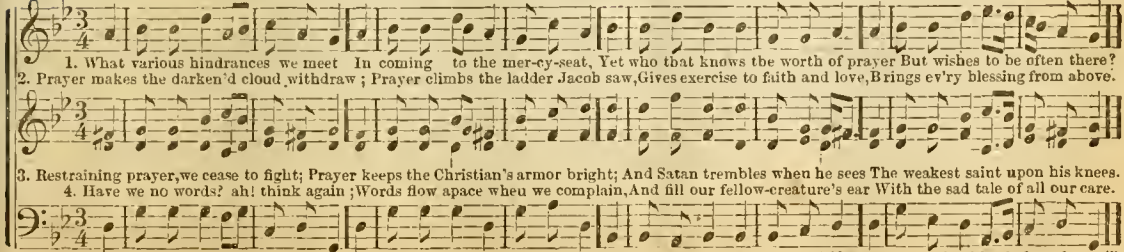
2 Swell loud the glad note, our bondage now is over;
The Jubilee proclaims us free;
O hail, happy day;
The day that brings a sweet release,
That crowns our Jesus Prince of Peace,
And bids our sorrows cease; O hail, happy day.

3 O hail, happy day, that ends our tears and sorrows,
That brings us joy without alloy,
O hail, happy day;
There peace shall wave her sceptre high,
And love's fair hanner greet the eye,
Proclaiming victory; O hail, happy day.

4 We hail thy bright beams, O morn of Zion's glory;
Thy blessed light breaks on our sight,
O hail, happy day;
Fair Beulah's fields before us rise,
And sweetly burst upon our eyes,
The joys of Paradise; O hail, happy day.

5 Thrice hail, happy day, when earth shall smile in gladness
And Eden bloom o'er nature's tomb,
O hail, happy day;
Where life's pellucid waters glide,
Safe by the dear Redeemer's side,
Forever we'll abide; O hail, happy day.

605 BRETHREN, PRAY. L. M.



606 HAPPY HOME. C. M.

1. Je - ru - sa-lem, my glorious home, Name ev - er dear to me; When shall my labors have an end, In joy, and peace, and thee!
2. There happier bowers than Eden's bloom, Nor sin nor sorrow know; Blest seats, thro' rude and stormy scenes I onward press to you
3. Why should I shrink at pain and woe, Or feel at death dis - may? I've Canaan's goodly land in view, And realms of endless day!
4. Je - ru - sa-lem! my happy home! My soul still pants for thee: Then shall my labors have an end, When I thy joys shall see.

CHORUS

I'm going home, I'm going home, I'm on my journey home: Soon I my Saviour's face shall see, And rest in heaven, my home.

1 JERUSALEM, my happy home,
O, how I long for thee!
When will my sorrows have an end?
Thy joys when shall I see?

2 Thy walls are all of precious stones,
Most glorious to behold:
Thy gates are richly set with pearl,
Thy streets are paved with gold.

3 Thy gardens and thy pleasant walks
My study long have been;
Such dazzling views by human sight
Have never yet been seen.

4 If such thy holy city, Lord,
Why should we linger here,
Still cleaving to this vile abode,
Nor wish thee to appear!

5 Lord, help us by thy mighty grace
To keep in view the prize,
Till thou dost come to take us home
To that blest paradise.

6 When we've been there ten thousand years,
Bright shining as the sun
We've no less days to sing God's praise
Than when we first begun

MAJESTIC, CHEERFUL.

1. O, my soul, what means this sadness? Wherefore art thou thus cast down? } Look to Jesus, Look to Jesus, And rejoice, And re-
Let thy griefs be turned to gladness; Bid thy rest - less fears be gone: }

joice in his dear name.

2 What though Satan's strong temptations
Vex and grieve thee, day by day;
And thy sinful inclinations
Often fill thee with dismay?
Thou shalt conquer—
Through the Lamb's redeeming blood.

3 Though ten thousand ills beset thee,
From without and from within;
Jesus saith he'll ne'er forget thee,
But will save from hell and sin:
He is faithful
To perform his gracious word.

4 Though distresses now attend thee,
And thou tread'st the thorny road;
His right hand shall still defend thee;
Soon he'll bring thee home to God!
Therefore praise him—
Praise the great Redeemer's name.

5 O, that I could now adore him,
Like the heavenly host above,
Who forever bow before him,
And unceasing sing his love!
Happy songsters!
When shall I your chorus join?

608 HOW PRECIOUS IS THE NAME.

FINE.

1. How precious is the name, brethren sing, brethren sing, How precious is the name, brethren sing, How precious is the
D. C. bore our sin and shame, on the tree, on the tree, Who bore our sin and shame on the tree.

2. I've giv - en all for Christ, he's my all, he's my all, I've giv - en all for Christ, he's my all; I've giv-en all for
less he's in my breast, reigning there, reigning there, Unless he's in my breast, reigning there.

3. His ea - sy yoke I'll bear, with delight, with delight, His ea - sy yoke I'll bear, with de-light; His ea-sy yoke I'll
D. C. name I will de-clare ev-er-more, ev - er-more, His name I will de -clare ev-er - more.

D.C.

name, Of Christ our Paschal Lamb, Who

Christ, And my spirit cannot rest, Un-

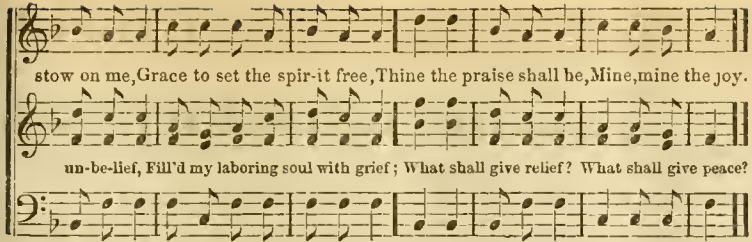
D.C.

bear And his cross I will not fear; His

609 EXPERIENCE. 8, 5, 7, 4.

1. I have sought round the ver-dant earth For un-fad-ing joy,
I have tried eve-ry source of mirth, But all, all will cloy; } Lord, be-

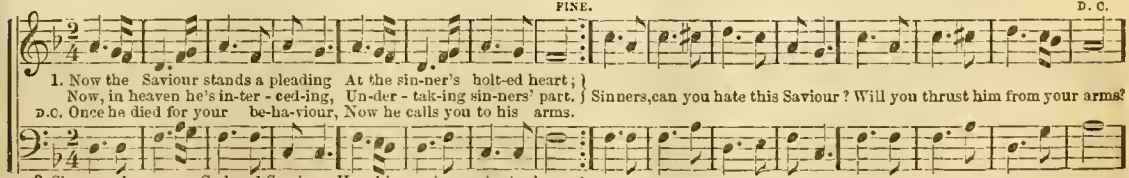
2. I have wander'd in maz-es dark, Of doubt and distress,
I have not had a kindling spark, My spirit to bless; } Cheerless



3 I then turn'd to thy Gospel, Lord,
From folly away,
I then trusted thy holy word,
That taught me to pray;
Here I found release,
Weary spirit here found rest,
Hope of endless bliss,
Eternal day.

4 I will praise now, my heav'nly King,
I'll praise and adore;
The heart's richest tribute bring
To thee, God of power;
In my home from above,
Saved by thy redeeming love,
Loud the strains shall move,
Forevermore.

610 INTERCESSION. 8s & 7s.

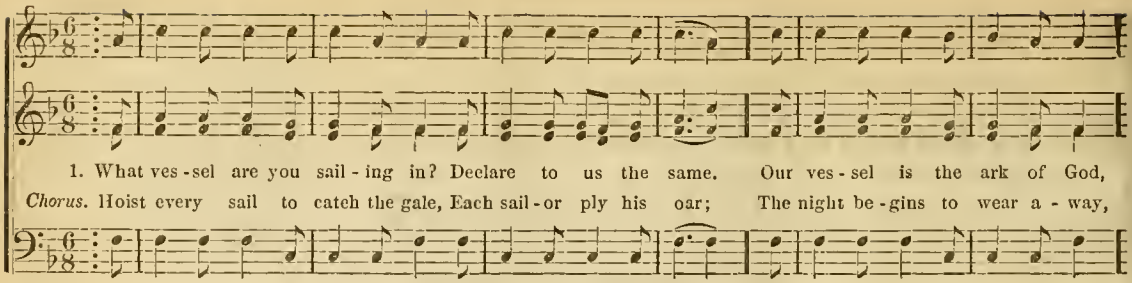


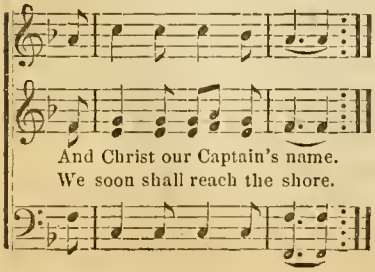
3 Now he's waiting to be gracious,
Now he stands and looks on thee;
See, what kindness, love and pity,
Shine around on you and me.
Sinners can you &c.

4 Open now your hearts before him,
Bid the Saviour welcome in;
Now receive,—and O, adore him,
Take a full discharge from sin.
Sinners, can you hate, &c.

5 Come, for all things now are ready,
Yet there's room for many more;
O ye blind, ye lame and needy,
Come to wisdom's boundless store
Sinners, can you hate, &c

611 HOIST EVERY SAIL. C. M.





2 Pray what's the port to which you sail?
Declare to us straightway.
The new Jerusalem's our port,
The realms of endless day.

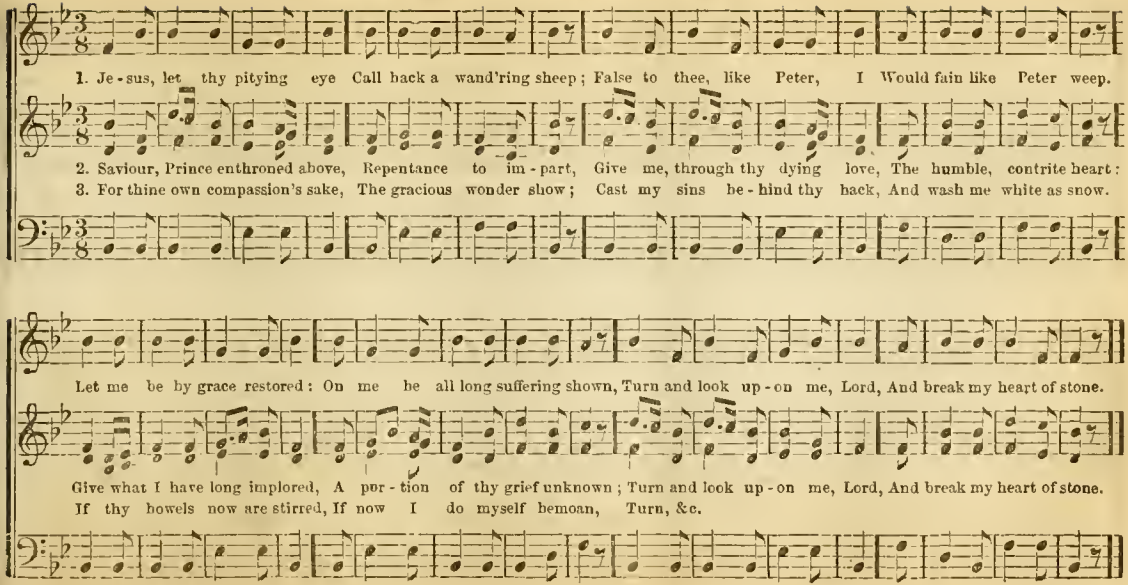
3 And are you not afraid some storm
Your bark will overwhelm?
We cannot fear, the Lord is near,
Our Father's at the helm.

4 Our compass is the sacred Word;
Our anchor, blooming hope;
The love of God our main top-sail,
And faith our cable rope.

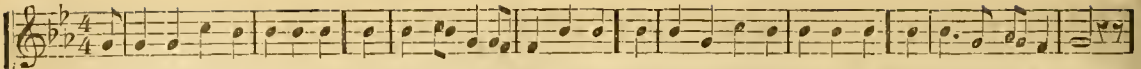
5 We've looked astern, and many toils
The Lord has brought us through;
We're looking now ahead, and lo,
The "land" appears in view.

6 The sun is up, the clouds are gone,
The heavens above are clear;
The city bright appears in sight,
We're getting round the pier.

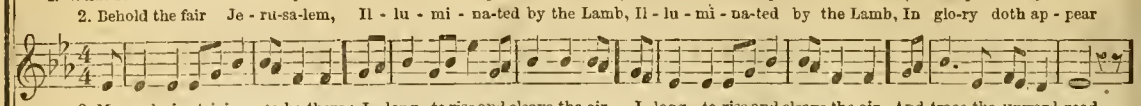
7 And when we all are landed safe
On the celestial plain,
Our song shall be, "Worthy's the Lamb,
For rebel sinners slain!"


1. Je-sus, let thy pitying eye Call back a wand'ring sheep; False to thee, like Peter, I Would fain like Peter weep.
2. Saviour, Prince enthroned above, Repentance to im-part, Give me, through thy dying love, The humble, contrite heart:
3. For thine own compassion's sake, The gracious wonder show; Cast my sins be-hind thy back, And wash me white as snow.
Let me be by grace restored: On me be all long suffering shown, Turn and look up-on me, Lord, And break my heart of stone.
Give what I have long implored, A por-tion of thy grief unknown; Turn and look up-on me, Lord, And break my heart of stone.
If thy bowels now are stirred, If now I do myself bemoan, Turn, &c.

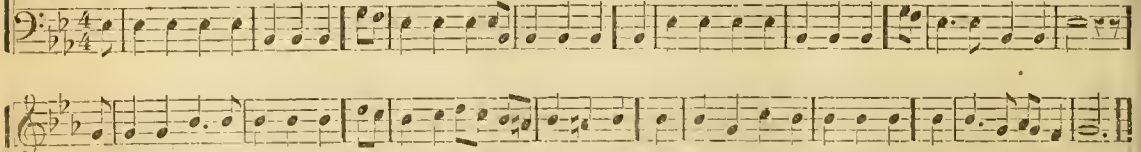
618 WHAT SOUND IS THIS? 8s & 6s.



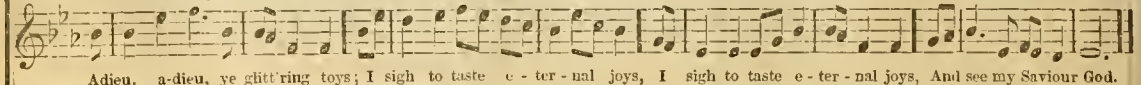
1. What sound is this salutes my ear? 'Tis Gabriel's trump methinks I hear, 'Tis Gabriel's trump methinks I hear; The expected day has come.
2. Behold the fair Je - ru-sa-lem, Il - lu - mi - na-ted by the Lamb, Il - lu - mi - na-ted by the Lamb, In glo-ry doth ap - pear



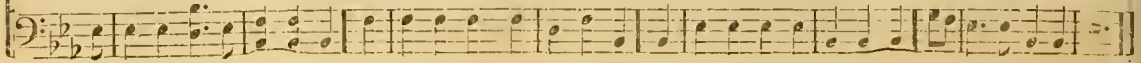
3. My soul is striving to be there; I long to rise and cleave the air, I long to rise and cleave the air, And trace the upward road
4. Fly, ling'ring moments fly, O fly, I thirst, I pant, I long to try, I thirst, I pant, I long to try, An - gel - ic joys to prove.



Behold the heav'ns, the earth, the sea, Proclaim the year of Ju - bi - lee, Pro-claim the year of Ju - bi - lee, Return, ye exiles, home.
Fair Zi-on rising from the tombs, To meet the Bridegroom, lo! he comes, To meet the Bridegroom, lo! he comes, And hails the fes-tive year.



Adieu, a-dieu, ye glitt'ring toys; I sigh to taste e - ter - nal joys, I sigh to taste e - ter - nal joys, And see my Saviour God.
Soon shall be changed this mortal clay; I'll clap my hands and soar a-way, I'll clap my hands and soar away, And shout redeeming love.

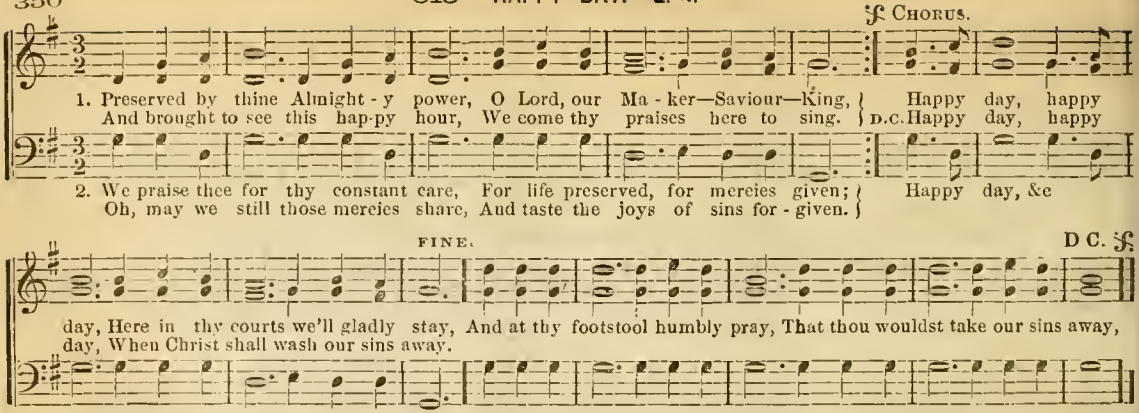


1. Worthy, worthy is the Lamb, Worthy, wor-thy is the Lamb, Worthy, worthy is the Lamb That was slain;
2. Sons of morning, sing his praise, In the no-blest strains you raise, Man's redemption claims your lays, Praise the Lamb.
3. See, in sad Geth-sem - a - ne, See, on tragic Calva - ry, Sinner, see his love to thee, Praise the Lamb.
4. Penitents, dry up your tears, God hath heard be-liev-ing prayers, He forgives you when he hears, His dear Lamb.
5. Thus may we each moment feel, Love him, serve him, praise him still, Till we all on Zi-on's hill See the Lamb.

Glo - ry, Hal - le - lu - jah, Praise him, Hal - le - lu - jah, Glo - ry, hal - le - lu - jah To the Lamb.

Glo - ry, Hal - le - lu - jah, Praise him, Hal - le - lu - jah, Glo - ry, Hal - le - lu - jah To the Lamb.

615 HAPPY DAY. L. M



3 We praise thee for the joyful news,
Of pardon through a Saviour's blood.
Oh Lord, incline our hearts to choose
The road to happiness and God.
Happy day, &c.

4 And when our pilgrim days are done,
Grant, Lord, that we at length may join,
In rapturous numbers round thy throne,
The song of Moses and the Lamb.
Happy day, &c.

616

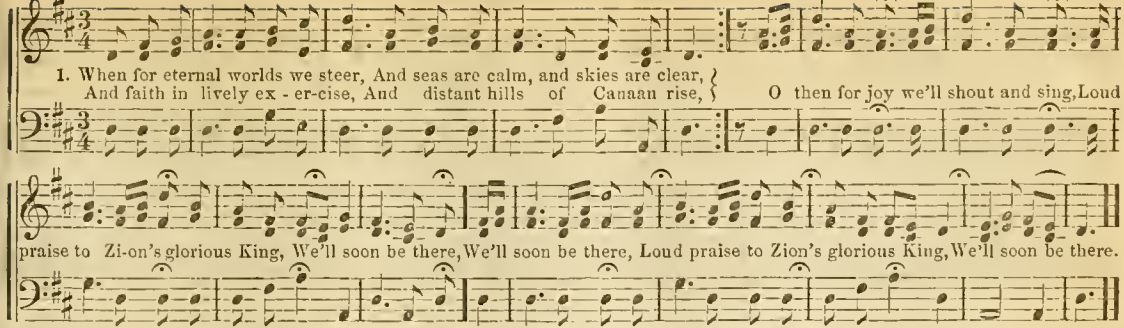
1 O happy day that fixed my choice
On thee, my Saviour and my God!
Well may this glowing heart rejoice,
And tell its raptures all abroad.
Happy day, &c.

2 O happy bond, that seals my vows
To him who merits all my love;
Let cheerful anthems fill his house,
While to that sacred shrine I move.
Happy day, &c.

3 'Tis done, the great transaction's done;
I am my Lord's, and he is mine;
He drew me, and I followed on,
Charmed to confess the voice divine.
Happy day, &c.

4 Now rest, my long-divided heart;
Fixed on this blissful centre, rest;
Nor ever from thy Lord depart:
With him of every good possessed.
Happy day, &c.

617 SONNET. 8s & 4s.



2 With cheerful hope our eyes explore
Each landmark on the distant shore:
The tree of life, the pastures green,
The golden streets, the crystal stream.
O, then for joy we'll shout and sing,
Loud praise to Zion's glorious King.
We'll soon be there.

3 When nearer still we draw to land,
More eager all our powers expand;
With steady helm and free hent sail,
Our anchor drops within the veil!
O, then for joy we'll shout and sing,
Loud praise to Zion's glorious King,
We'll soon be there.

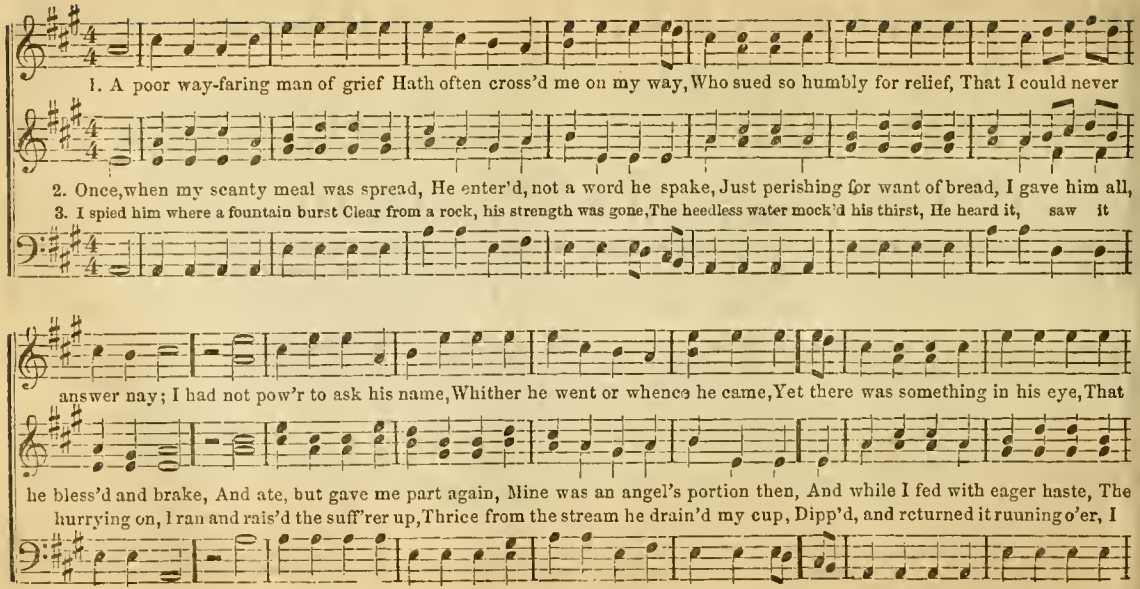
618

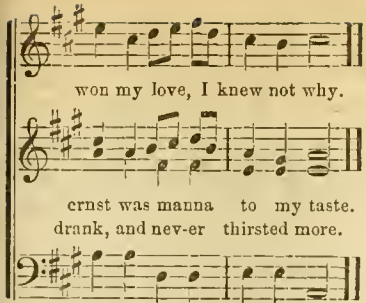
1 When shall the saints forever rest
With all the ransom'd and the blest?
When will their journeyings all be o'er?
When will they meet to part no more?
When shall their toils and trials cease?
When shall they rest and be at peace?
When Jesus comes.

2 When shall the pilgrim's longing sight
Be gladdened by the glorious light,
That shall be shed in golden flood
Upon the paradise of God,
Where sin and sorrow ne'er can come,
But where the blest shall find a home?
When Jesus comes.

3 When shall this war and strife be done?
When shall the hard-fought fight be won?
When shall the ransom'd victors be
Enrob'd in immortality?
When shall the bonds of death be riven?
When shall the crown of Life be given?
When Jesus comes.

4 Then, while as pilgrims here we roam,
We'll cry, Lord Jesus, quickly come—
Come, end our faith, our hopes, our fears,
Our griefs and sorrows, sighs and tears.
Restore the kingdom, wear the crown,
O rend the heavens! appear, come down!
Lord Jesus, come!


1. A poor way-faring man of grief Hath often cross'd me on my way, Who sued so humbly for relief, That I could never
2. Once, when my scanty meal was spread, He enter'd, not a word he spake, Just perishing for want of bread, I gave him all,
3. I spied him where a fountain burst Clear from a rock, his strength was gone, The heedless water mock'd his thirst, He heard it, saw it
answer nay; I had not pow'r to ask his name, Whither he went or whence he came, Yet there was something in his eye, That
he bless'd and brake, And ate, but gave me part again, Mine was an angel's portion then, And while I fed with eager haste, The
hurrying on, I ran and rais'd the suff'rer up, Thrice from the stream he drain'd my cup, Dipp'd, and returned it running o'er, I



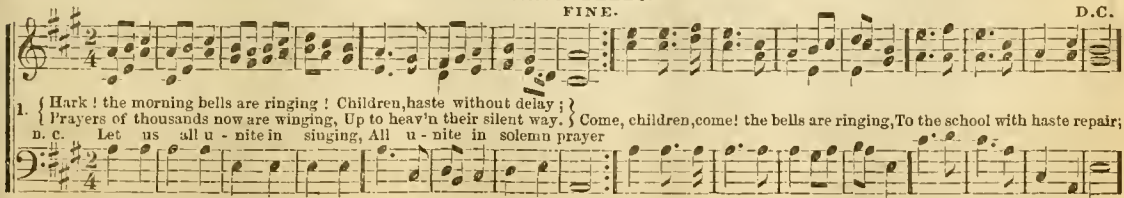
4 'T was night, the floods were out; it blew
A wintry hurricane aloof,
I heard his voice abroad, and flew
To bid him welcome to my roof.
I warm'd, and cloth'd, and cheer'd my guest,
Laid him on mine own couch to rest,
Then made the earth my bed, and seemed
In Eden's garden while I dreamed.

5 Stripp'd, wounded, beaten nigh to death,
I found him by the highway side;
I rous'd his pulse, brought back his breath,
Revived his spirit, and supplied
Wine, oil, refreshment—he was healed,
I had myself a wound concealed,
But from that hour forgot the smart,
And peace bound up my broken heart.

6 In prison I saw him next, condemned
To meet a traitor's doom at morn;
The tide of lying tongues I stemm'd,
And honor'd him 'mid shame and scorn.
My friendship's utmost zeal to try,
He asked if I for him would die.
The flesh was weak, my blood ran chill,
But the free spirit cried, "I will!"

7 Then, in a moment, to my view
The stranger started from disguise;
The tokens in his hands I knew,—
My SAVIOUR stood before my eyes!
He spake, and my poor name he named—
"Of me thou hast not been ashamed;
These deeds shall thy memorial be,
Fear not, thou didst it unto me."

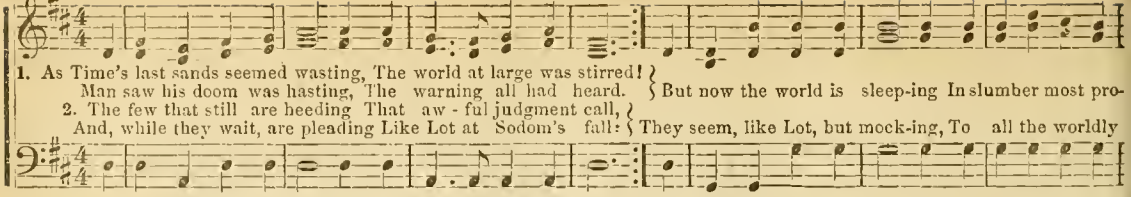
620 MORNING BELLS. 8s & 7s

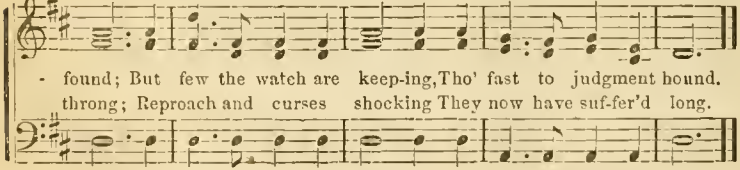


2 'Tis an hour of happy meeting.
Children meet for praise and prayer;
But the hour is short and fleeting,
Let us then be early there. CHO.

3 Do not keep our teachers waiting,
While you tarry by the way;
Nor disturb the school reciting,
'T is the holy Sabbath day. CHO

4 Children, haste! the bells are ringing,
And the morning's bright and fair;
Thousands now unite in singing,
Thousands, too, in solemn prayer CHO





5

Earth's wisdom sees advancing
The fabled golden dawn;
And genius, brightly glancing,
Her children urges on.
But when they wield the lightning,
And fly o'er land and sea,
Our better prospects bright'ning,
Now near at hand must be!

3

They hear the scoffer railing,
In triumph and in pride;
With blasphemies unfailing,
God's promise is denied;
But mercy's long endurance
With that vain infidel
Gives them a strong assurance,
By which the day they tell.

4

Magicians, too, are scheming,
As in old Pharaoh's land;
With counterfeits are teeming,
And thus the truth withstand;
Christ and the restitution
By them are done away;
But this, to their confusion,
Must usher in that day.

6

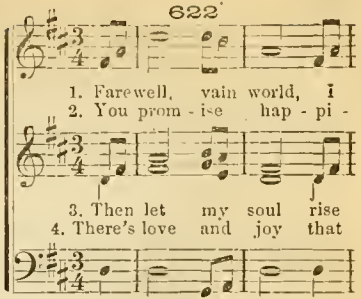
The Christian steward, slothful,
Puts off the evil day.
Disturbed in scenes unlawful,
He says, "It must delay."
But still, tho' by his smiting,
The faithful sigh in pain,
While he the truth is spiting,
The Master comes again!

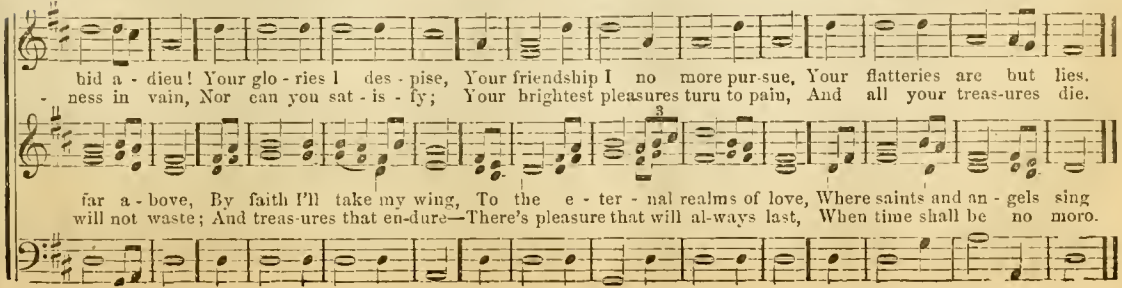
7 See, fashion gay is blending
With mirth in yonder hall;
Its charm rich music lending,
And plenty spread for all.
But folly so untimely,
Such heedless revelry,
The watchful tells, sublimely,
Their joys they soon shall see.

8 The thrones of earth are reeling,
In sad perplexity;
Their retribution sealing
By pride and cruelty.
As ruler, warrior, banker,
Attest their hast'ning doom,
More stedfast is our anchor;
God's kingdom soon will come.

9 Thus earth's mad children seeming,
Are found in that dread day;
Some scoffing, feasting, dreaming,
To judgment called away!
Their triumphs now are ended;
Probation, hope, are gone!
Their fruitless cries are blended,
As vengeance rushes on!

10 But see that remnant humble,
Who held the faithful word,
So fearful they should stumble,—
While hope was long deferred.
The sons of earth are leaving
Their honor, mirth, and gold;
But these shall end their grieving,
In joys that can't be told!





623 SABBATH SCHOOL.

FINE.

1. Sweet Sabbath school, place dear to me, Where'er through life I roam, My heart will often turn to thee, My childhood's Sabbath home.
When o'er the shepherds, filled with fear, The star of glo - ry hung.

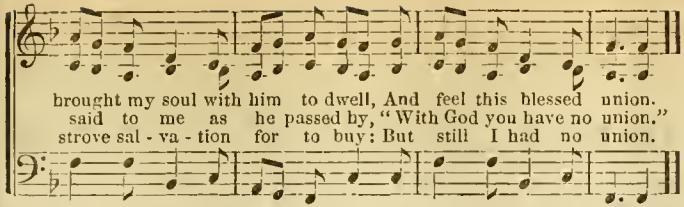
Close with second strain.

With-in thy courts of Him I've heard, Whose birth the an - gels sung,

2 O holy place! where first we shed
The penitential tear;
Where youthful steps are taught to tread
In paths of peace and prayer.
When all our wanderings here shall cease,
And cares of life shall end,
In God's eternal Sabbath place
May we our anthems blend.

624 HEAVENLY UNION.

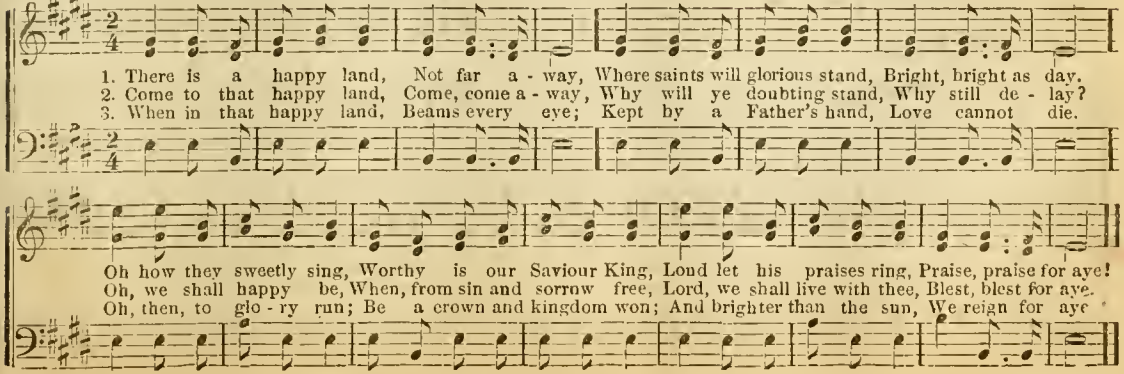
1. Attend, ye saints, and hear me tell The wonders of Im-man - u - el, Who kindly helped me when I fell, And
2. When Jesus saw me from on high, Beheld my soul in ru - in lie, He looked on me with pitying eye, And
3. Then I began to weep and cry, And looked this way and that, to fly, It grieved me so that I must die; I



4 But when I hated all my sin,
My dear Redeemer took me in,
And with his blood he washed me clean;
And oh! what seasons I have seen
Since first I felt this union.

5 I praised the Lord both night and day,
And went from house to house to pray,
And if I met one on the way,
I always had something to say
About this heavenly union.

625 THE HAPPY LAND.



626 GARDEN HYMN. C. P. M.

1. The Lord in - to his garden comes; The spices yield a rich per-fume, The lil-ies grow and thrive; The lil - ies grow and thrive;

2. O that this dry and bar-ren ground In springs of water may a-bound, A fruitful soil be - come! A fruitful soil be-come!

3. The glo-rious time is rolling on, The gracious work is now be-gun, My soul a wit - ness is: My soul a wit-ness is:

Re-fresh-ing show'rs of grace di-vine, From Je - sus flow to ev' - ry vine, Which makes the dead re-vive, Which makes the dead re-vive.

The des - ert blossoms as the rose, When Je-sus conquers all his foes, And makes his peo-ple one, And makes his people one.

I taste and see the pardon free, For all mankind as well as me, Who come to Christ may live, Who come to Christ may live.

4
The worst of sinners here may find
A Saviour pitiful and kind,
Who will them all receive!
None are too late who will repent;
Out of one sinner legions went;
Jesus did him relieve.

5
Come, brethren, ye who love the Lord,
And taste the sweetness of his word,
In Jesus' ways go on;
Our troubles and our trials here,
Will only make us richer there,
When we arrive at home.

6
Amen, amen, my soul replies,
I'm bound for realms of Paradise,
To claim my mansion there;
Now here s ioy heart, and here's my hand,
To meet you in that heavenly land,
Where we shall part no more.

627 THE SINNER'S INVITATION. 6s & 7s.

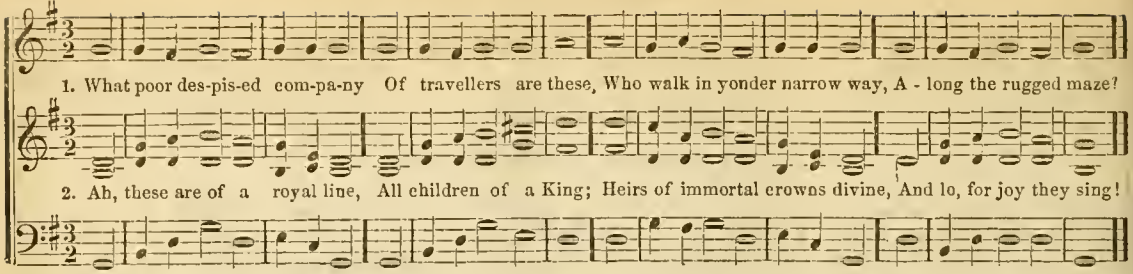
FINE. D.C.

1. Sin-n er ,go, will you go, To the high lands of E - den ?
Where the storms ne-ver blow, And the long summer's giv-en ; Where the bright bloom-ing flowers, are their o - dors e - mit - ting ;
And the leaves of the bowers In the breezes are flit-ting.

2 Where the saints robed in white—
Cleansed in life's flowing fountain;
Shining beauteous and bright,
They inhabit the mountain.
Where no sin, nor dismay,
Neither trouble nor sorrow,
Will be felt for a day,
Nor be fear'd for the morrow.

3 He's prepared thee a home—
Sinner, canst thou believe it?
And invites thee to come,
Sinner, wilt thou receive it ?
O come, sinner, come,
For the tide is receding
And the Saviour will soon,
And forever cease pleading.

628 NARROW WAY. C. M.



3
Why do they then appear so mean?
And why so much despised?
Because of their rich robes unseen
The world is not apprized.

4
But some of them seem poor, distress'd,
And lacking daily bread.
Ah, they're of boundless wealth possess'd,
With hidden manna fed.

5
But why keep they that narrow road,
That rugged, thorny maze?
Why, that's the way their Leader trod;
They love and keep his ways.

6
Why must they shun the pleasant path
That worldlings love so well?
Because that is the road to death,
The open road to hell.

7
What, is there then no other road
To Salem's happy ground?
Christ is the only way to God:
None other can be found.

629

1
Jesus, the Life, the Truth, the Way;
In whom I now believe,
As taught by thee, in faith I pray,
Expecting to receive.

2
Thy will by me on earth be done,
As by the powers above,
Who always see thee on thy throne,
And glory in thy love.

3
I ask in confidence the grace,
That I may do thy will,
As angels, who behold thy face,
And all thy words fulfil.

4
Surely I shall, the sinner I,
Shall serve thee without fear,
If thou my nature sanctify
In answer to my prayer.

FINE. D.C

1. Come, my brethren, let us try, For a lit-tle sea-son,
Eve-ry bur-den to lay by, Come and let us rea-son. } What is this that casts you down? What is this that grieves you?

Speak and let the worst be known, Speaking may re-lieve you.

2 Think on what your Saviour bore,
In the gloomy garden;
Sweating blood at ev'ry pore,
To procure thy pardon.
See him nail'd upon the tree,
Bleeding, groaning, dying!
See, he suffer'd this for thee;
Therefore be believing.

3 Think of all your Saviour's grace;
Think how much he loves you;
If he seems to hide his face,
It is thus he proves you.
Spread your wants before his throne;
Tell him each temptation;
Trust him while you are cast down;
Wait his sure salvation.

4 Brethren, don't you feel the flame?
Sisters, don't you love him?
Let us join to praise his name;
Let us never grieve him.
Soon we'll meet to part no more,
For our home is nearing;
Soon our sorrows will be o'er,
At his bright appearing.

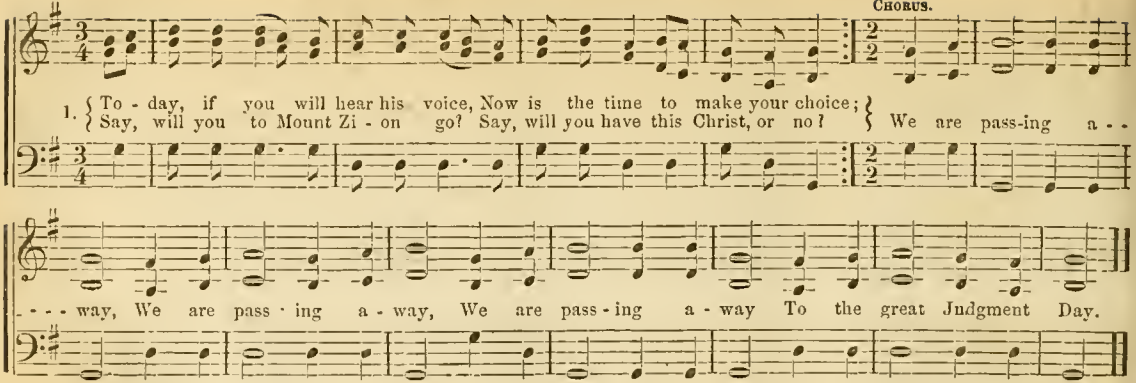
631

1 O HOW beautiful their feet,
Standing on the mountains,
Publishing the tidings sweet
Of Life's flowing fountains.
Mercy, Truth and plenteous grace,
Sweet as heavenly manna,
Now revealed unto our race—
Shout, and sing hosanna!

2 Jesus once on earth appeared,
To relieve our blindness;
And the stricken heart he cheered,
Showing wondrous kindness.
Wiped he then the weeping eyes
With God-like compassion;
Life's pure waters did arise
From wells of salvation.

3 Now, glad tidings we have heard,
And with hearts o'er-flowing,
Praise Jehovah for His word,
Our condition showing.
Soon His foes he will subdue
By His mighty power;
Make the earth and all things new,
Like fair Eden's bower

632 WE ARE PASSING AWAY. L. M.

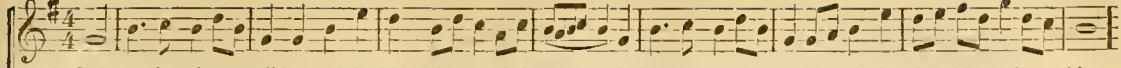


2
Ye wandering souls, who find no rest,
Say, will you be forever blest?
Will you be saved from death and sin,
And crowns of fadeless glory win?
We are passing away, &c.

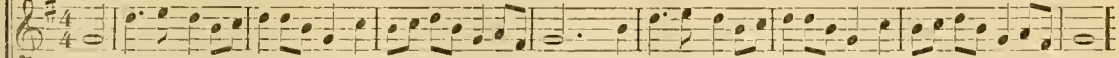
3
Come now, dear youth, for ruin bound,
Obey the gospel's joyful sound;
Come, go with us, and you shall prove
The joy of Christ's redeeming love.
We are passing away, &c.

4
Leave all your sports and glittering toys,
Come, share with us eternal joys;
Or will you shun the narrow way,
And dare the awful Judgment day?
We are passing away, &c.

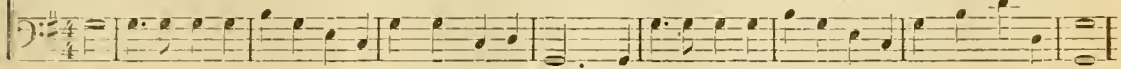
5
Once more we ask you, in his name,
For yet his love remains the same,
Say, will you to Mount Zion go?
Say, will you have this Christ, or no?
We are passing away, &c.

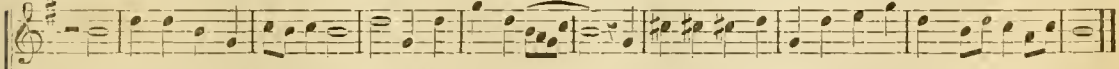


1. O thou, who, when we did complain, Didst all our griefs remove; O Saviour, do not now disdain Our humble praise and love.

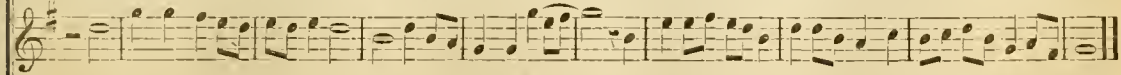


2. Pale death, with all his ghastly train, Our souls encompass'd round; Anguish, and fear, and dread, and pain, On ev'ry side we found.
3. How good thou art! how large thy grace! How ready to forgive! Thy mercies crown our fleeting days; And by thy love we live.

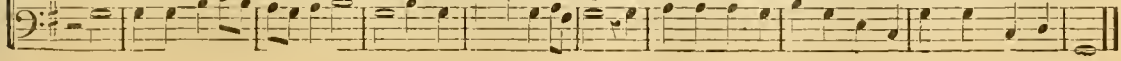


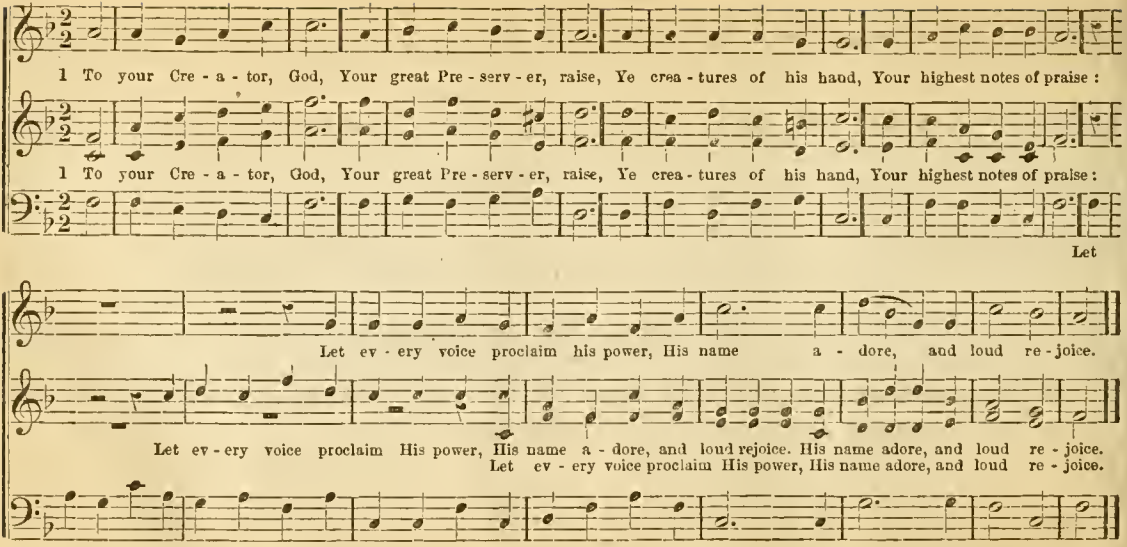


Since thou a pitying ear didst give, And hear us when we pray'd, We'll call upon thee while we live, And never doubt thy aid.



To thee, O Lord of life, we pray'd, And did for succor flee: O save,—in our distress we said,—The souls that trust in thee.
Our eyes no longer drown'd in tears, Our feet from falling free; Redeem'd from death and guilty fears, O Lord, we'll live to thee.




1 To your Cre - a - tor, God, Your great Pre - serv - er, raise, Ye crea - tures of his hand, Your highest notes of praise :
1 To your Cre - a - tor, God, Your great Pre - serv - er, raise, Ye crea - tures of his hand, Your highest notes of praise :
Let
Let ev - ery voice proclaim his power, His name a - dore, and loud re - joice.
Let ev - ery voice proclaim His power, His name a - dore, and loud rejoice. His name adore, and loud re - joice.
Let ev - ery voice proclaim His power, His name adore, and loud re - joice.
every voice proclaim His power, His name a - dore, and loud re - joice. His name a - dore, and loud re - joice.

2 Let every creature join
To celebrate His name,
And all their various powers
Assist th' exalted theme:
Let nature raise, from every tongue,
A general song of grateful praise.
3 But O! from human tongues
Shoud nobler praises flow;
And every thankful heart
With warm devotion glow:
Your voices raise above the rest;
Ye highly blest! declare His praise.
4 Assist me, gracious God!
My heart, my voice inspire;
Then shall I grateful join
The universal choir:
Thy grace can raise my heart, my tongue,
And tune my song to lively praise.

635 (Bath.)

1 THE promises I sing,
Which sovereign love hath spoke;
Nor will th' eternal King
His words of grace revoke:
They stand secure and steadfast still;
Nor Zion's hill abides so sure.
2 The mountains melt away,
When once the Judge appears;
And sun and moon decay
That measure mortal years;
But still the same, in radiant lines,
The promise shines through all the flame.
3 Their harmony shall sound
Through my attentive ears.
When thunders cleave the ground
And dissipate the spheres;
'Mid all the shock of that dread scene,
I stand serene—Thy word my rock.

636 (Bath.)

1 REJOICE—the Lord is King:
Your God and King adore;
Mortals give thanks and sing,
And triumph evermore:
Lift up the heart, lift up the voice,
Rejoice aloud, ye saints, rejoice.
2 He all his foes shall quell,
Shall all our sins destroy;
And every bosom swell,
With pure seraphic joy;
Lift up the heart, lift up the voice,
Rejoice aloud, ye saints, rejoice.
3 Rejoice in glorious hope,
Jesus the Judge shall come—
The pearly gates shall ope
To take the ransomed home.
We soon shall hear the archangel's voice:
The trump of God shall sound—rejoice!

637 INFANT PRAISES. 6s & 5s.

ALTO. ARRANGED.

1 Je - sus, high in glo - ry, Lend a list'ning ear; When we bow be - fore thee, In - fant prais - es hear.
2 We are lit - tle chil - dren, Weak and apt to stray; Sa - viour, guide and keep us In the heav'n - ly way.
3 Save us, Lord, from sin - ning, Watch us day by day; Help us now to love thee, Take our sins a - way.
4 Then, when Je - sus calls us To our E - den home, We will an - swer glad - ly, "Sa - viour, Lord, we come."

1 { The Gos - pel train is coming, I hear it just at hand; I hear the car wheels moving, And rumbling through the land. } CHORUS. *f*
{ I hear the bell and whistle, They're coming round the curve, She's plying all her steam and power, And straining ev'ry nerve. } Get on

2 { O see the Gospel engine, She's heaving now in sight; Her steam valves they are groaning, The pressure is so great; } CHORUS. *f*
{ No signal for another train To fol - low on the line; O sinner, you're forever lost, If once you're left behind. } Get on

board, get on board, For there's room for many more.

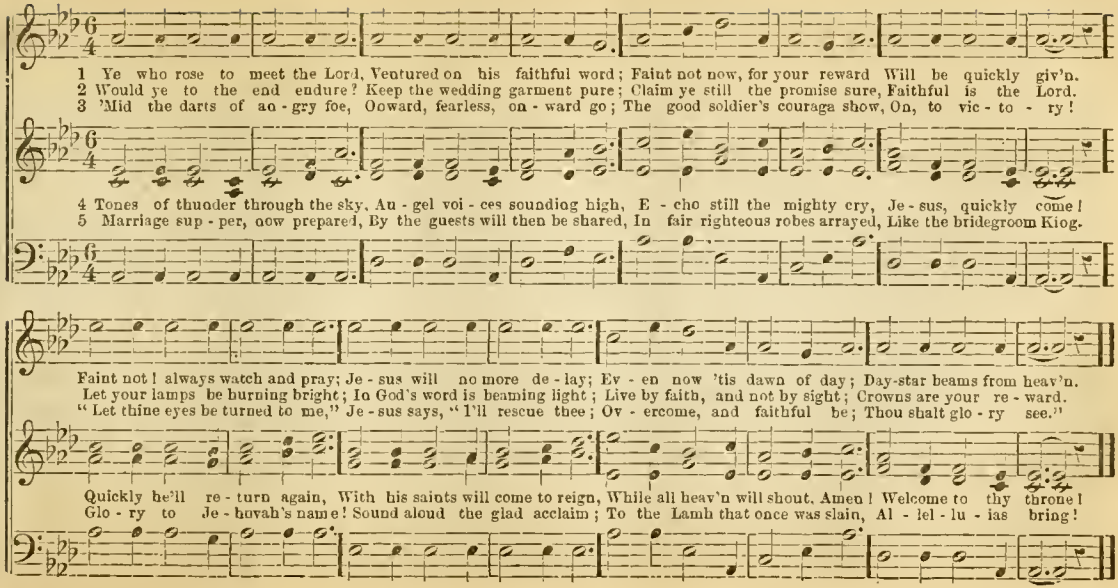
board, get on board, For there's room for many more.

3 O see the engine banner,
She's fluttering in the breeze,
She's spangled in the Saviour's blood,
But still she floats with ease.
This is the gospel banner,
The motto's new and old;
Salvation and repentance
Are burnished there in gold.

4 She's nearing now the station,
O sinner, don't be vain,
But come and get your ticket,
And be ready for the train.
The fare is cheap, and all can go,
The rich, the poor are there;
No second class on board the train,
No difference in the fare.

5 I think she'll make a little halt
To wood up on the line,
And give you all a chance to go,
But yet she'll make her time.
She's coming round the mountain,
By the rivers and the lake;
The Saviour, he's on board the train,
Controlling steam and brake.

6 We soon shall reach the station,
O how we then shall sing,
With all the heavenly army,
We'll make the welkin ring.
We'll shout o'er all our sorrows,
And sing forevermore
With Christ and all his army,
On that celestial shore.

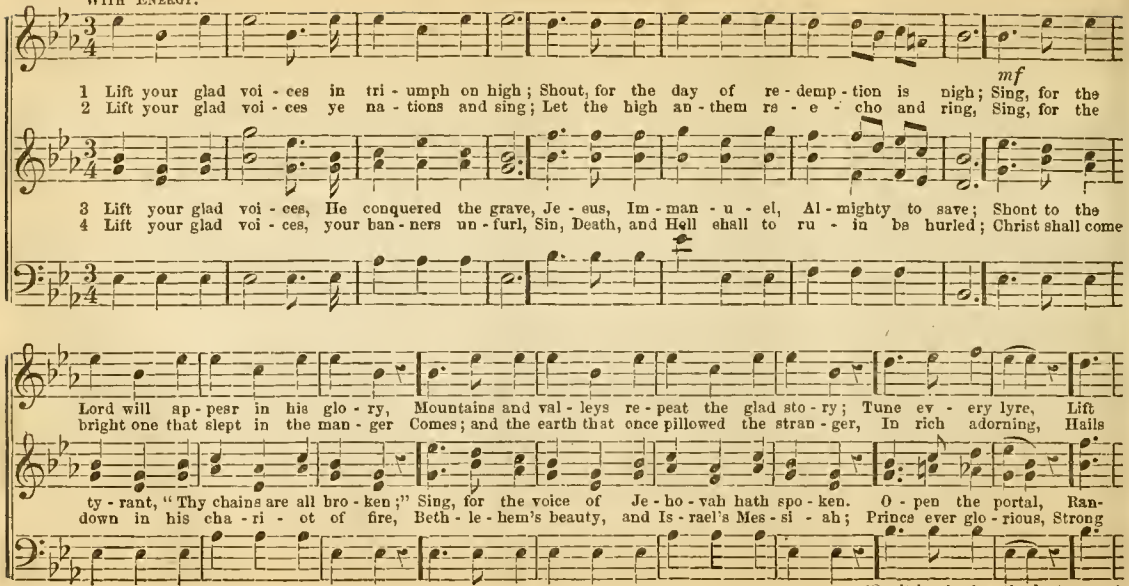

1 Ye who rose to meet the Lord, Ventured on his faithful word; Faint not now, for your reward Will be quickly giv'n.
2 Would ye to the end endure? Keep the wedding garment pure; Claim ye still the promise sure, Faithful is the Lord.
3 'Mid the darts of an - gry foe, Onward, fearless, on - ward go; The good soldier's courage show, On, to vic - to - ry!
4 Tones of thunder through the sky, An - gel voi - ces sounding high, E - cho still the mighty cry, Je - sus, quickly come!
5 Marriage sup - per, now prepared, By the guests will then be shared, In fair righteous robes arrayed, Like the bridegroom King.
Faint not! always watch and pray; Je - sus will no more de - lay; Ev - en now 'tis dawn of day; Day-star beams from heav'n.
Let your lamps be burning bright; In God's word is beaming light; Live by faith, and not by sight; Crowns are your re - ward.
"Let thine eyes be turned to me," Je - sus says, "I'll rescue thee; Ov - ercome, and faithful be; Thou shalt glo - ry see."
Quickly he'll re - turn again, With his saints will come to reign, While all heav'n will shout, Amen! Welcome to thy throne!
Glo - ry to Je - hovah's name! Sound aloud the glad acclaim; To the Lamb that once was slain, Al - lel - lu - ias bring!

Words by D. T. Taylor.

With Energy.

640 TRIUMPH. 10s & 5s.

Music by S. C. Hancock.



1 Lift your glad voi - ces in tri - umph on high; Shout, for the day of re - demp - tion is nigh; Sing, for the
2 Lift your glad voi - ces ye na - tions and sing; Let the high an - them re - e - cho and ring, Sing, for the

3 Lift your glad voi - ces, He conquered the grave, Je - sus, Im - man - u - el, Al - mighty to save; Shout to the
4 Lift your glad voi - ces, your ban - ners un - furl, Sin, Death, and Hell shall to ru - in be hurled; Christ shall come

Lord will ap - pear in his glo - ry, Mountains and val - leys re - peat the glad sto - ry; Tune ev - ery lyre, Lift
bright one that slept in the man - ger Comes; and the earth that once pillowed the stran - ger, In rich adorning, Hails

ty - rant, "Thy chains are all bro - ken;" Sing, for the voice of Je - ho - vah hath spo - ken. O - pen the portal, Ran-
down in his cha - ri - ot of fire, Beth - le - hem's beauty, and Is - rael's Mes - si - ah; Prince ever glo - rious, Strong

(Omit in singing the last verse.)

(SECOND ENDING.—For the last verse.)

ff *f* *ff*

the strain high - er Far o'er the o - cean the tid - ings shall fly. Hal - le - lu - jah a - gain, Hal - le - lu - jah, A -
the glad morn - ing, Blos - soms to E - den, and wel - comes her King.

somed im - mor - tal; Life shall endure with E - ter - ni - ty's wave.
and vic - to - rious, Li - on of Ju - dah and King of the World.

fff

men. Shout, for the work of re - demp - tion is done.

5

Lift your glad voices, he cometh again,
Sound out the tidings o'er earth and o'er main!
Sing, for the dark days of evil are ending;
Shout to the bridegroom with angels descending,
Bride of Jehovah,
Welcome thy lover,
Sing, for He cometh, He cometh to reign.

6

Lift your glad voices wide under the sun,
Sing of His power who the vict'ry has won.
Strong is the arm that the strengthless defended.
Saved us from hell, and the warfare hath ended.
Hallelujah again,
Hallelujah, Amen!
Shout! for the work of redemption is done.

641 WARNING VOICE. C. P. M.

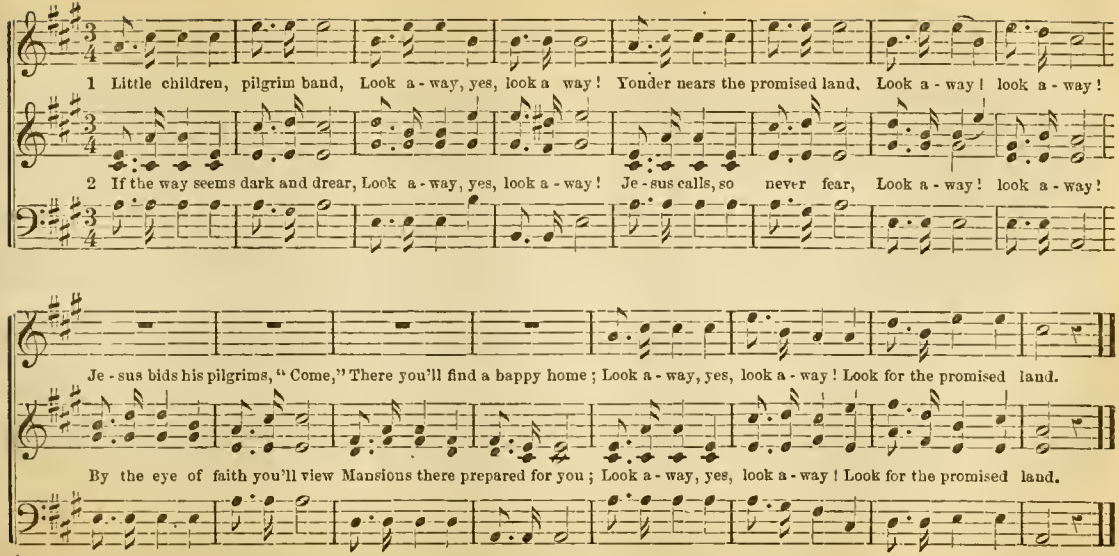
Arranged for this work.

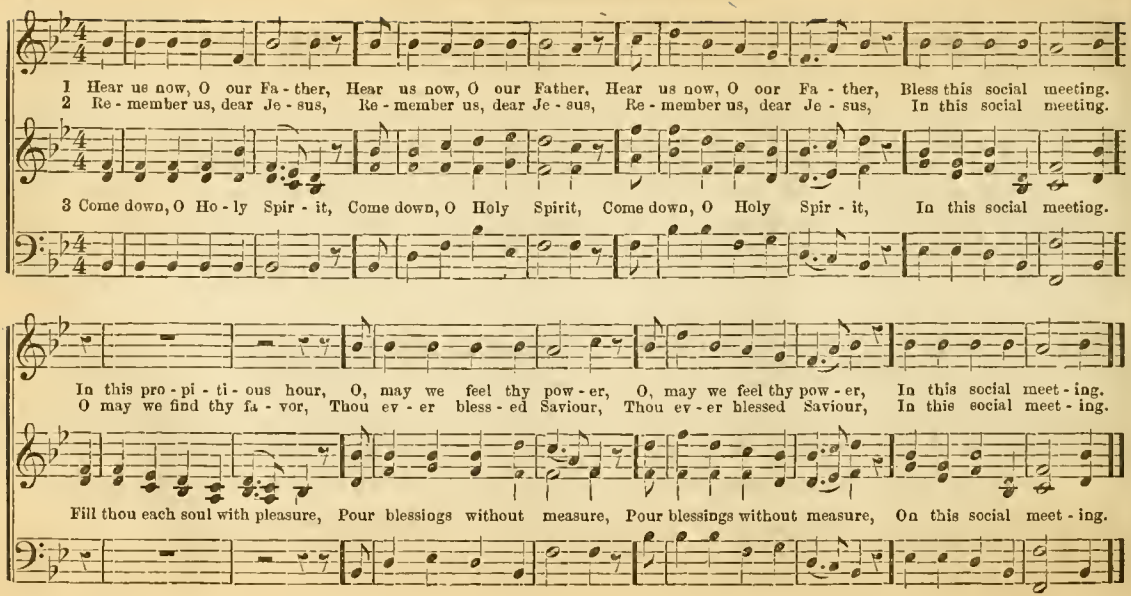
1 That warning voice, O sinner hear! And while sal - vation lingers near, And while sal - vation lingers near, The heav'nly call o - bey;
2 Soon night comes on with thick'ning shade, The tempest hovers o'er thy head, The tempest hovers o'er thy head, The winds their fury pour,

3 That warning voice, O sinner hear! Whose accents linger on thine ear; Whose accents linger on thine ear; Thy footsteps now retrace;
4 Then, while a voice of pardon speaks, The storm is hush'd, the morning breaks, The storm is hush'd, the morning breaks, The heav'ns are all serene.

Flee from destruction's downward path, Flee from the threat'ning storm of wrath, Flee from the threat'ning storm of wrath, That rises o'er thy way.
The lightnings rend the earth and skies, The thunders roar, the flames arise, The thunders roar, the flames arise, What terrors fill the hour.

Renounce thy sins and be forgiv'n, Believe, become an heir of heav'n, Believe, become an heir of heav'n, And sing re - deeming grace.
Fresh verdure clothes the beauteous fields, Joy echoes on the distant hills, Joy echoes on the distant hills, New wonders fill the scene.


1 Little children, pilgrim band, Look a - way, yes, look a way! Yonder nears the promised land, Look a - way! look a - way!
2 If the way seems dark and drear, Look a - way, yes, look a - way! Je - sus calls, so never fear, Look a - way! look a - way!
Je - sus bids his pilgrims, "Come," There you'll find a happy home; Look a - way, yes, look a - way! Look for the promised land.
By the eye of faith you'll view Mansions there prepared for you; Look a - way, yes, look a - way! Look for the promised land.


1 Hear us now, O our Fa - ther, Hear us now, O our Father, Hear us now, O our Fa - ther, Bless this social meeting.
2 Re - member us, dear Je - sus, Re - member us, dear Je - sus, Re - member us, dear Je - sus, In this social meeting.
3 Come down, O Ho - ly Spir - it, Come down, O Holy Spirit, Come down, O Holy Spir - it, In this social meeting.
In this pro - pi - ti - ous hour, O, may we feel thy pow - er, O, may we feel thy pow - er, In this social meet - ing.
O may we find thy fa - vor, Thou ev - er bless - ed Saviour, Thou ev - er blessed Saviour, In this social meet - ing.
Fill thou each soul with pleasure, Pour blessings without measure, Pour blessings without measure, On this social meet - ing.

1 Noth - ing ei - ther great or small Remains for me to do, Je - sus died and paid it all, All that I was due.
2 When he from his lof - ty throne, Stooped to do and die, Ev - ery - thing was ful - ly done, "Tis finished," was his cry.
3 Wea - ry, working, plodding one, Wherefore toil you so? Cease your do - ing, all was done, Long, long a - go.

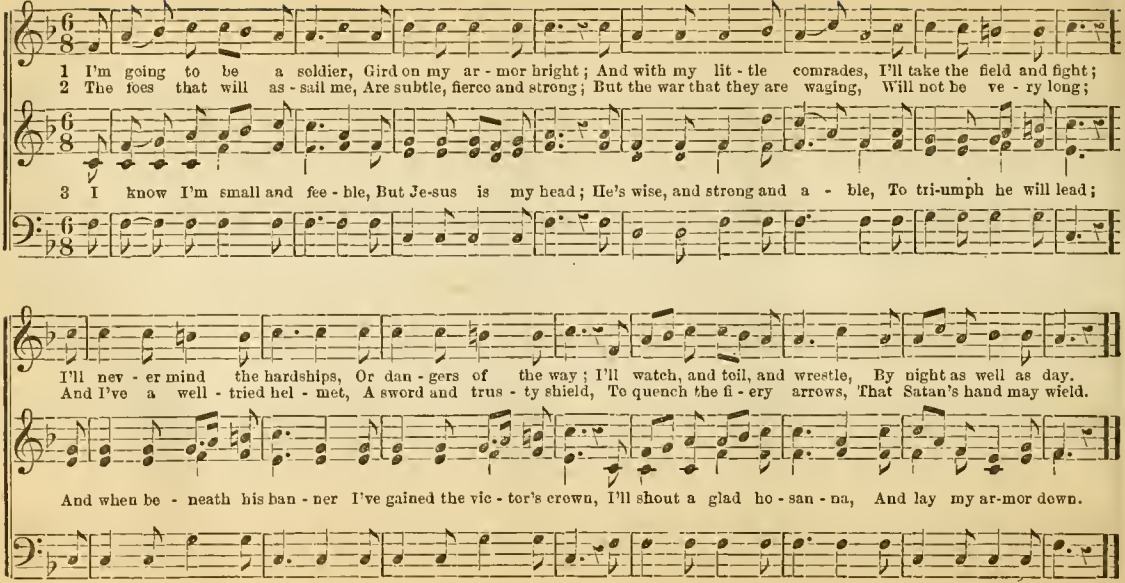
4 Till to Je - sus' work you cling, By a sim - ple faith, Do - ing is a dead - ly thing, Doing ends in death.
5 Cast your dead - ly do - ing down, Down at Je - sus' feet, Stand in him, in him a - lone, Gloriously com - plete.

CHO. Je - sus paid it all, All that I was due, And nothing ei - ther great or small, Re - mains for me to do.

CHO. Je - sus paid it all, All that I was due, And nothing ei - ther great or small, Re - mains for me to do.

645 LITTLE CHRISTIAN SOLDIER.

Arranged for this work.



CHORUS.

Life's bat - tle, O, life's bat - tle— 'Tis fought with self and sin; But Je - sus is my Cap - tain, And I'm sure to win.

Life's bat - tle, O, life's bat - tle— 'Tis fought with self and sin; But Je - sus is my Cap - tain, And I'm sure to win.

ANTHEM. "Great is the Lord."

(Altered from Dr. CALCOTT.

ALLEGRO.

f

Great is the Lord, and greatly to be prais - ed—and greatly to be prais - ed — and great - ly to be prais - ed,

f

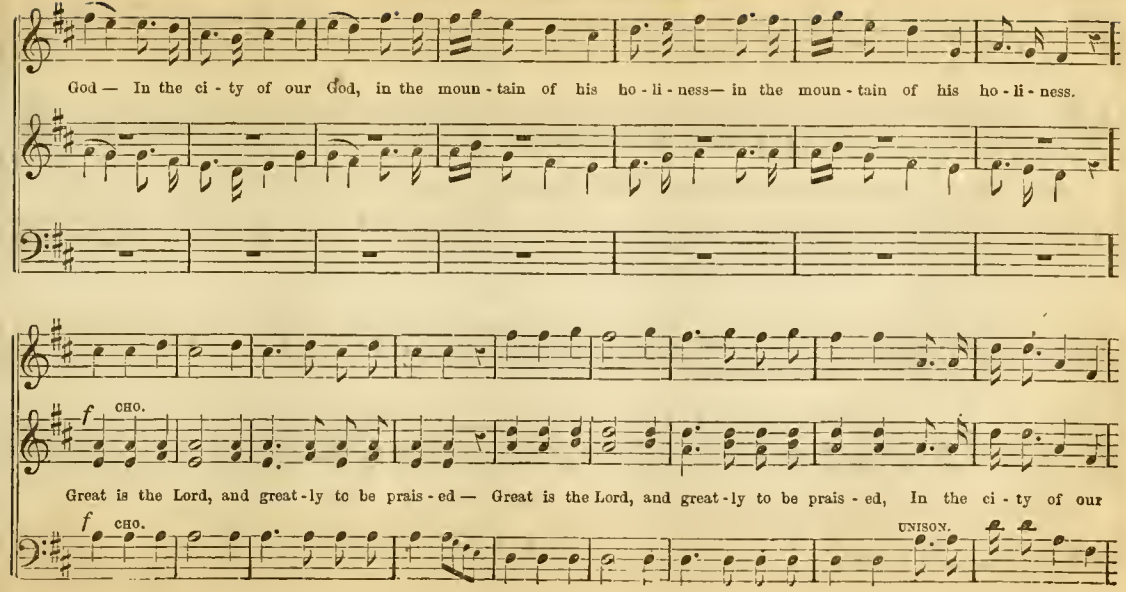
SOLI.—In the ci - ty of our God, In the ci - ty of our God, in the mountain of his ho - li - ness—in the mountain of his ho - li - ness.

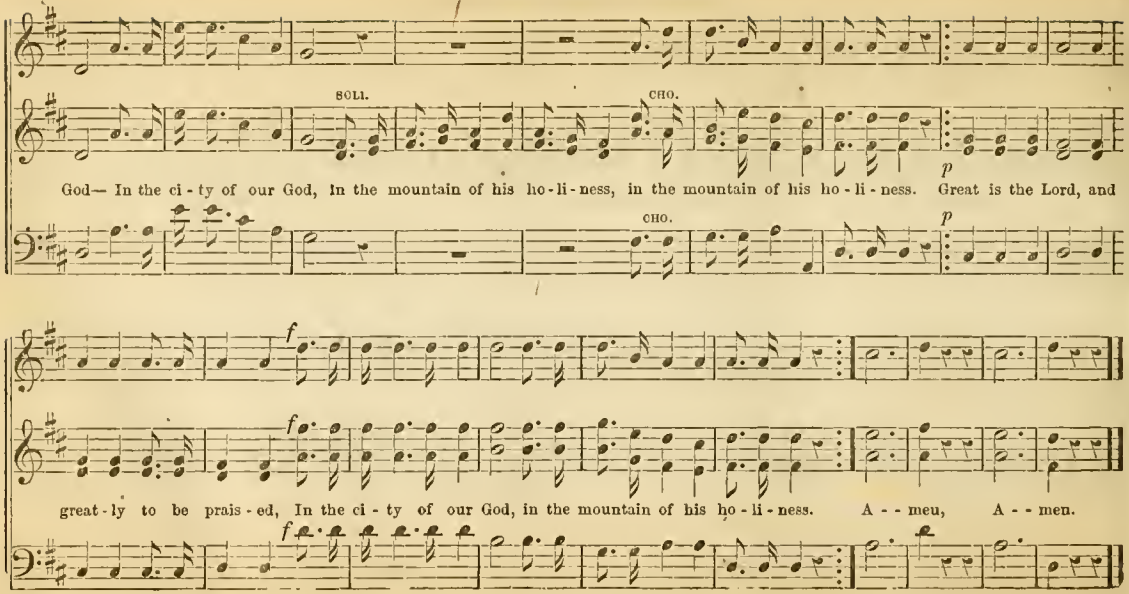
Great..... is the Lord,..... and great - ly to be prais - ed, In the ci - ty of our

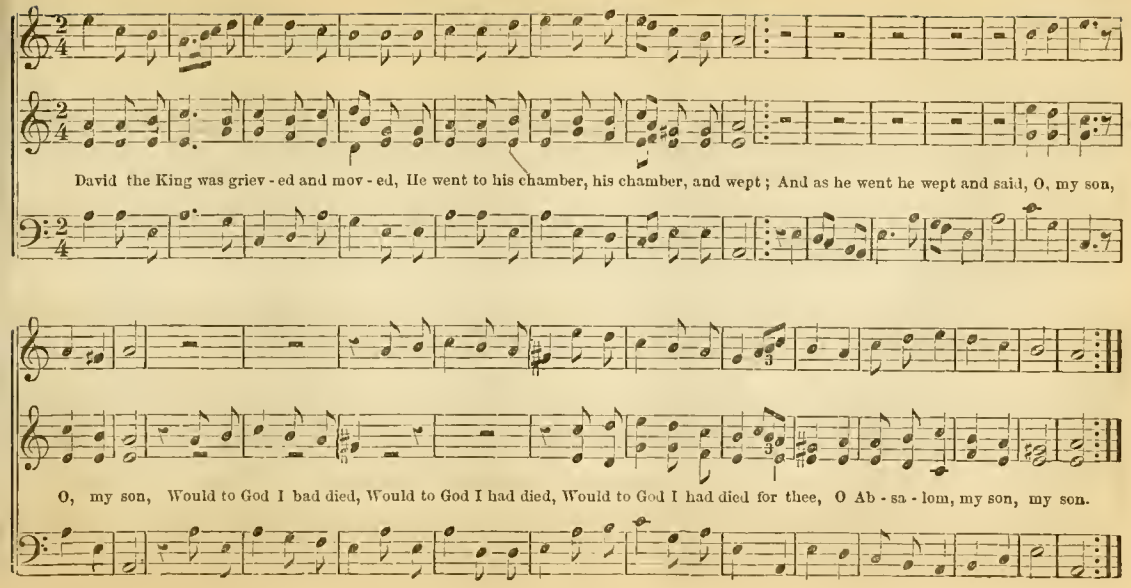
f CHO.

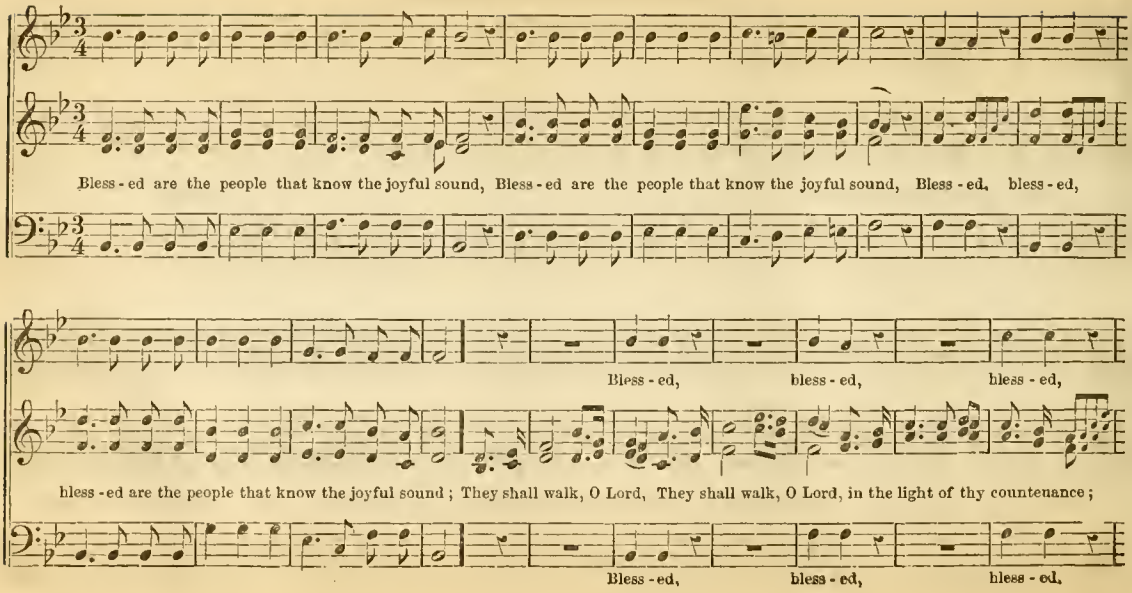
Great is the Lord, and great - ly to be prais - ed— Great is the Lord, and great - ly to be prais - ed— In the ci - ty of our

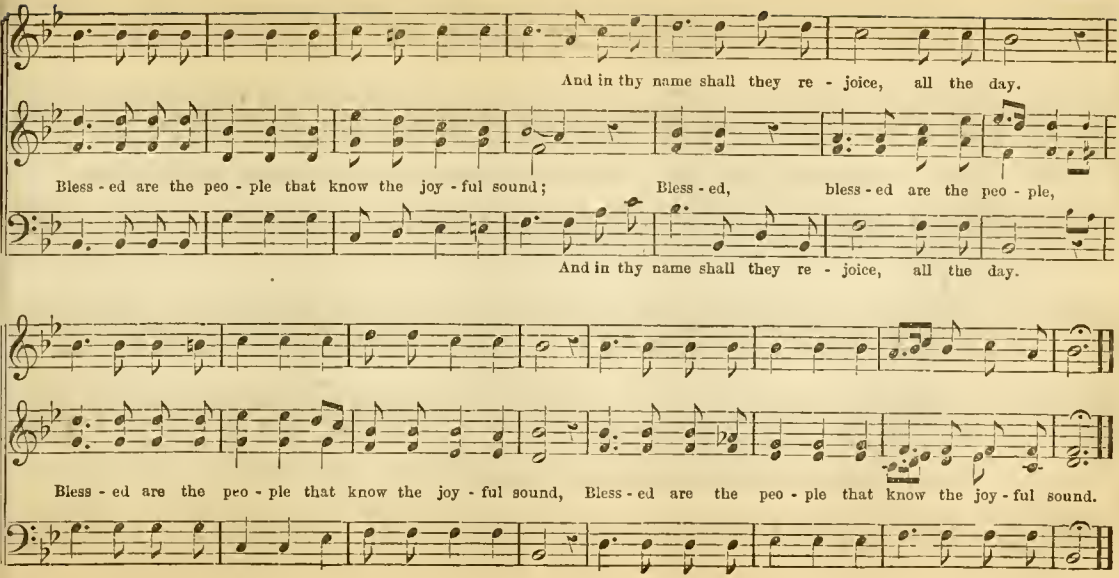
f CHO.

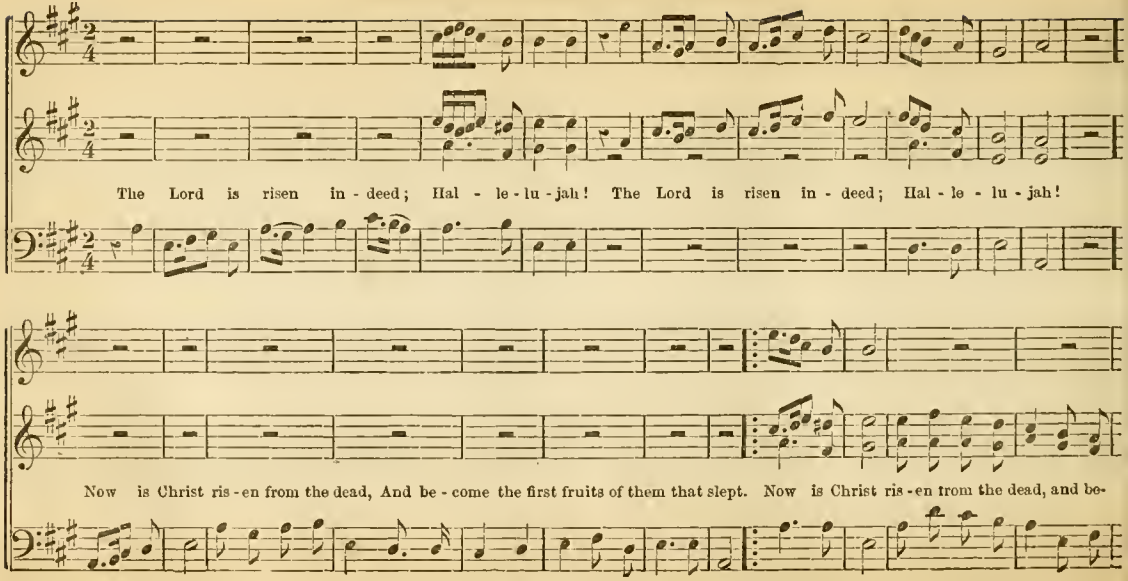

God — In the ci - ty of our God, in the moun - tain of his ho - li - ness— in the moun - tain of his ho - li - ness.
f CHO.
Great is the Lord, and great - ly to be prais - ed — Great is the Lord, and great - ly to be prais - ed, In the ci - ty of our
f CHO.
UNISON.

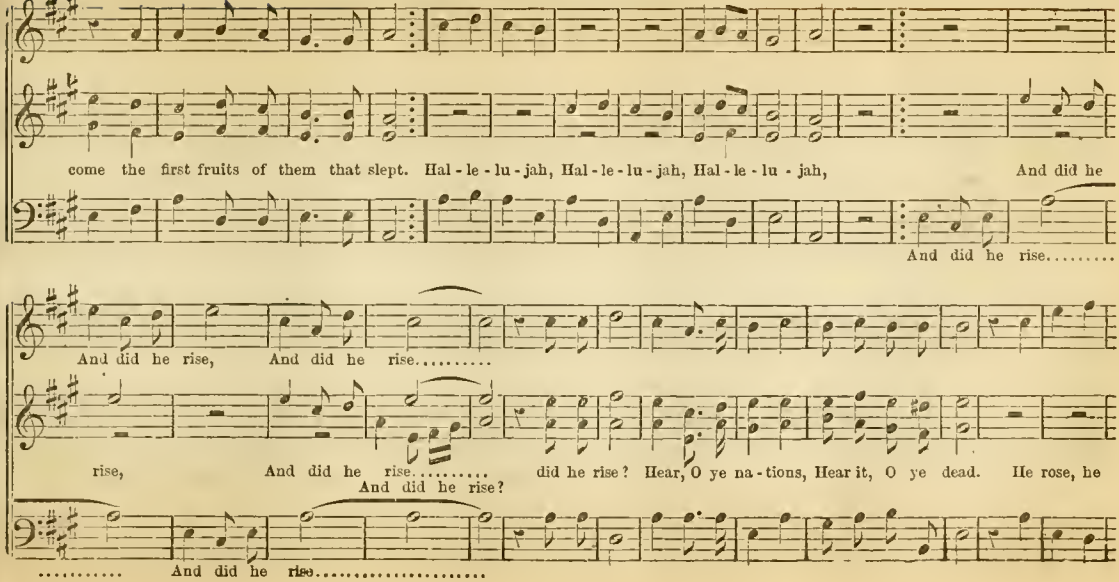

SOLI.
CHO.
p
God— In the ci - ty of our God, In the mountain of his ho - li - ness, in the mountain of his ho - li - ness. Great is the Lord, and
CHO.
p
f
f
great - ly to be prais - ed, In the ci - ty of our God, in the mountain of his ho - li - ness. A - - men, A - - men.
f


David the King was griev - ed and mov - ed, He went to his chamber, his chamber, and wept; And as he went he wept and said, O, my son,
O, my son, Would to God I bad died, Would to God I had died, Would to God I had died for thee, O Ab - sa - lom, my son, my son.


Bless - ed are the people that know the joyful sound, Bless - ed are the people that know the joyful sound, Bless - ed, bless - ed,
Bless - ed, bless - ed, bless - ed,
bless - ed are the people that know the joyful sound; They shall walk, O Lord, They shall walk, O Lord, in the light of thy countenance;
Bless - ed, bless - ed, bless - ed.

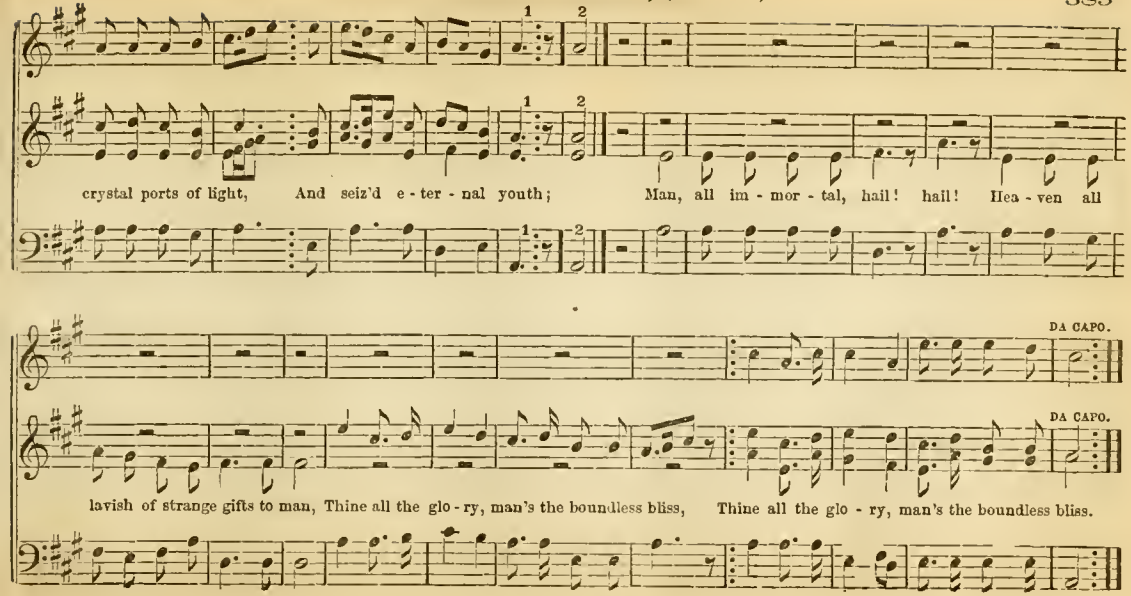

And in thy name shall they re - joice, all the day.
Bless - ed are the peo - ple that know the joy - ful sound; Bless - ed, bless - ed are the peo - ple,
And in thy name shall they re - joice, all the day.
Bless - ed are the peo - ple that know the joy - ful sound, Bless - ed are the peo - ple that know the joy - ful sound.


The Lord is risen in - deed; Hal - le - lu - jah! The Lord is risen in - deed; Hal - le - lu - jah!
Now is Christ ris - en from the dead, And be - come the first fruits of them that slept. Now is Christ ris - en from the dead, and be-


come the first fruits of them that slept. Hal - le - lu - jah, Hal - le - lu - jah, Hal - le - lu - jah,
And did he
And did he rise.....
And did he rise, And did he rise.....
rise, And did he rise..... did he rise? Hear, O ye na - tions, Hear it, O ye dead. He rose, he
And did he rise?
..... And did he rise.....

rose, he rose, he rose, He burst the bars of death, He burst the bars of death, He burst the bars of death, And tri - umph'd o'er the grave.

Then, Then, Then I rose, Then I rose, Then I rose, Then I rose, Then first hu - ma - ni - ty triumphant pass'd the


crystal ports of light, And seiz'd e - ter - nal youth; Man, all im - mor - tal, hail! hail! Hea - ven all
DA CAPO.
DA CAPO.
lavish of strange gifts to man, Thine all the glo - ry, man's the boundless bliss, Thine all the glo - ry, man's the boundless bliss.

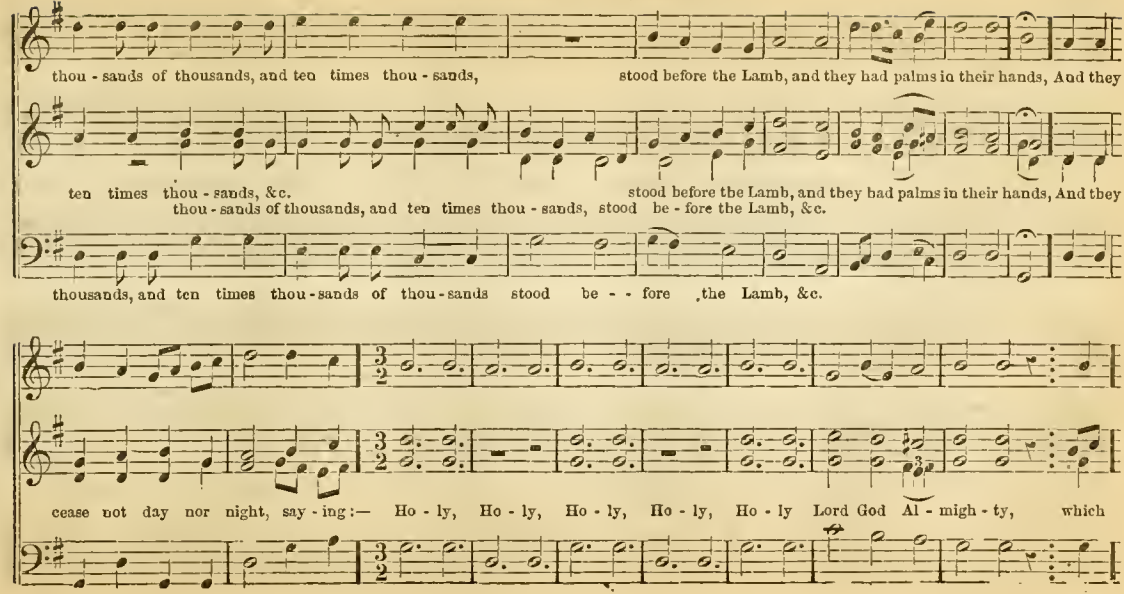
I be - held, and lo..... a great multitude, which no man could number, Thou - sands of
I be - held, and lo, a great, &c.

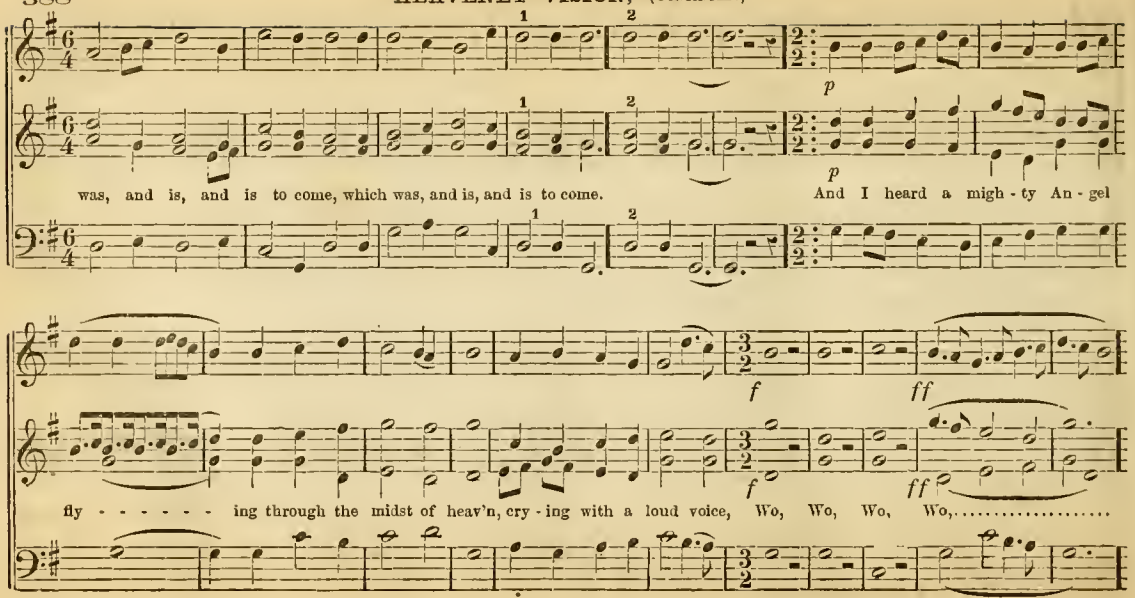
Thousands of thousands, and ten times thousands,

Thousands of thousands, and ten times thou - - - sands, thou - sands of thou - sands, and ten times thousands,

thou - sands and ten times thou - sands, thousands of thousands and ten times thou - - - sands, thou - sands of thou - sands and
Thousands of thousands, and ten times thou - sands, thou - sands of thou - sands, and ten times thou - - - sands,

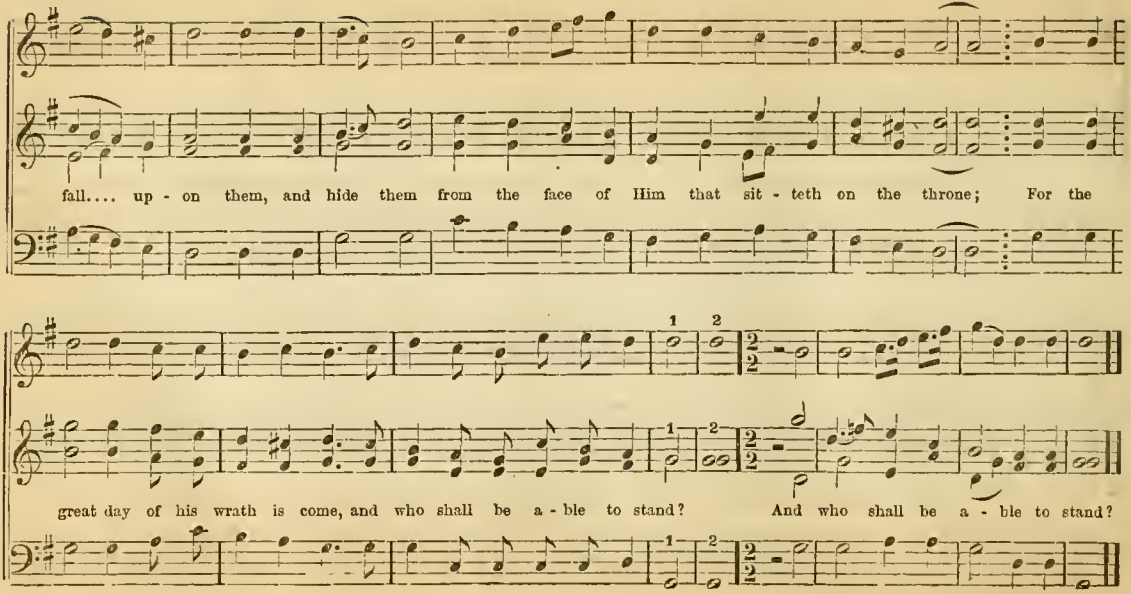
thou - sands of thousands and ten times thou - sands, &c. thou - sands of


thou - sands of thousands, and ten times thou - sands, stood before the Lamb, and they had palms in their hands, And they
ten times thou - sands, &c. stood before the Lamb, and they had palms in their hands, And they
thou - sands of thousands, and ten times thou - sands, stood be - fore the Lamb, &c.
thousands, and ten times thou - sands of thou - sands stood be - - fore the Lamb, &c.
cease not day nor night, say - ing:— Ho - ly, Ho - ly, Ho - ly, Ho - ly, Ho - ly Lord God Al - migh - ty, which

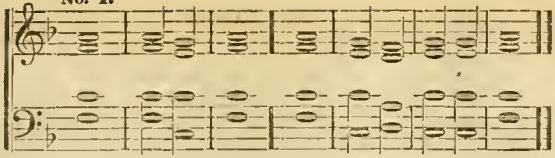

1
2
p
was, and is, and is to come, which was, and is, and is to come.
And I heard a migh - ty An - gel
f
ff
fly - - - - - - ing through the midst of heav'n, cry - ing with a loud voice, Wo, Wo, Wo, Wo,.....

be un - to the earth by rea - son of the trum - pet which is yet to sound.... And when the last trum - pet sounded, the

great men and no - bles, rich men and poor, bond and free, gath - er - ed themselves to - geth - er, and cri - ed to the rocks and mountains to

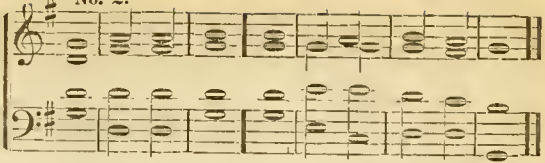

fall.... up - on them, and hide them from the face of Him that sit - teth on the throne; For the
great day of his wrath is come, and who shall be a - ble to stand? And who shall be a - ble to stand?

No. 1.



1 O come, let us | sing un..to the | Lord,
Let us heartily rejoice in the | strength of | our sal- | vation;
2 Let us come before his | presence..with | thanksgiving,
And show ourselves | glad in | him with | psalms.
3 For the Lord is a | great — | God;
And a great | King a..bove | all — | gods.
4 In his hand are all the | corners..of the | earth;
And the strength of the | hills is | his — | also.
5 The sea is his, and | he — | made it:
And his hands pre- | pared..the | dry — | land.
6 O come, let us | worship and..fall | down,
And | kneel before the | Lord our | Maker.
7 For he is the | Lord our | God; [his | hand.
And we are the people of his | pasture..and the | sheep of..
8 O worship the Lord, in the | beauty..of | holiness;
Let the whole | earth..stand in | awe of | him.
9 For he cometh, for he cometh to | judge the | earth;
And with righteousness to judge the | world,..and the | people..with his | truth.
10 Glory be to the Father, and to the Son, and to the | Holy | Ghost;
As it was in the beginning, is now, and ever shall be, | world with..out | end A- | men.

No. 2.



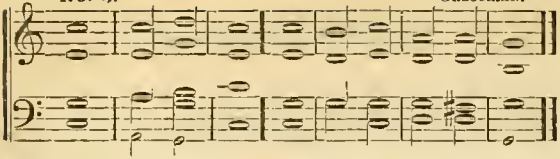
1 Have mercy upon me, O God, according to thy loving kindness; according to the multitude of thy tender mercies,
Blot | out..my trans- | gressions.
2 Wash me thoroughly from mine iniquities,
And | cleanse me | from my | sin.

3 For I acknowledge my transgressions,
And my sin is | ever..be- | fore me.
4 Against thee, thee only, have I sinned,
And done this | evil | in thy | sight.

5 Create in me a clean heart, O God,
And renew a right | spirit..with- | in me.
6 Cast me not away from thy presence;
And take not thy | Holy | Spirit | from me.

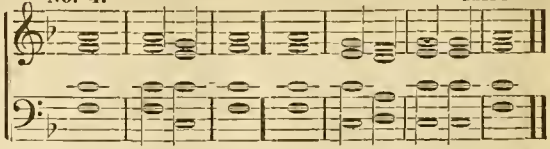
7 Restore unto me the joy of thy salvation;
And uphold me with | thy free | spirit.
8 Then will I teach transgressors thy ways,
And sinners shall be con- | verted | unto | thee. Amen.

No. 3. GREGORIAN.



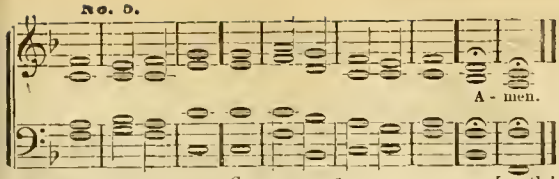
1 O sing unto the | Lord a..new | song;
For he hath done | mar- — | — vel..cus | things.
2 With his own right hand and with his | holy | arm
Hath he | gotten..him- | self the | victory.
3 The Lord hath declared | his sal- | vation;
His righteousness hath he openly | showed..in the sight..of the | heathen.
4 He hath remembered his mercy and truth toward the | house of | Israel;
And all the ends of the world have seen the sal- | vation..of | our — | God.
5 Show yourselves joyful unto the Lord | all ye | lands;
Sing, re- | joice, and | give — | thanks.
6 Praise the Lord up- | on the | harp;
Sing to the harp with a | psalm — | — of | thanksgiving.
7 With trumpets | also..and | shawms;
O show yourselves joyful before the | Lord — | — the | King.
8 Let the sea make a noise, and | all that..therein | is;
The round world and | they that | dwell there- | in.
9 Let the floods clap their hands, and let the hills be joyful together, be- | fore the | Lord;
For he cometh..to | judge the | earth.
10 With righteousness shall | udge the | world;
And the | peo- — | pie..with | equity.
11 Glory be to the Father, and to the Son, and to the | Holy | Ghost;
As it was in the beginning, is now, and ever shall be, | world with..out | end. A- | men.

No. 4. TALLIS.



1 God be merciful unto | us and | bless us,
And show us the light of his countenance, and be | merci-.. ful | unto | us.
2 That thy way may be | known up..on | earth;
Thy saving | health a- | mong all | nations.
3 Let the people praise thee, | O — | God.
Yea, let | all the..people | praise — | thee.
4 O let the nations rejoice | and be | glad;
{ For thou shalt judge the people righteously,
{ And govern the | na..tions up- | on — | earth.
5 Let the people praise thee, | O — | God;
Yea, let | all the..people | praise — | thee.
6 Then shall the earth bring | forth her | increase;
And God, even our | own..God shall | give us..his | blessing.
7 God shall | bless — | us;
And all the ends of the | world shall | fear — | him.

No. 5.



SELECTION 1.

1 O Lord our Lord, how excellent is thy name in | all the | [earth!
Who hast set thy | glory..a- | bove the | heavens.
2 Out of the mouth of babes and sucklings
Hast thou ordained strength, he- | cause of..thine | enemies:
That thou mightest still the | ene..my | and..the a- | venger.
3 When I consider thy heavens, the | work of..thy | fingers;
The moon and the | stars which | thou..hast or- | dained,
4 What is man, that thou art | mindful..of | him,
And the son of | man..that thou | visit..est | him?
5 For thou hast made him a little | lower..than the | angels:
And hast | crowned..him with | glory..and | honor.
6 Thou hast made him to have dominion over the | works of..
7 All sheep and oxen, yea, and beasts of the field, [thy | hands.
The fowl of the air, and | fish..of the | sea:
And whatsoever | passeth..through the | paths..of the | sea:
8 O Lord our Lord, how excellent is thy name in | all the |
How excellent is thy | name in | all the | earth. [earth!

SELECTION 2.

1 Holy, holy, holy, | Lord..God Al- | mighty:
Which was, and | is, and | is to | come. [and | power:
2 Thou art worthy, O Lord, to receive glory, and | honor..
For thou hast created all gs and for thy pleasure they |
are and | were cre- | ated.
3 Worthy is the | Lamb..that was | slain,
To receive power, and riches, and wisdom, and strength,
and | honor..and | glory..and | blessing.
4 Blessing, and honor, and | glory..and | power
Be unto him that sitteth upon the throne,
And unto the | Lamb..for- | ever.. | and | ever.

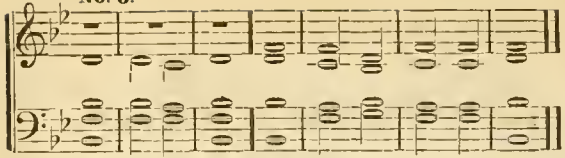
SELECTION 3.

1 Hallelujah! for the Lord God om- | nipo..tent | reigneth:
Hallelujah! for the | Lord..God om- | nipo..tent | reigneth.
2 The kingdoms of this world are become the kingdoms of our |
Lord..and of his | Christ:
And | he shall..reign for- | ever..and | ever.
3 We give thee thanks, O Lord God Almighty,
Which art, and wert, and | art to | come:
King of kings and | Lord— | — of | lords.
4 Salvation to our God which sitteth upon the throne, and |
unto..the | Lamb: A- | men..Halle- | lujah..A- | men.
5 Blessing, and glory, and wisdom, and thanksgiving, and
honor, and | power, and | might,
Be unto our | God for- | ever..and | ever:

SELECTION 4.

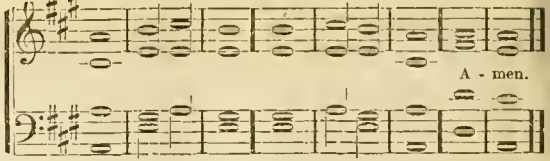
1 Great and marvelous are thy works, | Lord..God Al- | mighty!
Just and true are thy | ways, thou | King of | saints.
2 Who shall not fear thee, O Lord and | glorify..thy | name?
For | thou — | only..art | holy.
3 Salvation, and glory, and honor, and power, unto the | Lord
For | true and | righteous..are his | judgments. [our | God:
4 Praise ye our God, all ye his servants, and ye that fear him,
both | small and | great:
A- | men..Halle- | lujah..A- | men.

No. 6.



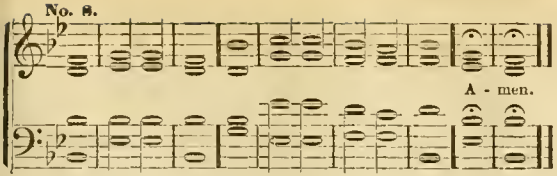
1 Judge me, O Lord, for I have | walk'd in..mine in- | tegrity:
I have trusted also in the Lord; | therefore..I | shall not | slide.
2 Examine me, O Lord, and prove me; Try my | reins and.. my | heart:
For thy loving-kindness is before mine eyes, and I have | walked..in | thy— | truth:
3 I have not sat with vain persons; Neither will I go | in..with dis- | semblers;
I have hated the congregation of evil-doers;
And | will not | sit..with the | wicked.
4 I will wash my hands in innocency: So will I compass thine | altar..O | Lord:
That I may publish with the voice of thanksgiving,
And tell of | all thy | wondrous | works.
5 Lord, I have loved the habi- | tation..of thy | house,
And the | place..where thine | honor | dwelleth:
6 Gather not my soul with sinners, Nor my life with | blood-y | men,
In whose hands is mischief, and their | right hand..is | full of | bribes.
7 But as for me, I will walk in mine integrity:
Redeem me, and be | merciful..unto | me;
My foot standeth in an even place;
In the congre- | gation..will I | bless the | Lord.

No. 7.



1 I was glad when they said unto me,
Let us go into the | house..of the | Lord.
2 Our feet shall stand within thy gates, O Jerusalem;
Jerusalem is builded as a city that is com- | pact to- | gether.
3 Whither the tribes go up; the tribes of the Lord,
Unto the testimony of Israel,
To give thanks unto the | name..of the | Lord.
4 For there are set thrones of judgment,
The thrones of the | house of | David.
5 Pray for the peace of Jerusalem,
They shall | prosper..that | love thee.
6 Peace be within thy walls;
And prosperity with- | in thy | palaces.
7 For my brethren and companions' sakes,
I will now say, | Peace..be with- | in thee.
8 Because of the house of the Lord our God,
I will | seek thy | good. || A- | men.

No. 8.



1 We praise thee, O God;
We acknowledge | thee to..be the | Lord.
All the earth doth worship thee, the | Father | ever- | lasting.

2 To thee all Angels cry aloud;
The Heavens, and all the | Powers there- | in.
To thee, Cherubim and Seraphim con- | tinual- | ly do | cry,

3 Holy, Holy, Holy, | Lord..God of | Sabaoth.
Heaven and Earth are full of the Majesty of | thy — | —— | Glory.

4 The glorious company of the Apostles shall | praise — | thee.
The goodly fellowship of the Prophets shall praise thee.
The noble army of Martyrs shall | praise — | —— | thee.

5 The holy Church, throughout all the world, doth ac- | knowledge | thee,
The Father, of an infinite Majesty;
Thine adorable, true, and only Son;
Also the | Holy | Ghost, the | Comforter.

6 Thou art the King of | Glory,..O | Christ.
Thou art the everlasting | Son — | of the | Father.

7 When thou tookest upon thee to deliver man,
Thou didst humble thyself to be | born..of a | Virgin.
When thou hadst overcome the sharpness of death,
Thou didst open the kingdom of | heaven to | all be- | lievers.

8 Thou sittest at the right hand of God, in the | Glory..of the | Father.
We believe that thou shalt | come, to | be our | Judge.

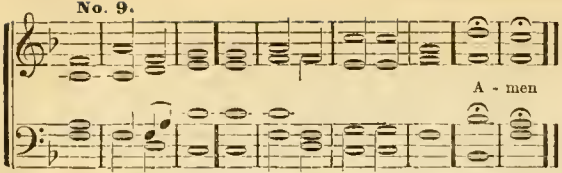
9 We therefore pray thee, help thy servants,
Whom thou hast redeemed with thy | precious | blood.
Make them to be numbered with thy saints,
In | glory | ever- | lasting.

10 O Lord, save thy people, and bless thine heritage.
Govern them, and lift them | up for- | ever.
Day by day we magnify thee;
And we worship thy | name..ever, | world with..out | end.

11 Vouchsafe, O Lord, to keep us this | day with..out | sin.
O Lord, have mercy upon us, have | mer-cy up- | on— | us.

12 O Lord, let thy mercy be upon us, as our | trust..is in | thee.
O Lord, in thee have I trusted; | let me | never..be con- | founded.

No. 9.



1 *Verse.* O give thanks unto the Lord; for he is good:
Chorus. For his mercy en- | dureth..for- | ever.
Verse. O give thanks unto the God of gods:
Chorus. For his | mercy en- | dureth..for- | ever.

2 *Verse.* O give thanks unto the Lord of lords:
Chorus. For his mercy en- | dureth..for- | ever.
Verse. To him who alone doeth great wonders:
Chorus. For his | mercy en- | dureth..for- | ever:

3 *Verse.* To him that by wisdom made the heavens:
Chorus. For his mercy en- | dureth..for- | ever:
Verse. To him that stretched out the earth above the waters:
Chorus. For his | mercy en- | dureth..for- | ever:

4 *Verse.* To him that made great lights:
Chorus. For his mercy en- | dureth..for- | ever.
Verse. The sun to rule by day:
Chorus. For his | mercy en- | dureth..for- | ever.

5 *Verse.* The moon and stars to rule by night:
Chorus. For his mercy en- | dureth..for- | ever.
Verse. To him that smote Egypt in their first born:
Chorus. For his | mercy en- | dereth..for- | ever.

6 *Verse.* And brought out Israel from among them:
Chorus. For his mercy en- | dureth..for- | ever.
Verse. With a strong hand and a stretched out arm:
Chorus. For his | mercy en- | dureth..for- | ever.

7 *Verse.* To him who divided the Red sea into parts:
Chorus. For his mercy en- | dureth..for- | ever.
Verse. And made Israel to pass through the midst of it:
Chorus. For his | mercy en- | dureth..for- | ever.

8 *Verse.* But overthrew Pharaoh and his host in the Red sea:
Chorus. For his mercy en- | dureth..for- | ever.
Verse. To him who led his people through the wilderness:
Chorus. For his | mercy en- | dureth..for- | ever.

9 *Verse.* To him who smote great kings:
Chorus. For his mercy en- | dureth..for- | ever.
Verse. And slew famous kings:
Chorus. For his | mercy en- | dureth..for- | ever.

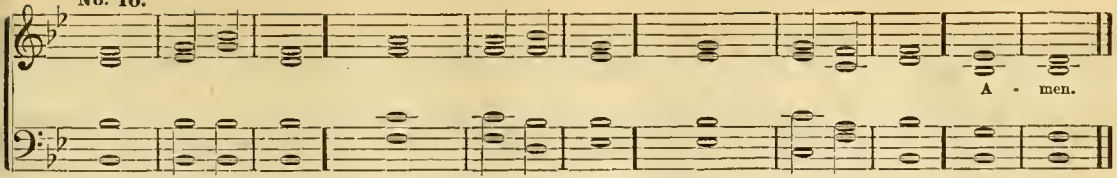
10 *Verse.* Sihon king of the Amorites:
Chorus. For his mercy en- | dureth..for- | ever.
Verse. And Og the king of Bashan:
Chorus. For his | mercy en- | dureth..for- | ever.

11 *Verse.* And gave their land for an heritage:
Chorus. For his mercy en- | dureth..for- | ever.
Verse. Even an heritage unto Israel his servant:
Chorus. For his | mercy en- | dureth..for- | ever.

12 *Verse.* Who remembered us in our low estate:
Chorus. For his mercy en- | dureth..for- | ever.
Verse. And hath redeemed us from our enemies:
Chorus. For his | mercy en- | dureth..for- | ever.

13 *Verse.* Who giveth food to all flesh:
Chorus. For his mercy en- | dureth..for- | ever.
Verse. O give thanks unto the God of heaven:
Chorus. For his | mercy en- | dureth..for- | ever.

No. 10.



1 Hear! Father, hear our prayer!
Thou who art pity where | sorrow..pre- | vaileth,
Thou who art safety when mortal help faileth,
Strength to the feeble, and | Hope..to de- | spair.
Hear! Father, | hear our | prayer!

2 Hear! Father, hear our prayer!
Wandering unknown in the | land..of the | stranger,
Be with all travellers in sickness or danger,
Guard thou their path, guide their | feet..from the | snare.
Hear! Father, | hear our | prayer!

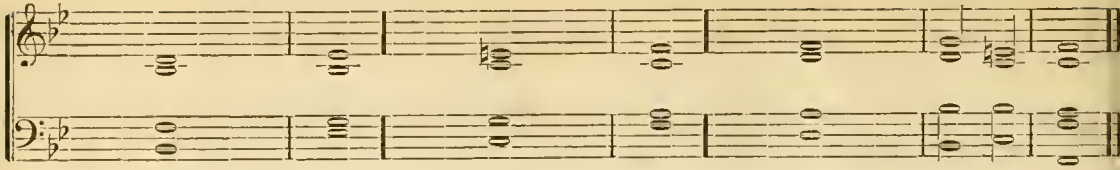
3 Hear! Father, hear our prayer!
Still thou the tempest, night's | terrors..re- | veaing,
In lightning flashing, in thy thunders pealing:
Save thou the shipwrecked, the | voyager | spare.
Hear! Father, | hear our | prayer!

4 Hear thou the poor that cry!
Feed thou the hungry, and | lighten..their | sorrow;
Grant them the sunshine of hope for the morrow;
They are thy children, their | trust..is on | high:
Hear thou the | poor that | cry!

5 Dry thou the mourner's tear!
Heal thou the wounds of | time..hallowed af- | fection,
Grant to the widow and orphan protection,
Be in their trouble a | friend..ever | near.
Dry thou the | mourner's | tear!

6 Hear! Father, hear our prayer!
Long hath thy goodness our | footsteps..at- | tended;
Be with the Pilgrim whose journey is ended;
When at thy summons for | death..we pre- | pare.
Hear! Father, | hear our | prayer!

No. 11. "THE MISSIONARY'S CALL." EDWARD HOWE, JR.



1 My soul is not at rest. There comes a strange and secret whisper to my | spirit, | like a dream of | night, | that tells me I am on en- | chanted | ground.

2 Why live I here? The vows of God are | on me, | and I may not stop to play with shadows, or pluck earthly | flowers, | till I my work have done, and | rendered··up ac- | count.

3 And I will | go! | I may no longer doubt to give up friends and idol | hopes, | and every tie that binds my heart to | thee, my | country!

4 Henceforth, then, it matters not if storm or sunshine be my | earthly lot, | bitter or sweet my | cup, | I only pray, "God make me holy, and my spirit nerve for the stern | hour of | strife!"

5 And when I come to stretch me for the | last, | in unattended agony, beneath the cocoa's | shade, | it will be sweet that I have toiled for | other··worlds than | this.

6 And if one for whom Satan hath struggled as he hath for | me, | should ever reach that blessed | shore— | O, how this heart will glow with | grati··tude and | love.

"THE MISSIONARY'S CALL." (CONCLUDED.)

CHORUS, FOR FIRST FIVE VERSES. *Cres.* *p*

The voice of my de - parted Lord, "Go, teach all nations," Comes on the night-air, and a - wakes mine ear.

f CHORUS, FOR LAST VERSE.

Through a - ges of e - ternal years, My spirit never shall repent That toil and suffering once were mine be - low.

HYMNS AND SONGS.

646 6s & 5s.

1 WHY that look of sadness?
Why that downcast eye?
Can no thought of gladness
Lift thy soul on high?
O, thou heir of heaven,
Think of Jesus' love,
While to thee is given
All his grace to prove.

2 Is thy burdened spirit
Anguished for thy sin?
Think of Jesus' merit:
He can make thee clean;
Think of Calvary's mountain,
Where his blood was spilt;
In that precious fountain
Wash away thy guilt.

3 Is thy spirit drooping?
Is the tempter near?
Still on Jesus hoping,
What hast thou to fear?
Set the prize before thee;
Gird thy armor on;
Heir of grace and glory,
Struggle for thy crown.

647 P. M.

1 COME, all ye sons of Zion,
Who are waiting for salvation,
Have your lamps trimmed and burning,
For behold the proclamation,
Saying, All things now are ready
For the poor and for the needy;
All my fatlings now are killed,
And prepared on the table.

2 O what a happy meeting,
When salvation is completed,
And tribulation 's ended,
And the spotless robe prepared,
For the Bride to be adorned,
In the jasper wall be crowned,
Saying, Worthy is the Lamb,
In the new Jerusalem!

3 O sinners, don 't be doubting,
While the sons of God are shouting;
Come and join the happy army,
And there 's nothing that will harm you.
If you follow Christ, the Saviour,
And break off your bad behaviour,
And repent and be converted,
You may sing his praises too.

648 7s & 6s.

1 RISE, my soul, and stretch thy wings,
Thy better portion trace:
Rise from transitory things
Toward thy destined place:
Sun and moon, and stars decay,
The Lord will soon this earth renew;
Rise, my soul, and haste away,
To seats prepared for you.

2 Fly me riches, fly me cares,
While I that coast explore:
Flatt'ring world, with all thy snares,
Solicit me no more.
Pilgrims, fix not here your home,
Strangers tarry but a night:
When the last great morn shall come,
We'll rise to joyful light!

3 Come, my brethren, face the storm,
Press onward to the prize:
Soon our Saviour will return,
Triumphant in the skies:
Yet a season, and you know
Happy entrance will be given;
All our sorrows left below,
And earth renew'd and heaven.

649 6s & 4s.

1 O CARELESS sinners, come,
Pray now attend;
This world is not your home,
It soon will end.
Jehovah calls aloud,
Forsake the thoughtless crowd,
Pursue the road to God,
And happy he.

2 Nor do I call alone:
The Saviour, too,
E'en with his dying groans,
Cries, Bid adieu
To all your lovers now,
And to his sceptre bow,
And he will tell you how,
To live anew.

3 I bid you all farewell,
With aching heart,
And in deep sorrow tell,
That we must part.
To meet the Lord we go,
And you are bound to woe;
Alas it must be so
If you rebel.

4 I look on you again,
And hoping say,
Why wont you leave your sin
And come away
From Satan's cruel power,
And live forevermore,
And bless the joyful hour
That life began?

5 All hail! we welcome then
Your happy flight
From Kedar's tents of sin,
To glory bright;
We'll travel on with you,
And bid this world adieu,
And endless joys pursue,
Till all is ours.

6 There we will range around
The blissful plains,
Where pleasure has no bound,
And glory reigns;
We'll fall at Jesus' feet
Where joys are all complete,
And blissful raptures meet
Forevermore.

650 P. M.

1 COME and reign; come and reign,
Jesus on thy throne;
And, O, it fills my heart with joy
To know we're almost home.
Here I drop the falling tear,
As pilgrim-like I roam,
An exile from my Father's house;
But soon he'll call me home.
CHORUS.—Come and reign, &c.

2 Here, amid life's changing scenes,
My cup of grief runs o'er;
But there I'll share unmingled bliss
On Canaan's happy shore.
Come and reign, &c.

3 Here I grieve the friends I love,
And they in turn grieve me;
But O, my Father, grant me grace,
That I may not grieve thee.
Come and reign, &c.

4 Here disease invades our frames,
We wither, droop, and die;
But there eternal youth shall bloom,
And bright shall beam each eye.
Come and reign, &c.

5 Here we meet and part again,
As round and round we roam;
But there we'll meet and part no more,
And sweetly rest at home.
Come and reign, &c.

651 P M

1 BY whom was David taught
To aim the dreadful blow,
When he Goliah fought,
And laid the Gittite low?
No sword or spear the stripling took,
But chose a pebble from the brook.

2 'T was Israel's God and King
Who sent him to the fight;
Who gave him strength to sling,
And skill to aim aright.
Ye feeble saints, your strength endures,
Because young David's God is yours

3 Who ordered Gideon forth.
To storm the invader's camp,

With arms of little worth,
A pitcher and a lamp?
The trumpet made his coming known,
And all the host was overthrown.

4 O, we have seen the day,
When with a single word,
(God helping us to say,
Our trust is in the Lord,)
Our souls have quelled a thousand foes,
Fearless of all that could oppose.

5 But unbelief, self-will,
Self-righteousness and pride,
How often do they steal
Our weapons from our side!
Yet David's Lord, and Gideon's friend,
Will help his servants to the end.

652

1 LONG time, my Saviour, I've been waiting,
Long time have watch'd by night and day;
Feared lest, my faith and hope abating,
I should lose courage by the way.
CHORUS.—Jesus soon is coming:
This is my song—
Cheers the heart when joys depart,
And foes are pressing strong.

2 Here in this vale of sin and sorrow
I have been wand'ring many years;
Still looking for that happy morrow,
When God would wipe away my tears.

3 Oft times the tempter comes in power,
Fain then would lead my steps astray;
But when the clouds begin to lower,
Hope turns the darkness into day.

4 Dear to my heart is that blest treasure,
God's own eternal, heavenly word,
Opes up a fountain of true pleasure,
Gives us an ever-conquering sword.

5 O, 'twill be but a little longer,
I must these many woes endure;
Then let my faith and hope be stronger,
My Father's promise still is sure.

653 8s & 6s.

1 THE judgment day is rolling on,
The glass of life will soon be run,
Creation with her fiery doom,
The Lord will soon appear!
O, there 'll be glory, glory, glory,
When saints shall view him near.

2 Now hark! the trumpet rends the skies!
See slumbering millions wake and rise!
What joy, what terror and surprise!
The last great day has come!
O, there 'll be glory, &c.,
Around the judgment throne.

3 See nations throng his awful bar,
Both saints and sinners from afar,
All tribes and kindreds now appear,
And wait to hear their doom!
O there 'll be glory, &c.,
When Christ, the Lord, shall come.

4 Jehovah now the book unseals!
The clearest light each heart reveals!
The pointed truth each conscience feels!
The amazing throng divide!
O there'll be mourning, &c.,
When justice shall decide.

5 See parents and their children part!
See husbands and their wives must part!
See brothers and their sisters part!
To meet again no more.
O there 'll be mourning, &c.
The day of mercy 's o'er.

6 See Jesus and his saints unite,
And move to realms of endless light,
With him his bride shall walk in white,
In innocence and love.
O, there 'll be glory, &c.,
And sweetest songs of love!

654 (LONGING, p. 246.)

1 WHILE toiling thro' earth's howling waste
Through trials dark and drear,
We oft-times sigh to be at rest,
And drop the falling tear.
The sick-bed scenes' last, lingering look,
Friends in the grave so dark,
While some are spared, we sometimes fear
We too with them must part.
CHORUS.—Then hasten, Lord, the Pilgrim's rest,
That day we long to see,
That day we long to see,
We're toiling here, by cares opprest
But soon we shall be free.

2 Oh joyful day, when God's own hand
Shall wipe our tears away,
And change our sorrows, griefs, and fears,
To joys in endless day.
The beauties of that glorious rest
Ten thousand times, and more.
Repay for all we suffer here
On that immortal shore.

3 That glorious kingdom, promised long,
So soon to be revealed,
The seers desired to understand,
But lo, the time was sealed.
But now, within a little space,
The signs have been fulfilled
That should precede that glorious rest,
The earth with glory filled.

4 The splendor of that earth so bright,
No language can describe,
The broad-spread fields of living green,
Where gentle waters glide.
Rich groves, with trees of golden fruit,
And flowers with sweet perfume,
The tow'ring pine, the box, the fir,
With deserts all in bloom.

5 Zion, great city of our King,
Fill'd with his glory bright,
'T is fifteen hundred miles four square,
No ear hath heard the like.
The splendid walls of precious stone
With streets of purest gold,
The gates of solid pearls are hung,
Most beauteous to behold.

6 With such a glorious hope as this,
Though waves like mountains rise,
O, pilgrims, let us strive to gain
The everlasting prize.
Our trials here, though dark they seem,
Like nothing, sink away,
When we compare them with the joys
Of that eternal day.

655 8s & 7s.

1 O, BEHOLD the holy city,
Coming down from God, on high;
As a bride, all dressed completely,
Now descending from the sky.
She 's adorned with grace and glory;
Beautified with costly stone;
Lovely is her form before me;
Bright as the meridian sun.

2 Ancient prophets of her speak well,
Revelation does declare,
Length and breadth and height are equal,
And her platform lies four square.
Fifteen hundred miles extended—
North, and South, and East, and West—
Fifteen hundred miles most splendid,
See her buildings rise abreast.

3 See her pearly gates all spreading
To receive the righteous there;
Whom the gracious Saviour 's aiding
To her holy mansions fair.
See her golden streets all paved,
As the righteous march along,
Where the nations of the saved
Join in one eternal song.

4 See the heav'nly host advancing,
Near the throne of God, Supreme;
Where each saint receives a mansion,
And eternal love 's their theme.
On their Saviour's beauty gazing,
In sweet raptures round the throne;
With celestial voices praising
God's eternal, holy Son.

656 8s & 7s.

1 I LOVE the holy Son of God,
Who once this vale of sorrow trod,
Who bore my sins, a dreadful load,
Up Calvary's gloomy mountain:
There on the cross the Saviour hung,
The sport of many an impious tongue,
While pain extreme his nature wrung,
And flowed life's crimson fountain.

2 The sun would not behold the scene,
But round him threw night's sable screen;
Nature was robed in mourning mien,
And sighed when Jesus suffered.
But ah! his persecutors stood,
Reviling Christ, the Son of God,
Unmoved to see his gushing blood,
And shocking insults offered.

3 O! why did not his fury burn,
And floods of vengeance on them turn?
Amazing! see his bowels yearn
In soft compassion, on them.
No fury kindles in his eyes,
They beam with love—and when he dies,
"Father, forgive," the sufferer cries,
"They know not"—O forgive them.

4 How ardent ought my love to be
To him who's done so much for me;
My constant service, faithful, free—
And all my powers employing.
I should my cross with pleasure bear,
And place my all of glory there,
In his reproach most gladly share
In tribulation joying

5 And never shall it be concealed.
He hath to me his love revealed,
Of all my sins a pardon sealed—
I feel his blessed favor:
In him I do and will rejoice;
I'll praise him with a cheerful voice,
Until the theme my tongue employs
In realms of bliss forever.

(HOME ALTAR, p. 279.) **657**

1 WE speak of the realms of the blest;
Of that country so bright and so fair;
And oft are its glories confest;
But what must it be to be there?

2 We speak of its pathways of gold;
Of its walls decked with jewels so rare;
Of its wonders and pleasures untold:
But what must it be to be there?

3 We speak of its freedom from sin,
From sorrow, temptation and care,
From trials without and within;
But what must it be to be there?

4 We speak of its service of love;
Of the robes which the glorified wear;
Of the raptures which every heart move;
But what must it be to be there?

5 May we, then, midst pleasure or woe,
For that kingdom our hearts now prepare;
And shortly we also shall know,
And feel what it is to be there.

658 8s & 9s.

1 THE great, tremendous day 's approaching,
That awful scene is drawing nigh;
Was long foretold by ancient prophets,
Decreed from all eternity.
But O, my soul, reflect and wonder!
That awful scene is drawing near,
When you shall see the great transaction,
When Christ, in judgment shall appear.

2 See nature stand all in amazement,
To hear the last loud trumpet sound;
Arise, ye dead, and come to judgment,
Ye nations of the world around!
Loud thunders rumbling thro' the concave,
Bright, forked lightnings part the skies;
The heavens are shaking, the earth is quaking,
The gloomy sight attracts mine eyes.

3 Green, turfy grave-yards and tombs of marble,
Give up their dead, both small and great;
See! the whole world, both saints and sinners,
Are coming to the judgment-seat.
See Jesus on the throne of justice,
Comes thundering down the parted skies,
And countless armies of shining angels,
With hallelujahs shout for joy.

4 Bright shining streams from his awful presence,
His face ten thousand suns outshine;
Behold him coming in power and glory,
To meet him, all his saints combine.
Go forth, ye heralds, with speed like lightning,
Call in my saints from distant lands,
Those that my blood from sin has ransom'd,
Whose names in life's fair book do stand.

5 O come, ye blessed of my Father,
The purchase of my dying love;
Receive the crowns of life and glory,
Which are laid up for you above.
For you, my saints, which have continued
With me, and my temptations bore,
I have provided for you a kingdom,
To reign with me forever more.

6 There's flowing fountains of living water;
No sickness, pain, nor death to fear;
No sorrow, sighing, no tears nor weeping
Shall ever have admittance there.
But how will sinners stand and tremble,
When justice calls them to the bar!
Those that reject his offer'd mercy,
Their everlasting doom to hear.

659 (PRAIRIE FLOWER.)

1 ONWARD time is rolling, fast the moments fly,
Swiftly is probation passing by,
Hours of pain and sorrow soon will all be gone,
Christian, soon will come the morn.
Soon the voice of weeping will no more be heard,
Nor the narrow charnel house be stirred;
Friends that now are sleeping soon will leave the [tomb,
And in endless beauty bloom.

Cho.—We now are going, soon we shall be
Where all the Pilgrim band is free,
There with angel harpers we shall all unite
In that blissful land of light.

2 In that world of glory, o'er the blissful plains,
Roll the welcome tidings—Jesus reigns!
He hath been victorious, and hath conquered
To secure the promised rest. [death

There in regal splendor, clothed in robes of light,
With his holy angels shining bright,
While the heavenly arches loud with praises ring,
To the everlasting King.

3 Hail! thou glorious morning! break upon our sight;
Chase away the darkness of the night;
Bring the welcome tidings that our work is done,
And a victor's crown we've won.
Cheer thee! lonely Pilgrim, still the firmer be;
Soon a world of glory thou shalt see;
There, amid the ransomed, rest thy weary soul
While eternal ages roll.

660

L. M.

1 YOUNG people all, attention give,
While I address you in God's name,
Ye, who in sin and folly live,
Come hear the counsels of a friend.

2 I've sought for bliss in glittering toys,
And ranged the luring scenes of vice,
But never knew substantial joys,
Until I heard my Saviour's voice.

3 He spake at once my sins forgiven,
And took my load of guilt away,
He gave me glory, peace and heaven,
And thus I found the heavenly way.

4 And now, with trembling sense I view
The billows roll beneath, dear youth,
For death eternal awaits for you,
Who slight the force of gospel truth.

5 Youth, like the spring, will soon be gone,
By fleeting time, or conquering death,
Your morning sun may set at noon,
And God demand your mortal breath.

6 Your sparkling eyes and blooming cheeks
Must wither like the blasted rose,
The coffin muffler, winding sheet,
Will soon your active limbs enclose.

7 Ye heedless ones, that wildly stroll,
The grave will soon become your bed,
Where silence reigns and vapours roll
In solemn darkness round your head.

8 There sunk in shades of gloomy night,
You'll sleep until the judgement day
And never more behold the light,
Until the heavens pass away.

661

1 'ROUND the world alarm is ringing,
In a solemn sound,
While old time in haste is winging
The moments swift around.
Hark! in mournful tones now pealing
Notes of pensive song,
Full of faith and love now mingling,
Sweetly it floats along:
Soon will the trumpet
Peal the glorious sound!
All the saints will then awaken
From beneath the cold, cold ground!

2 Now the harvest fast is ripening,
Love is growing cold—
See the fields already whitening,
And scoffers growing bold
All the signs that mark the coming
Of the end of time;
See, the fig-tree is a blooming,
Next, the last great sign.
Soon will the trumpet, &c.

3 Haste thee, sinner, Christ is calling
In a voice of love;
And the sands of time are falling,—
Come, then, no longer rove.
Now the men of might are wakening,
And their doom is near;
Soon the heavens will be shaking,
And then will the Judge appear.
Then will the trumpet sound, &c.

4 There the tree of life is blooming
On that happy shore,
And the crystal streams are flowing,
Where grief and sufferings are o'er;
There the saints of God, immortal,
Praise their glorious King,
'Neath Jerusalem's bright portal,
Happy, forever sing.
Come, then, dear Saviour,
Let the trumpet sound!
All the saints will then awaken
From beneath the cold, cold ground

662

1 SKEPTIC spare that book,
Touch not a single leaf,
Nor on its pages look
With eye of unbelief:
'T was my forefathers' stay,
In the hour of agony;

Skeptic, go thy way,
And let that old book be.

2 That good old book of life
For centuries has stood,
Unharmed amid the strife,
When earth was drunk with blood;
And would'st thou harm it now,
And have its truths forgot?
Skeptic, forbear the blow,
Thy hand shall harm it not.

3 Its very name recalls
The happy hours of youth,
When in my grandsire's halls
I heard its tales of truth;
I've seen his white hair flow
O'er that volume as he read;
But that was long ago,
And the good old man is dead.

4 My dear grandmother, too,
When I was but a boy,
I've seen her eyes of blue
Weep o'er it tears of joy.
Their traces linger still,
And dear they are to me;
Skeptic, forego thy will—
Go—let that old book be.

663

1 O LORD! hasten the time
Of freedom from woe and sin,
Let David's Son on his royal throne
His reign of mercy begin.
Pilgrims here we roam,
Oppress'd by many a care;
We long to be from trouble free,
And the joys of angels share.
CHO.—O Lord! hasten the time,
Speed on the joyous day!
Jesus, we cry, descend from on high,
Thus we daily pray.

2 All over the land
There's sorrow, sickness and death;
Man's plaintive cries each hour arise,
And thus he yields his breath.
A curse is on the ground,
And a poison in the air,
O, well may we long to be free,
And long for a world that's fair.
O Lord! hasten the time, &c.

3 Yes, we long for the day
When Satan's reign shall be o'er,
And peace and joy, without alloy,
Be scattered from shore to shore.
Then deserts shall rejoice,
And blossom as Eden fair,
While vine-clad hills and leaping rills
Shall praise to Immanuel hear.
O Lord! hasten the time, &c.

664

1 WE shall greet them at home, we shall greet them,
When the sorrows of life shall be o'er,
Our loved ones, we hope soon to meet them,
On Eden's fair, beautiful shore;
The glorious thought, how consoling,
To know that the time is so nigh,
When Jesus, the world, shall, controlling,
Permit us to join them on high.

2 We shall greet them at home, we shall greet them,
Though now they are hid from our sight,
We think of the time we shall meet them,
And it oft fills our hearts with delight,
We have laid them away in deep sadness,
Yet not without hope in our breast,
For again they will join us with gladness,
And enter the heavenly rest.

3 We shall greet them at home, we shall greet them,
Where nothing can ever divide,
Where sickness, or death, cannot harm them,
Nor tear them again from our side;
There we 'll range beside life's cooling river,
'Neath the tree of life's shade we shall roam,
With the glory of God shining ever,
We 'll greet them, we 'll greet them at home.

665

(OLD CHURCH YARD, p. 234.)

1 HEAR the glorious proclamation,
The glad tidings of salvation,
Hear the glorious proclamation
Of the Saviour near.
CHO.—While the choir of angels,
While the choir of angels,
While the choir of angels,
Shall be sounding through the air.

2 Hark! the tidings onward rolling,
Jesus comes, the world controlling!
Hark! the tidings onward rolling,
Jesus comes to reign.
While the choir of angels, &c.

3 See the "sign" in heaven appearing,
And the blazing chariot nearing,
See the "sign" in heaven appearing,
And the Saviour there.
While the choir of angels, &c.

4 See the earth in terror shaking,
And the dead to life awaking,
See the earth in terror shaking,
And the dead arise.
While the choir of angels, &c.

5 Now on wings of light ascending,
With a shining host attending,
Now on wings of light ascending,
Mount up to the skies.
While the choir of angels, &c.

6 See the banner waves in glory,
While ten thousand tell the story,
See the banner waves in glory,
And the saints all there.
While the choir of angels, &c.

7 They are saved from death forever,
Praise to him who did deliver,
They are saved from death forever,
And die no more.
While the choir of angels, &c.

666

10s.

1 I LOVE it, I love it, and who shall dare
To chide me for loving the house of prayer?
I have prized it long as a holy place,
Where my gracious Lord shows his smiling face.
Do you ask me why I linger here?
Why the place to me is so sweet and dear?—
Here my soul was saved from the fowler's snare,
And a sacred place is the house of prayer.

2 'Tis a place of peace and a place of rest,
And of all the earth this place is the best;
Here we feast on love and abound in joy—
Our hearts beat with hope and our tongues we employ
In the praise of Him who came to save
From the guilt of sin, and the power of the grave—
His love and truth we here declare,
And we love to pray in the house of prayer.

3 Here the meek and lowly in heart agree
To raise the voice while they bend the knee.
And gentle showers of grace distil,
Our hearts to cheer, our souls to fill.
Let the vain and proud this place pass by—
Let them scorn the thought to linger nigh;
But I love it, I love it, and will declare
That there is no place like the house of prayer.

4 No place like this beneath the sun;
But there'll be a place in the world to come,
Where the wicked will not trouble the blest,
Where the weary soul will forever rest,
Where the prayer of faith finds its great reward,
And the faithful ones will be with the Lord;
But until my soul shall enter there,
Let me still delight in the house of prayer.

667

1 THE midnight cry in mercy sounds;
The faithful watchman lifts his voice;
Its thrilling tones re-echo round,
To bid the saints rejoice.
Then, virgins, rise, break forth and sing
The glorious Advent of your King!
The Midnight Cry in mercy sounds,
Go forth to meet your Lord!

2 Blow! Watchman—blow a certain sound!
For dark and dangerous is the night,
And daring scoffers thicken round—
The evil servants smite;
The faithful ones strict watch-care keep,
With lamps well trimm'd—nor can they sleep
The Midnight Cry in mercy sounds,
Go forth to meet your Lord!

3 Though midnight hour, God's word sheds light,
Its brilliant rays dispel the gloom;
The pilgrim's pathway now grows bright—
The King is coming soon.
Then tune your harps once more, and sing
Your sweetest strains to Zion's King,
The Midnight Cry in mercy sounds,
Go forth to meet your Lord!

4 Behold! he comes—the mighty One—
Ye virgins, rise! go forth and meet!
Dry up your tears! the Bridegroom comes,
His weeping bride to greet.
The trumpet sounds—the day has broke—
The living changed—the dead awoke,
To blend their songs in gushing strains
All hail! Messiah reigns!

668

1 WHEN Christ, the Lord, was doom'd to die,
And bow to heaven's stern decree,
He plainly saw the hour was nigh
When many sighed with grief, while he,
The victim, came serene and mild,
The back laid bare, the scourge he took,
And bleeding on the cross was nail'd,
While Nature feels the pond'rous stroke.
And now each weeping saint their grief, their grief partook,
And now each weeping saint their grief, their grief partook,
In anguish sigh'd—while he died—
In anguish sigh'd—while he died—
O, wondrous deed!
O, wondrous deed!
The Man of Sorrows dies!

2 O, list! what sighs of deep despair—
What mournful thoughts pervade each breast—
When, suddenly, bright forms appear—
Earth shakes, the soldiers stand aghast—
And lo, the Son of God comes forth—
A mighty conqueror o'er the grave!
Go, Mary, tell the joyous truth—
I live again, with power to save!
And now each joyful saint their joy, their joy partake,
And now each joyful saint their joy, their joy partake,
Hearts once sad, now made glad;
Hearts once sad, now made glad;
Jesus lives again!
Jesus lives again!
The conqueror of the grave.

3 O, glory be to God on high!
He thus fulfils his faithful word;
From North to South, from East to West,
At home, abroad, all things proclaim;
Now signs reveal his kingdom nigh,
Faith says it cannot be deferred;
Behold, at hand the promised rest!
All things restored, Messiah's reign!
And now each waiting saint their joy, their joy bespeaks,
And now each waiting saint their joy, their joy bespeaks,
While they sing, heavens ring;
While they sing, heavens ring;
Come—Glorious King!
Come—Glorious King!
The Lord, our Righteousness!

669

1 LIST to the joyful news sounding so clear,
O'er the hills, through the dales, Jesus is near;
Hark how it wafts along through earth's domain,
Quick prepare soon to share Heaven's bright reign.
CHORUS—
Pilgrims and strangers here we 'll ever roam
Till our Lord shall reward and bring us home.

2 Swiftly the tidings roll onward with speed,
To the believer's soul joyful indeed;
Soon will the reaping time fully have come,
Saints will all, great and small, be gathered home.
Pilgrims and strangers, &c.

3 Lord, let thy kingdom come, we'll ever pray;
Soon take thy children, O hasten the day.
Lift up your heads, ye saints, banish all fear,
Signs proclaim. Jesus' name, Judgment is near.
Pilgrims and strangers, &c.

670 (CHRIST OUR PILOT, p.194.) 11s.

1 HOW firm a foundation, ye saints of the Lord,
Is laid for your faith in his excellent word;
What more can he say than to you he hath said,
You, who unto Jesus for refuge hath fled?

2 In every condition, in sickness, in health,
In poverty's vale, or abounding in wealth,
At home and abroad, on the land or the sea,
As thy days may demand shall thy strength ever be.

3 "Fear not, I am with thee, O be not dismayed!
I now am thy God and will still give thee aid;
I 'll strengthen thee, help thee, and cause thee to stand,
Upheld by my righteous, omnipotent hand.

4 When through deep waters I call thee to go,
The rivers of woe shall not thee overflow;
For I will be with thee thy troubles to bless,
And sanctify to thee thy deepest distress.

5 When through fiery trials thy pathway shall lie,
My grace all-sufficient shall be thy supply;
The flames shall not hurt thee; I only design
Thy dross to consume, and thy gold to refine.

6 E'en down to old age all my people shall prove
Impartial, eternal, unchangeable love;
And when hoary hairs shall their temples adorn,
Like lambs they shall still in my bosom be borne.

7 The soul that on Jesus doth lean for repose,
I will not, I will not desert to his foes:
That soul, though all hell should endeavor to shake,
I 'll never, no, never, no, never forsake."

671 11s.

1 THE Bridegroom is coming, O hark, hear the cry!
He 's coming in glory—his Kingdom is nigh;
Myriads of Angels await his command,
To gather the faithful from every land.
CHO.—O Pilgrim, haste! the day rolls on,
Quickly will the night of thy sorrows be gone,
O Pilgrim, haste! awake and arise,
To go and meet your Saviour in the skies.

2 The storm-cloud of vengeance is gathering fast,
The harvest is ripening and soon will be past;
The last final struggle of earth has begun,
Soon all will be ended, and strife will be done.

3 Then gird on thine armor, O Christian, with care;
The time of great peril prevails everywhere;
Be watchful, be prayerful, forgiving and kind,
The Enemy watches each unguarded mind.

4 O hail the glad morning when Jesus shall reign!
No more of our loved ones by Death will be slain;
He 'll awake all his people who sleep in the tomb,
And make them immortal, forever to bloom.

5 The earth robed in beauty will soon be our home—
The pure golden city with high tow'ring dome;
The songs of the ransom'd will roll o'er the plain,
In glory unending with Jesus we 'll reign!
CHO.—O Pilgrim, haste! the day rolls on,
Quickly will the night of thy sorrows be gone;
O Pilgrim, haste! awake and arise,
To go and meet your Saviour in the skies.

672

11s.

1 THE people called Christians how many things they tell,
About the land of Canaan, where the saints with Christ shall dwell;
But sin, that dreadful ocean, encloses them around,
While its tide still divides them from Canaan's happy ground.

2 Thousands have been impatient to find a passage through,
And with united wisdom have tried what they could do;
But vessels built by human skill have never sailed far,
Till we have found them aground on some dreadful sandy bar.

3 The everlasting gospel has launch'd the deep at last,
Behold her sails extended around the towering masts;
Along the deck in order the joyful sailors stand,
Crying, ho! here we go! to Immanuel's happy land.

4 To those who stand spectators what anguish must ensue,
To see their old companions bid them a last adieu;
The pleasures of your paradise no longer can invite,
Here we sail, you may rail, but we 'll soon be out of sight.

5 We are now on the wide ocean, we bid this world farewell,
And where we shall cast anchor, the scriptures show full well,
About our future destiny there need be no debate,
While we ride on the tide with our captain and his mate.

6 The passengers united in order, peace and love,
The wind 's all in our favor, how sweetly we do move,
Let tempests now assail us and raging billows roar,
We shall sweep through the deep till we reach that happy shore.

7 This peaceful port we 'll enter, though towering billows roar,
And join with saints and angels our Saviour to adore;
The Captain of salvation will bring us safe to land,
In the gospel ship, O glory! to join the heavenly band.

673

1 WE 'LL meet ere long in our happy Eden home,
Where summer is smiling and fair.
The birds sing sweet, and the flowers are in bloom,
And the river of life shall be there.
The saints all meet from every age and clime,
All joyous, all happy and bright;
There snow white robes in immortal beauty shine,
With the glory of the Lamb, their light.
CHO.—Then weep no more, lone pilgrim,
O weep no more to-day,
For we 'll meet ere long in our happy Eden home,
In our happy Eden home ever stay.

2 In that bright world, with our loved ones by our side,
All blooming, all beauteous and fair,
We 'll sing one song, while eternal ages glide
While the winds waft music through the air.
Our king shall reign in the city of delight,
Where apostles and prophets shall dwell,
The ransomed hosts with the angels all unite
And the glad, happy chorus swell.
Then weep no more, &c.

3 Though here we sigh, while we travel on the way,
Though lonely and sadly we roam,
We 'll still hope on for the coming of the day,
When the weary shall rest in their home.
Though here we toil through trials dark and drear,
Through sorrow, and sickness, and pain,
We still will wait for the Saviour to appear,
When we in our Eden home shall reign.
Then weep no more, &c.

674

10s & 11s.

1 THOUGH troubles assail and dangers affright,
Though friends all shall fail, and foes all unite,
Yet one thing secures us, whatever betide,
The promise assures us the Lord will provide.

2 The birds without barn or store-house are fed,
From them let us learn to trust in our Head;
His saints what is fitting shall ne'er be denied,
So long as it 's written the Lord will provide.

3 We all may like ships by tempests be tost,
On perilous deeps, but shall not be lost;
Though Satan enrages the wind and the tide,
Yet Scripture engages the Lord will provide.

4 His call we 'll obey like Abraham of old,
We know not the way, but faith makes us bold;
For though we are strangers, we have a sure guide,
And trust in all dangers, the Lord will provide.

5 When Satan appears to stop up the path,
And fills us with fears, we 'll triumph by faith;
He cannot take from us, though oft he has try'd,
This heart-cheering promise, the Lord will provide.

6 He tells us we 're weak, our hope is in vain,
The good that we seek we ne'er shall obtain;
But when such suggestions our graces have tried,
This answers all questions, the Lord will provide.

7 No strength of our own or goodness we claim;
Our trust is all thrown on Jesus' own name;
In this, our strong Tower, for safety we hide,—
The Lord is our power, the Lord will provide.

8 When time sinks away and the land heaves in view,
The word of his grace shall guide us safe thro';
Nor fearing, nor doubting, with Christ on our side,
We then shall rise shouting, the Lord will provide.

675

1 I 'M sighing for home, where the King in his glory
Shall banish all sorrow and scatter all gloom:
I sigh for the land, where the youth and the hoary
Shall dwell in bright Eden, forever at home.
Sweet home, sweet home,
Shall dwell in bright Eden, forever at home.

2 I 'm sighing for home, where the songs of the ransomed
Shall echo their strains throughout heaven's high dome!
I sigh for the day when all hearts shall be gladdened;
The pilgrims' sweet rest and the saints' happy home.
Sweet home, sweet home,
The pilgrims' sweet rest and the saints' happy home.

3 I' m sighing for home, where joy's bright gushing fountain
Pours forth its glad waters, where grief cannot come;
I sigh for Christ's coming, when valley and mountain
Become the bright plains of my glorious home.
Sweet home, sweet home,
Become the bright plains of my glorious home.

4 I 'm sighing for home, where no ties shall be broken,
Where death cannot enter and cause us to mourn;
I sigh for the rest of which prophets have spoken,
The blest restitution,—I long to go home.
Sweet home, sweet home,
The blest restitution,—I long to go home.

5 I 'm sighing for home, and the thought that 't is nearing,
Makes me cry the more earnest for Jesus to come;
I 'll sigh for the kingdom 'till Christ shall, appearing,
Permit me to enter my long looked for home
Sweet home, sweet home,
Permit me to enter my long looked for home

676

(Faithful Sentinel, p. 330.)

1 THE king in his beauty, by angels attended,
Soon treading the pathway of Heaven shall say,
The conflict is over, the warfare is ended,
Arise, my beloved, from earth come away.
Cho.—Fierce lightnings may flash and the loud thunders rattle,
They heed not, they fear not, they 're free from all pain,
They've shed their last tear, they've fought their last battle,
The warfare is ended, in glory they reign.

2 The graves are seen bursting, the dark caverns open,
The rocks and the mountains down by him are thrown,
The captives are rescued, death's chains, they are broken,
While saints of all ages arise from the tomb.
Fierce lightnings may flash, &c.

3 The toil-worn and weary, who long have been waiting
The coming of Christ to receive their reward,
Rejoicing and shouting, while nature is shaking,
Together mount up at the voice of the Lord,
Fierce lightnings may flash, &c.

4 Fierce lightnings are flashing, loud thunders are roaring,
Hark, hear the foundations of earth, how they move!
While nations are angry, their fate are deploring,
The saints are all safe in the city above.
Fierce lightnings may flash, &c.

5 There fathers and mothers, there sisters and brothers,
There parents and children together unite,
Apostles and Prophets, and millions of others,
All swell the glad anthems in blissful delight.
Fierce lightnings may flash, &c.

6 May we, on that morning, by glory surrounded,
Receive the blest plaudit, when Jesus shall come,
The conflict is over, the warfare is ended,
Come, enter the kingdom prepared for thy home.
Cho.—Fierce lightnings may flash, and the loud thunders rattle,
We 'll heed not, we 'll fear not, we 're free from all pain,
We 've shed our last tear, we 've fought our last battle,
The warfare is ended, in glory we reign.

677

(Longing, p. 246.)

1 WE 're waiting still, dear Lord, for thee, thy promise to fulfil,
When thou shalt come in majesty to reign on Zion's hill;
We 're waiting still, dear Lord, for thee, to gather Abram's seed,
When from all pain and cruelty, thy followers shall be freed.

2 We 're waiting still, dear Lord, for thee to rend the vaulted skies,
To give us immortality, and bid us to thee rise;
We 're waiting still, dear Lord, for thee, to wake the sleeping dead,
When thy dear saints no more shall be thro' death's dark portals led.

3 Help us to wait, dear Lord, for thee, with patience and with hope,
And may thy spirit ever be our comfort and support;
Lord, grant us power to watch and pray, the waiting spirit give,
That we may meet in endless day, and endless joys receive.

4 We 've waited long, we 're waiting still, yet we expect to wait
Till thou thy promise shalt fulfil, and earth anew create;
Then we expect to reign with thee, when earth shall own thy sway,
When we from all our sorrows free, shall dwell in endless day.

678 5s & 6s.

1 WHEN shall I see the day
That ends my woes?
When shall I vict'ry gain
O'er all my foes?
When will the trumpet sound
That calls an exile home;
The grand, sabbatic year,
When will it come?

2 A crown of glory bright,
By faith I see,
In yonder realms of light,
Prepared for me.
O, may I faithful prove,
And keep the prize in view,
And through the storms of life
My way pursue!

3 Jesus, be now my guide;
My steps attend;
O, keep me near thy side!
Be thou my friend;
Be thou my shield and sun,
My Saviour and my guard;
And, when my work is done,
My great reward.

4 O, how I long to see
That happy day,
When sorrow, sin and pain,
Shall flee away.
When all th' heavenly tribes
Shall find their long sought-home.
The Jubilee of heaven,
When will it come?

679 P. M.

1 LIST, ye mortals, bear the sound
That calls you to prepare;
Hear creation groaning round,
In sighs of deep despair!
See the nations in distress,—
Monarchs look with anxious eye,
Of their hopes they're now bereft;
Oh, haste! the judgment's nigh!

2 Mark! the signs are passing by
That speak the Conqueror near;
Soon you'll see with your own eye
The Lord of lords appear,
In a cloud of glory bright,
Seated on his dazzling throne;
Myriads, clad in spotless white,
Surround the Mighty One.

3 Say, poor sinner, can you stand
Before him in that day?
Can you raise your puny hand
Or lift your voice and say,
I was not warned of danger by
God's faithful watchmen and his word?
Ah, you heeded not their cry!—
God's warning was deferred.

4 Then you'll stand in black despair;
Remorse will shroud your heart;
Sins forgotten will appear,
And poignant grief impart.
Come, then, lay your scoffing by,
Ere the day of mercy's past,
And you in horror stand and cry,
I'm doomed to die at last!

680 (Exhortation.)

1 I WALK a lonely pilgrim here,
O'er life's uneven way:
My aching heart keeps hoping for
A bright and better day;
A glorious home, a goodly land,
The blessed heavenly rest:
And well I know that land is near,
The home of all who 're blest.

2 I walk alone, and oft am sad,
And fall the briny tears;
My heart is grieved with trials sore,
And press'd with many cares.
The better land no sorrow knows—
There, hush'd is every sigh;
The Saviour's hand in kindness wipes
The tear-drop from each eye.

3 I walk alone, and yet am glad,
The blessed promise given,
To cheer the heart—the lonely one,
Towards that promised heaven.
The humble path my Saviour walk'd,
I scorn it not to tread;
The frowns and scoffs my Saviour bore
May fall upon my head.

4 I stand upon his precious Word,
My soul rejoiceth free,
The glorious light the gospel gives,
Is light that shines for me.
I'll suffer now, I'll triumph then;
I'll die for Jesus here;
In that bright world I'll live again,
A conqueror's crown to wear.

681

(JEANNETTE AND JEANOTT.)

1 WE'RE going to the land,
To the land of pure delight,
Where the sky is ever clear,
And the sun is ever bright.
Where the gentle zephyrs play,
All laden with perfume,
Where the grass is ever green,
And the flowers are in bloom.
When we reach that blessed land,
Our happy Eden home,
The restituted earth,
And throughout creation roam,
We will join the heavenly host,
And make the kingdom ring,
With all the blood-washed throng,
To praise our God and King.

2 We're going to the land,
To the land of sacred rest,
To greet the loved of earth,
The holy and the blest.
Where all hearts shall thrill with joy,
All tears be wiped away,
Where glory ever beams
In those bright realms of day.
We're going to our home,
The New Jerusalem,
With gates so richly set
With brilliant diadems;
With streets of purest gold,
Behold fair Salem stand,
Built by the God of love,
In Beulah's peaceful land.

3 We're going to the land,
The land of sacred song,
Where the enraptured host
The choral strains prolong;
Where immortal breezes blow
Across fair Eden's plains,
Where the river of life flows,
And the King in beauty reigns.
Hark, hark! from distant lands
The booming cannons roar,
The day begins to break,
The dark night's almost o'er;
The everlasting heights
Of Canaan's happy land,
By faith are in full view,
With the immortal band.

682

(BOYLSTON, p. 115.) S. M.

1 HAD I the gift of tongues,
Great God, without thy grace,
My loudest words, my loftiest songs,
Would be but sounding brass.

2 Though thou shouldst give me skill
Each myst'ry to explain;
Without a heart to do thy will
My knowledge would be vain.

3 Had I such faith in God
As mountains to remove,
No faith could work effectual good
That did not work by love.

4 Grant, then, this one request—
Whatever be denied—
That love divine may rule my breast,
And all my actions guide.

683

(MISSIONARY HYMN.)

1 THE angels soon are coming,
To gather all the just,
Who are in death reposing,
Unconscious in the dust;
They hear the trumpet sounding—
It penetrates the graves;
Now into life they're bounding,
No more to death are slaves.

2 The resurrection morning,
With all its dazzling light,
Is now upon us dawning
In rays of glory bright;
The saints are made immortal—
The living and the dead;
Their bodies are celestial,
Like Christ their living head.

3 The Saviour is descending,
In clouds of glory bright;
The angels are attending—
How swift their downward flight:
The saints now upward rising,
The holy angels greet,—
An army vast comprising,
In holiness complete.

4 A city, too, in splendor,
Shall to the earth descend;
Earth's kingdoms shall surrender,
And wickedness shall end;
Messiah's kingdom holy
Upon the earth shall bloom,—
There all the meek and lowly
Will find an endless home.

684 P. M.

1 THE old Israelites knew what it was they must
If fair Canaan they would possess, [do,
They must still keep in sight of the pillar of light,
Which led on to the promised rest.

2 The camps on the road could not be their abode,
But as oft as the trumpet should blow,
They all, glad of a chance of a further advance,
Must then take up their baggage and go.

3 Now the cross-bearing throng are advancing along,
And a closer communion doth flow;
Now all who would stand on the promised land,
Let them leave all their baggage and go.

4 What though some in the rear preach up terror and fear,
And complain of the trials they meet;
Tho' the giants before with great fury do roar,
I am resolved I will never retreat.

5 We are little,'tis true, and our numbers are few,
And the sons of old Anak are tall;
But while I see a track, I will never go back,
But go on at the risk of my all.

6 Now the morning doth dawn for the camps to move on,
And the priests with the trumpets do blow;
As the priests give the sound and the trumpets [resound,
All my soul is exulting to go.

7 But on Jordan's near side I can never abide,
For no place of refuge I see,
Till I come to the spot and inherit the lot,
Which the Lord will then give unto me.

685 P. M.

1 IN the world we shall have tribulation,
Here trials and sorrows abound;
Whatever our lot or our station,
No permanent rest can be found.
But He who has loved us has promised
A country where peace shall remain,
And also that all his disciples
That heavenly country shall gain.

2 On the earth we are pilgrims and strangers,
We are seeking the city of God,
Our way is encompassed with dangers,
The way that all Christians have trod,
But Jesus our Lord will attend us,
As saints have all proved in the past—
His power and truth will defend us,
And give us the kingdom at last.

3 While here, we shall meet with temptations,
The world will present all its charms,
And he who deceiveth the nations,
Would gladly throw round us his arms.
Yes; Satan will ever annoy us,
His darts he will hurl at the just;
But surely he ne'er can destroy us,
So long as in Jesus we trust.

4 Our days of affliction and sadness
Will soon all be numbered and passed;
Our mourning succeeded by gladness,
Thank God, we shall triumph at last.
The day of redemption is dawning,
Its signs in the heavens appear,
Most speedily cometh the morning,
Christ's glorious kingdom is near.

686 (GREENVILLE, p.235.)

1 HOLY Spirit! Fount of blessing,
Ever watchful, ever kind;
Thy celestial aid possessing,
Prisoned souls deliv'rance find,
Seal of truth, and bond of union,
Source of light, and flame of love,
Symbol of divine communion,
In the olive-bearing dove.

2 Heavenly guide from paths of error,
Comforter of minds distressed;
When the billows fill with terror,
Pointing to an ark of rest;—
Promised pledge! eternal Spirit!
Greater than all gifts below,—
May our hearts thy grace inherit;
May our lips thy glories show.

(NORWICH, p. 161.) 687 7s.

1 IN the sun, and moon, and stars,
Signs and wonders there shall be;
Earth shall quake with inward wars,
Nations with perplexity.

2 Soon shall ocean's hoary deep,
Tossed with stronger tempests, rise;
Darker storms the mountains sweep,
Fiercer lightnings rend the skies.

3 Evil thoughts shall shake the proud,
Racking doubt and restless fear;
And, amid the thunder-cloud,
Shall the Judge of men appear.

4 But, though from that awful face
Heaven shall fade and earth shall fly,
Fear not ye, his chosen race;
Your redemption draweth nigh.

688

(A LIGHT IN THE WINDOW.)

1 THERE'S a crown and a kingdom for thee, brother;
There's a crown and a kingdom for thee;
Our Saviour will come, and will gather us home,
Then our home in the kingdom shall be.

CHO.—"The King in his beauty" we'll see,
And with him we ever shall be;
In the year of the great Jubilee,
Then our home in the kingdom shall be.

2 There's a harp, and a palm, and a crown, brother;
An inheritance blessed for thee;
Where Jesus shall reign, in fair Eden's domain,
There our home in the kingdom shall be.

3 There's a "river of water of life," brother;
There's a pure flowing river for thee,
That water so pure, shall forever endure,
There the "tree of life" ever shall be.

4 There's a mansion in glory for thee, brother;
And thy home in that mansion shall be;
The kingdom will come, and this is our home,
With patriarchs and prophets we'll be.

689

(JOHN BROWN SONG.)

1 GLAD is the hour, and propitious the sky,
Haste, for the moment of sailing is nigh,
Run up the banner as loudly we cry,
Jesus our King evermore.

CHO.—Glory, Glory, Hallelujah!
Glory, Glory, Hallelujah!
Glory, Glory, Hallelujah!
Jesus our King evermore.

2 Bright shines the day-star of hope from above,
Swift from the quicksands of sorrow we move,
O! how we sail o'er the ocean of love,
Bound for the haven beyond.

3 Sweet are the joys of the years we have passed,
Sweeter the rest we are nearing so fast,
Loud will we sing while duration shall last,
Jesus our King evermore.

4 Hark! now the music of seraphs we hear,
Soon we must part from the friends we hold dear,
See, where the shores of the blessed appear,
Oh! how we long to be there.

5 Tempests and thunders may howl through the skies,
Sun, moon and stars be concealed from our eyes,
Still shall the chorus of triumph arise,—
Jesus our King evermore.

690

(CORYDON, p. ~~272.~~) 274

1 THE groaning creation doth wait,
Together they travail in pain;
The Watchmen, who stand in the gate,
Are longing the morning to gain.
O! when will the Bridegroom appear,
His long-waiting Bride to receive?
We know that his coming is near;
He will not his people deceive.

2 He waits for his bride to appear
In righteousness fully arrayed;
While lacking he cannot draw near—
"Make ready," and be not afraid.
The scoffers, who mock at his word,
Must also stand "fully revealed,"
Ere they can "receive their reward,"
Or their judgment be finally sealed.

691 8s, 7s & 4s.

(SAVIOUR HASTE, p. 186.)

1 THOU hast said, exalted Jesus,
"Take thy cross and follow me;"
Shall the word with terror seize us?
Shall we from thy burden flee?
Lord, I'll take it,
And, rejoicing, follow thee.

2 While this liquid tomb surveying,
Emblem of my Saviour's grave,
Shall I shun its brink, betraying
Feelings worthy of a slave?
No! I'll enter;
Jesus entered Jordan's wave.

3 Blest the sign which thus reminds me,
Saviour, of thy love for me;
But more blest the love that binds me
In its deathless bonds to thee;
O what pleasure,
Buried with my Lord to be!

4 Should it rend some fond connection,
Should I suffer shame or loss,
Yet the fragrant, blest reflection,
I have been where Jesus was,
Will revive me
When I faint beneath the cross.

692 P. M.

1 THE groaning earth is too dark and drear
For the saints' eternal home;
But the city from heaven will soon be here;
We know that the moment is drawing near
When she in her glory shall come.
Her gates of pearl we soon shall see,
And her music we soon shall hear;
Joyous and bright our home shall be,
And we 'll walk in the shadow of life's fair tree,
With our Saviour forever near.

2 We'll gladly exchange a world like this,
Where death triumphant reigns,
For a beautiful home in that land of bliss
Where all is happiness, joy and peace,
And nothing can enter that pains.
There is no more sorrow and no more night,
For the darkness shall pass away,
The crucified Lamb is its glorious light,
And the saints shall walk with him in white
In that happy, endless day.

3 O there the loved of earth shall meet,
Whom death has sundered here;
The prophets and patriarchs there will greet
All that worship at Jesus' feet.
No more separation to fear.
Though trials and griefs await us here,
The conflict will soon be o'er;
This glorious hope our hearts shall cheer,
For we know that the Saviour will soon appear,
And then we shall grieve no more.

693 8s & 7s.

1 HAIL the day so long expected;
Hail the year of full release;
Zion's walls are now erected,
And her watchmen publish peace.
Through the Shiloh's wide dominion,
Hear the trumpet loudly roar,
CHORUS—Babylon is fallen, is fallen, is fallen,
Babylon is fallen, to rise no more.

2 Hark, and hear the people crying,
See the city disappear;
Trade and traffic all are dying,
Lo! they sink, to rise no more!
Merchants who have bought her traffic,
Crying from a distant shore:

3 All her merchants cry with wonder,
What is this that comes to pass?
Murm'ring like some distant thunder;
Crying, O! alas! alas!
Swell the sound, ye kings and nobles,
Priests and people, rich and poor:

4 Sing aloud, ye heavenly choir,
Shout, ye followers of the Lamb,
See the city all on fire,
How it sinks beneath the flame!
Now's the day of compensation,
On the mystic, drunk with gore;

5 Blow the trumpet in Mount Zion,
Christ has come a second time,
Ruling with a rod of iron,
All who now as foes combine.
Babel's garments we've rejected,
And the wedge of golden ore:
Babylon is fallen, &c.

694 L. M.

(RUSSIA, p. 28.)

1 O GRACE divine! the Saviour shed
His life-blood on the cursed tree,
Bowed on the cross his blessed head,
And died to make his brethren free.
2 Through suff'ring there, beneath his feet
He trod the fierce avenger down;
There power itself and weakness meet—
Emblem of each, yon thorny crown.
3 Fruit of the curse, the tangled thorn
Showed that he bore its deadly sting;
The crown, 'mid Israel's cruel scorn,
Marked him as earth's anointed King.
4 O blessed hour, when all the earth
Its rightful Heir shall yet receive;
When every tongue shall own his worth,
And all creation cease to grieve!
5 Thou, dearest Saviour, thou alone
Canst give thy weary people rest;
And, Lord, till thou art on the throne,
This groaning earth can ne'er be blest.

695 (ROCKINGHAM, p. 20.

1 WHERE two or three, with sweet accord,
Obedient to their sovereign Lord,
Meet to recount his acts of grace,
And offer solemn prayer and praise,—
2 There, says the Saviour, will I be,
Amid this little company;
To them unveil my smiling face,
And shed my glories round the place.
3 We meet at thy command, dear Lord,
Relying on thy faithful word;
Now send thy Spirit from above,
Now fill our hearts with heavenly love.

696 (COME LET US ANEW, p. 25.)

1 GLAD tidings of grace, revealed to our race,
With gracious intent,
To you is the word of salvation now sent;
The message receive, its Author believe.
With one mind agree,—
The Master is coming and calleth for thee.

2 To-day hear his voice, and make the wise choice,
O! flee to the mount,
For mercy has opened a life-giving fount.
Behold the true Light, in splendor so bright,
Come weary one—see!
The Master is coming and calleth for thee.

3 Come hasten away—make no more delay,
Hear Jesus your friend,
Invite you to pleasures that never will end:
How precious his name! for ever the same,
His mercy is free;
The Master is coming and calleth for thee.

4 In mercy's glad hour, of goodness and power,
Come all ye who thirst,
The fountain is open for even the worst;
Hear ye the good news, and no more refuse.
In the Jubilee
The Master is coming, and calleth for thee.

5 The trumpet will sound, where will you be found
In that coming day?
O! sinner, the judgment will no more delay;
"Arise from the dead," thy Saviour hath said,
From destruction flee:
The Master is coming and calleth for thee.

(PENITENCE, p. 343.) 697 7s & 6s.

1 VAIN, delusive world, adieu,
With all your creature good;
Only Jesus we pursue,
Who bought us with his blood!
All thy pleasures we forego,
We trample on thy wealth and pride;
Only Jesus will we know,
And Jesus crucified!

2 Here will we set up our rest;
Each fluctuating heart
From the haven of his breast
Shall never more depart.
Whither should a sinner go?
His wounds for me stand open wide;
Only Jesus will we know,
And Jesus crucified.

3 O that we could all invite,
This saving truth to prove;
Show the length, the breadth, the height,
And depth of Jesus' love!
Fain we would to sinners show,
The blood by faith alone applied;
Only Jesus will we know
And Jesus crucified!

698 (DEAREST MAE.)

1 WE'RE looking for a city
When Eden is restored,
A city of foundations
Whose builder is the Lord.
Whose glories are unfading,
Whose beauties are untold,
Whose walls are built of jasper,
With streets of finest gold.

CHORUS—O! happy day,
We'll never from thee stray,
O! glorious sight, 'twill be delight,
Within thy walls to stay.

2 The length and breadth are equal,
Twelve thousand furlongs square,
And naught unclean or hateful
Shall ever enter there;
The kings of earth their glory
And honors well may bring,
Within thy massy portals,
Great city of our King.

3 No need of any Temple,
Or sun or moon to shine.
The Lord thee will enlighten,
His glories are sublime.
The nations of the saved
Shall walk in glory bright,
With Christ the son of David,
Thine everlasting light.

4 The splendid arches glisten,
Within thy sacred dome,
With waters clear as crystal
Proceeding from the Throne.
The tree of life so healing,
On either side the stream,
Whose branches gently waving,
Add grandeur to the scene.

5 Come all ye thirsty, fainting—
Drink from life's cooling stream,
Which when you once have tasted,
You ne'er will thirst again,
O! be constrained to enter,
Through Christ the living way,
Then you can live for ever,
In realms of endless day.

699 P. M.

1 EARTH is groaning; earth is groaning,
For her Lord and King is longing, longing, longing, longing;
Earth is groaning, Lord, deliverance bring;
Remove the curse, in triumph reign.
How long wilt thou remain away?
How long wilt thou remain away?
Why doth thy lingering chariot stay?
How long wilt thou remain away?
Come, come,
To Israel, bring the promised day.

2 Jesus is coming, Jesus is coming,
Lo! the day star bright, is rising, rising, rising, rising!
Jesus is coming with the blazing crowns
For those who walk with him in white.
Oh there is glory, glory now,
Oh there is glory, glory now,
For lo! the heavens seem to bow;
Oh there is glory, glory now.
Lo, lo,
The shaking heavens begin to bow!

3 Oh the glory, Oh the glory,
Of the King of armies coming, coming, coming, coming,
Oh the glory of the King of kings
In triumph coming down to reign.
Seraphic legions marshalled now,
Seraphic legions marshalled now,
Behold the shaking heavens bow,
Seraphic legions marshalled now.
Lo, lo,
The brilliant glory of his train!

4 Hear the voices! hear the voices!
That proclaim the Saviour coming, coming, coming, coming.
Hear the voices,—sweet angelic strains,
In heaven th' echo loud resounds;
Angelic harpings now in heaven,
Angelic harpings now in heaven,
In sweeping melody are driven
Angelic harpings now in heaven,
Sound, sound,
"Behold the King of glory comes!"

5 Heaven rejoices—Heaven rejoices,
For the King of kings is coming, coming, coming, coming,
Heaven rejoices, for the King of kings
In radiant glory comes to reign!
Oh earth be glad, rejoice and sing!
Oh earth be glad, rejoice and sing!
He comes to reign, thy rightful King!
Oh earth be glad, rejoice and sing!
Shout, shout,
Glad tidings all the angels bring!

700 (NELLY GREY.)

1 WE are voyagers on an ocean, and our destiny we know,
For our chart it has pointed out the way;
And our leaders they are cheering us, as o'er the waves we go,
Saying, Courage, sailors, soon we'll gain the day.

CHORUS.

Then we'll watch and we'll pray, as our vessel bears away,
And we ne'er will be disheartened any more;
For the port is getting nearer, and I hear the leaders say,
We soon shall reach the harbor and the shore.

2 Though strong the winds are blowing, and high the billows roll,
It will only make us sigh for land the more;
And our rest will be the sweeter, when we reach the heavenly goal,
And shout our voyage over on the shore.
Then we'll watch, &c.

3 We have passed the coast of Babylon, and the Medo-Persian line,
We have left the coast of Grecia far behind;
We've been sailing down the Roman shore for eighteen hundred years,
And our chart declares the port we soon shall find.
Then we'll watch, &c.

4 Though dark clouds now gather o'er us, and dangers all around,
Our noble bark is bearing us away;
So cheer up, noble sailors, for soon the trump will sound,
And bring us safe to anchor in the bay.
Then we'll watch, &c.

701

11s & 10s.

(HAIL TO THE BRIGHTNESS, p. 318.)

1 HAIL, thou blest morn, when the great Mediator
Down from the mansion of heaven did descend!
Shepherds, go worship the babe in the manger;
Lo! for his guard the bright angels attend.
Star in the east, the horizon adorning,
Guide where our infant Redeemer was laid;
Brightest and best of the sons of the morning,
Dawn on our darkness, and lend us thine aid.

2 Cold on his cradle the dew-drops were shining;
Low lay his head with the beasts of the stall;
Angels adore him, in slumbers reclining,
Maker and Monarch and Saviour of all;
Say, shall we yield him a costly devotion,
Odors of Eden, and off'rings divine;
Gems from the mountain, or pearls from the ocean,
Myrrh from the forest, or gold from the mine?

3 Vainly we offer each ample oblation;
Vainly with gifts would his favor secure;
Richer by far is the heart's adoration;
Dearer to God are the prayers of the poor.
Low at his feet, we, in humble prostration,
Lose all our sorrow, and trouble, and strife;
There we receive his divine consolation,
Flowing afresh from the fountain of life.

4 He is our friend in the midst of temptation;
Faithful supporter, whose love cannot fail;
Rock of our refuge and hope of salvation;
Light to direct us through death's gloomy vale.
Star of the morning! thy brightness increases;
Soon from the mansion of heaven shall descend,
Glorious in light, he whose love never ceases;
Shepherds, and all men, the warning attend!

702

(MESSIAH, p. 198.)

1 MY closet, my temple, my social retreat,
It's there with my Saviour in concert I meet.
How many the objects inviting me there,
To pour out my soul in the order of prayer.

2 When shades of great darkness come over my heart,
And I fear that my God is about to depart,
I come to my closet and find him still there,
His hands filled with blessings in answer to prayer.

3 I bless the glad day when His grace I first felt,
His mercy then saved me and cancelled my guilt;
I will visit my closet, and never despair—
It was there my Redeemer first answered my prayer.

4 My Saviour is found in all places below;
His mercy abounds and his grace overflows.
A a temple, a closet, I find everywhere,
And Jesus is waiting to bless me in prayer

703

(HAPPY LAND, p. 355.)

1 IN Christ we have our life,
And only there;
Secure from harm and strife,
His cross we bear.
Our shepherd and our friend,
On whom we can depend;
To guide us to the end—
With constant care.

2 The way—the truth—the life,
Our hearts to cheer;
Guarding from mortal strife;
We need not fear;
Raise the adoring song,
Praises to him belong:
With the triumphant throng
He will appear.

3 He overcame our foes,
The witness saith,
When from the grave he rose
And conquered death
He then ascended high,
No more for man to die;
He lives to grant supply
Of life and breath.

4 Our great High Priest above,
His triumphs sing:
He will descend in love,
And glory bring.
On earth he comes to reign,
His sceptre he'll maintain,
Our Eden he'll regain—
Victorious king.

5 Our Life will soon appear
And take us home;
He'll wipe out every tear,—
Good Shepherd, come!
Hosanna to his name!
His love is still the same,
Which we will e'er proclaim
In Eden's home.

6 His kingdom is at hand.
The jubilee—
And in the promised land
We soon shall be,
Praising with harp and voice,
Our life—our hope—our choice,
And then we shall rejoice
Eternally.

704 7s.

(MARTYN, p. 166)

1 GOD of all-redeeming grace,
By thy pard'ning love compell'd,
Up to thee our souls we raise,
Up to thee our bodies yield;
Thou our sacrifice receive,
Acceptable through thy Son,
While to thee alone we live,
While we die to thee alone.

2 Meet it is, and just, and right,
That we should be wholly thine;
In thy only will delight,
In thy blessed service join:
O that every work and word
Might proclaim how good thou art;
"Holiness unto the Lord,"
Still be written on our heart!

705 8s & 7s.

(PECULIAR.)

1 WATCHMAN on the walls of Zion,
Let thy warning voice be heard;
Blow the blast; for Judah's Lion
Soon will draw his vengeful sword;
Soon his rightful throne assume,
To pronounce the gen'ral doom.

2 Watchman, mark the coming danger:
Blow the trumpet, warn the land,
Wake the slothful, rouse the stranger,
Lest their blood be on thy hand:
Turn, O turn! why will ye die?
O sinner, to the refuge fly!

3 Watchman, sound a louder measure,
For the people will not hear;
As a lovely song of pleasure,
Fall their words upon thy ear.
Bid them seek the good old path
Ere the awful day of wrath.

4 Watchman, in the cleansing fountain
Bid them wash, while yet they may;
Vain their call on rock and mountain.
To protect them in that day,
When the Lamb, on throne of ire,
Shall unsheath his sword of fire.

5 Watchman, 'mid that desolation,
Ask, who then shall dare to stand?
Joyful shout, from tribulation
Jesus brings his chosen band!
Grateful love and ardent praise
To his eternal glory raise.

(HENDON, p. 165) **706** 7s.

1 ANGELS, roll the rock away!
Death, yield up the mighty prey!
See, the Saviour quits the tomb,
Glowing with immortal bloom!

2 Shout, ye seraphs! Gabriel, raise
Fame's eternal trump of praise!
Let the earth's remotest bound
Echo to the joyful sound.

3 Now, ye saints, lift up your eyes;
See the Conq'ror mount the skies;
When he comes, ye conquer too:
He has triumphed thus for you.

4 Heaven unfolds her portals wide;
Glorious Hero, through them ride;
King of glory, mount thy throne;
Boundless empire is thy own.

5 Praise him, ye celestial choirs!
Raise and sweep your golden lyres;
Praise him in the noblest songs,
From ten thousand thousand tongues!

(LABAN, p. 129.) **707** S. M.

1 WE come with joyful song,
To hail this happy morn;
Glad tidings from an angel's tongue,
"This day is Jesus born!"

2 What transports doth his name
To sinful men afford!
His glorious titles we proclaim—
A Saviour—Christ—the Lord!

3 Glory to God on high,
All hail the happy morn:
We join the anthems of the sky—
And sing—"the Saviour's born!"

(STATE ST., p. 131.) **708** S. M.

1 TO keep the lamp alive,
With oil we fill the bowl;
'Tis water makes the willow thrive,
And grace that feeds the soul.

2 The Lord's unsparing hand
Supplies the living stream;
It is not at our own command,
But still derived from him.

3 Man's wisdom is to seek
His strength in God alone;
And e'en an angel would be weak,
Who trusted in his own

4 Retreat beneath his wings,
And in his grace confide;
This more exalts the King of kings
Than all your works beside.

5 In God is all our store,
Grace issues from his throne;
Whoever says, "I want no more,"
Confesses he has none.

(OLMUTZ, p. 121.) **709** S. M.

1 BLEST are the sons of peace,
Whose hearts and hopes are one,
Whose kind designs to serve and please
Through all their actions run.

2 Blest is the pious house,
Where zeal and friendship meet;
Their songs of praise, their mingled vows,
Make their communion sweet.

3 From those celestial springs
Such streams of pleasure flow,
As no increase of riches brings,
Nor honors can bestow.

(GOLDEN HILL, p. 123.) **710** S. M

1 BEHOLD! the grace appears,
The blessing promised long;
Angels announce the Saviour near,
In this triumphant song:

2 "Glory to God on high,
And heavenly peace on earth;
Good-will to men—to angels joy,
At our Redeemer's birth!"

3 In worship so divine
Let men employ their tongues;
With the celestial host we join,
And loud repeat their songs—

4 "Glory to God on high,
And heavenly peace on earth;
Good-will to men—to angels joy,
At our Redeemer's birth!"

711 7s.

(PLEYEL'S HYMN, p. 167.)

1 CAST thy burden on the Lord;
Only lean upon his word;
Thou wilt soon have cause to bless
His eternal faithfulness.

2 Human counsels come to naught;
That shall stand which God hath wrought;
His compassion, love, and power,
Are the same for evermore.

3 Heaven and earth may pass away;
God's free grace shall not decay;
He hath promised to fulfil
All the pleasure of his will.

4 Jesus, Guardian of thy flock,
Be thyself our constant rock;
Make us, by thy powerful hand,
Long as Zion's mountain stand.

712 8s, 7s & 4s.

(STANLEY, p. 137.)

1 BRETHREN, let us walk together
In the bonds of love and peace;
Can it be a question whether
Brethren should from conflict cease?
'T is in union,
Hope, and joy, and love increase.

2 While we journey homeward, let us
Help each other in the road;
Foes on every side beset us,
Snares through all the way are strewed;
It behoves us
Each to bear a brother's load.

3 When we think how much our Father
Has forgiven, and does forgive;
Brethren, we should learn the rather
Free from wrath and strife to live;
Far removing
All that might offend or grieve.

4 Let then each esteem his brother
Better than himself to be;
And let each prefer another,
Full of love, from envy free;
Happy are we,
When in this we all agree.

713 (GREENVILLE, p. 235.)

1 HEAR, O sinner! mercy hails you,
Now with sweetest voice she calls;
Bids you haste to seek the Saviour,
Ere the hand of justice falls;
Hear, O sinner!
'Tis the voice of mercy calls.

2 See the storm of vengeance gathering
O'er the path you dare to tread;
Hark! the awful thunders rolling
Loud, and louder o'er your head;
Turn, O sinner!
Lest the lightnings strike you dead.

3 Haste! O sinner! to the Saviour,
Seek his mercy while you may;
Soon the day of grace is over;
Soon your life will pass away!
Haste, O sinner!
You must perish—if you stay.

714 P. M.

1 DARK brood the heavens o'er thee!
Black clouds are gath'ring fast;
In awful power thy God has come,
Thy days of mirth are past.

2 Dark brood the heavens o'er thee!
Red flames are bursting round;
Bright lightnings flash, loud thunders roar;
How shakes the trembling ground!

3 Dark brood the heavens o'er thee!
Behold the Judge appears;
Unnumber'd millions throng around,
Raised from the dust of years.

4 Dark brood the heavens o'er thee!
Soon thou wilt hear thy doom;
Destruction opens wide for thee,
Thy chosen, final home.

5 Yet stay—the vision lingers;
Why, sinner, wilt thou die?
Dark brood the heavens, but mercy waits,
This hour to Jesus fly.

715 S. M.

(AYLESBURY, p. 119.)

1 SEE Sodom wrapt in fire!
And hark, what piercing shrieks!
Those daring rebels now expire,
For God in justice speaks.

2 O sinner, mark thy fate!
Soon will the Judge appear;
And then thy cries will come too late;
Too late for God to hear.

3 Thy day of mercy gone,
The Spirit grieved away,
Thy cup, long filling, now o'erflown,
Demands the vengeful day.

4 Thy God, insulted, seems
To draw his glittering sword;
And o'er thy guilty head it gleams,
To vindicate his word.

5 One only hope I see;
O, sinner, seize it now,—
The blood that Jesus shed for thee;—
No other hope hast thou.

716 7s.

(FULTON, p. 164.)

1 HARK! that shout of rapt'rous joy,
Bursting forth from yonder cloud!
Jesus comes, and through the sky
Angels tell their joy aloud.

2 Hark! the trumpet's awful voice
Sounds abroad through sea and land;
Let his people now rejoice,
Their redemption is at hand.

3 See, the Lord appears in view!
Heaven and earth before him fly;
Rise, ye saints, he comes for you;
Rise to meet him in the sky!

717

(GREENVILLE, p. 235.)

1 COME, ye sinners, poor and needy,
Weak and wounded, sick and sore,
Jesus, ready stands to save you,
Full of pity, love and power;
He is able,
He is willing, doubt no more.

2 Now, ye needy, come and welcome,
God's free bounty glorify,
True belief and true repentance,
Will not fail to bring you nigh;
Without money,
Come to Jesus Christ, and buy.

3 Let not conscience make you linger,
Nor of fitness fondly dream;
All the fitness he requires,
Is to feel your need of him;
This he gives you,
'Tis the Spirit's rising beam.

4 Agonizing in the garden,
Lo! your Saviour prostrate lies;
On the bloody tree behold him!
Hear him cry before he dies:
"It is finish'd;"
Sinners, will not this suffice?

5 Lo! the Son of God ascending
To his Father and our God;
Venture on him, venture freely,
Let no other trust intrude;
None but Jesus,
Can do helpless sinners good.

6 Saints and angels join'd in concert,
Sing the praises of the Lamb,
While the blissful seats of heaven,
Sweetly echo with his name;
Hallelujah!
Sinners here may do the same.

718

8s, 7s & 4s.

(GREENVILLE.)

1 SEE th' eternal Judge descending,
Seated on his Father's throne!
Now, poor sinner, Christ shall show thee
He is the eternal Son.
Trumpets call thee;
Come to hear thy awful doom!

2 Hear the sinner thus lamenting,
At the thoughts of future pain;
Cries and tears he now is venting,
But he cries and weeps in vain;
Greatly mourning
That he ne'er was born again.

3 "Yonder stands the glorious Saviour,
With the marks of dying love;
Oh, that I had sought his favor,
When I felt his Spirit move!
Doomed justly,
For I have against him strove.

4 "All his warning I have slighted,
While he daily sought my soul;
If some vows to him I plighted,
Yet for sin I broke the whole;
Golden moments,
How neglected did they roll!

5 "Yonder stand my godly neighbors,
Who were once despised by me;
They are clad in dazzling splendor,
Waiting my sad fate to see—
Farewell, neighbors;
Dismal guilt! I'm bound for thee!"

6 Now, despisers, look and wonder;
Hope and sinners here must part;
Louder than a peal of thunder,
Hear the dreadful sound, "Depart,"
Lost forever!
How it quails the sinner's heart!

719

7s.

1 NOW from labor and from care
Evening shades have set me free;
In the work of praise and prayer,
Lord, I would converse with thee;
O, behold me from above,
Fill me with a Saviour's love!

2 Sin and sorrow, guilt and woe,
Wither all my earthly joys;
Naught can charm me here below,
But my Saviour's melting voice;
Lord, forgive; thy grace restore;
Make me thine for evermore.

3 For the blessings of this day,
For the mercies of this hour,
For the gospel's cheering ray,
For the Spirit's quickening power,
Grateful notes to thee I raise;
O, accept my song of praise!

(VALDIVIA, p. 171.) **720** 7s.

1 COME, said Jesus' sacred voice,
Come, and make my paths your choice;
I will guide you to your home;
Weary pilgrim, hither come!

2 Thou, who, houseless, sole, forlorn,
Long hast borne the proud world's scorn,
Long hast roamed the barren waste,
Weary pilgrim, hither haste!

3 Ye, who, tossed on beds of pain,
Seek for ease, but seek in vain;
Ye, whose swollen sleepless eyes
Watch to see the morning rise;

4 Ye, by fiercer anguish torn,
In remorse for guilt who mourn;
Here repose your heavy care;
A wounded spirit who can bear?

5 Sinner, come, for here is found
Balm that flows for every wound;
Peace that ever shall endure,
Rest eternal, sacred, sure.

(MARTYN, p. 166.) **721** 7s.

1 GRACIOUS Spirit! Love divine!
Let thy light within me shine;
All my guilty fears remove;
Fill me with thy heavenly love.

2 Life and peace to me impart;
Seal salvation on my heart;
Dwell thyself within my breast,
Earnest of immortal rest.

3 Let me never from thee stray;
Keep me in the narrow way;
Fill my soul with joy divine;
Keep me, Lord, forever thine.

(ARLINGTON, p. 57.) **722** C. M.

1 WHAT of the night? O watchman, mark!
Look from thy high watch-tower;
The storm hangs low, the sky is dark;
Foes come at midnight hour.

2 Watchman, what of the night? behold
Earth's kingdoms totter round;
And awful signs have late foretold
The clang of war must sound.

3 The watchman saith, The day is nigh!
Inquire with earnest heed;
Plain is the word of prophecy,
And all who run may read.

723 (LAND OF REST, p. 110.)

1 I LOVE to meet where Christians do,
Who meet for prayer and praise,
To speak of God's rich grace to them,
And of his works and ways.

2 I love to hear the Christian tell
Of hope beyond the grave.
And, too, to hear him oft express
His faith in Christ to save.

3 The convert, too, I love to hear
Speak of his sins forgiven;
Speak of a Saviour's dying love,
And of his hope in heaven.

4 I love to hear the voice of praise
Ascend to God on high,
And fervent prayer in faith go up;—
It brings the blessing nigh.

5 O! when we worship, may we have
The unction from above!
'Twill then no more a burden prove,
For all will be in love.

(OLMUTZ, p. 121.) **724** S. M.

1 GOD'S word is the true light,
When other lamps grow dim;
'Twill never burn less purely bright,
Nor lead astray from him.
It is love's blessed band,
That reaches from the throne
To him, whoe'er he be, whose hand
Will seize it for his own.

2 It is the golden key
Unto celestial wealth,
Joy to the sons of poverty,
And to the sick man, health!
The gentle proffered aid
Of one who knows, and best
Supplies the beings he has made
With what will make them blest.

3 It is the sweetest sound
That infant years can hear,
Travelling across that holy ground,
With God and angels near.
There rests the weary head,
There age and sorrow go;
And how it smooths the dying bed,
O, let the Christian show!

725 7s.
(PLEYEL'S HYMN, p. 167.)

1 CHRISTIANS, brethren, ere we part,
Every voice and every heart
Join, and to our Father raise
One last hymn of grateful praise.

2 Though we here should meet no more,
Yet there is a brighter shore;
There, released from toil and pain,
There we all may meet again.

726 (MARTYN, p. 166.)

1 MARY to the Saviour's tomb
Hasted at the early dawn;
Spice she brought and rich perfume,
But the Lord she loved had gone.
For a while she lingering stood,
Filled with sorrow and surprise,
Trembling, while a crystal flood
Issued from her weeping eyes.

2 But her sorrows quickly fled,
When she heard his welcome voice;
Christ had risen from the dead—
Now he bids her heart rejoice.
What a change his word can make,
Turning darkness into day!
Ye who weep for Jesus' sake,
He will wipe your tears away.

3 He who came to comfort her,
When she thought her all was lost,
Will for your relief appear,
Though you now are tempest tossed.
On his arm your burden cast;
On his love your thoughts employ;
Weeping for a while may last,
But the morning brings the joy.

727 S. M.

(LITTLE MARLBORO', p. 127.)

1 ALL things remained the same;
The sunbeams brightly shone,
When slowly forth from Sodom came
One family alone.

2 Lot, only, feared the word.
The angel-saviour spoke,
And at the mandate of the Lord
Those scenes of guilt forsook.

3 O who beside him dared
The scoffer's laugh to brave?
Who for the prophet's threat'ning cared,
And sought his soul to save?

4 Not one of all that horde
The warning would obey;
Then down the brimstone deluge poured,
And swept them all away!

5 And now, how can it be
That none will turn and hear;
Now, when the book of prophecy
Shows awful times are near?

6 O guilty world! too late
Thou wilt in woe repine;
For Sodom and Gomorrah's fate
Full surely will be thine!

728 7s.

(NUREMBURG, p. 167.)

1 HOLY Bible! book divine!
Precious treasure, thou art mine!
Mine, to tell me whence I came;
Mine, to teach me what I am;

2 Mine, to chide me when I rove;
Mine, to show a Saviour's love;
Mine art thou, to guide my feet;
Mine to judge, condemn, acquit.

3 Mine, to comfort in distress,
If the Holy Spirit bless;
Mine, to show, by living faith,
Man can triumph over death;

4 Mine, to tell of joys to come,
And the rebel sinner's doom;—
O, thou holy book divine!
Precious treasure, thou art mine!

(BOYLSTON, p. 115.) 729 S. M.

1 COME, Holy Spirit, come!
Let thy bright beams arise;
Dispel the sorrow from our minds,
The darkness from our eyes.

2 Convince us all of sin;
Lead us to thine abode,
And to our wond'ring view reveal
Thy mercies, O our God!

3 Revive our drooping faith,
Our doubts and fears remove,
And kindle in our breasts the flame
Of never-dying love.

4 'Tis thine to cleanse the heart,
To sanctify the soul,
To pour fresh life in every part,
And new-create the whole.

5 Dwell, Spirit, in our hearts!
Our minds from bondage free;
Then shall we know, and praise, and love,
And rise at length to thee.

(HOWARD, p. 85.) 730 C. M.

1 IN duties and in suff'rings too,
My Lord I fain would trace;
As he hath done so would I do,
Sustained by heavenly grace.

2 Inflamed with zeal, 'twas his delight
To do his Father's will;
May the same zeal my soul excite
His precepts to fulfil!

3 Meekness, humility and love,
Through all his conduct shine
O may my whole deportment prove
A copy, Lord, of thine!

731 P. M.

1 O SINNER, come without delay,
And seek a home in glory;
The Lord is calling you to-day—
He pleads for you in glory.

CHO.—O glory! O glory!
There's power in Jesus' dying love,
To bring you home to glory.

2 O, turn and live! to you he cries,
And you shall share my glory;
But, if my mercy you despise,
You cannot see my glory.
O glory, &c.

3 Repent, and give him now your heart,
He is the Lord of Glory,
Confess his name, secure a part,
When he shall come in glory.
O glory, &c.

4 Now is your time—no more delay.
For soon he'll come in glory;
When shut without, in vain you'll pray—
You've lost all hope of glory.
O glory, &c.

5 O do not madly slight his grace,
And lose the crown of glory;
But now, before you leave this place,
Begin the race for glory
O glory, &c

6 Awake! awake! the Judge is near,
Prepare, prepare for glory;
If sleeping when he shall appear,
You cannot bear his glory.
O glory, &c.

732 L. M.

1 THOUGH in the outward church below,
The wheat and tares together grow;
Jesus ere long will weed the crop,
And pluck the tares in anger up.
CHO.—For soon the reaping time will come,
And angels shout the harvest home.

2 Will it relieve their horrors there,
To recollect their stations here;
How much they heard, how much they knew,
How much among the wheat they grew?
For soon the reaping time will, &c.

3 No! this will aggravate their case,
They perish'd under means of grace,
To them the word of life and faith
Became an instrument of death.
For soon the reaping time will, &c.

4 We seem alike when thus we meet,
Strangers might think we all were wheat,
But to the Lord's all-searching eyes,
Each heart appears without disguise.
For soon the reaping time will, &c.

5 The tares are spared for various ends,
Some for the sake of praying friends;
Others the Lord, against their will,
Employs his counsels to fulfil.
For soon the reaping time will, &c.

6 But though they grow so tall and strong,
His plan will not require them long;
In harvest, when he saves his own,
The tares shall into hell be thrown.
For soon the reaping time will, &c.

7 O! awful thought, and is it so?
Must all mankind the harvest know?
Is every man a wheat or tare?
Me, for that harvest, Lord, prepare.
For soon the reaping time will come,
And angels shout the harvest home.

733 C. M.

1 SINCE Jesus freely did appear,
To grace a marriage feast,
O Lord, we ask thy presence here;
Be thou our glorious guest.

2 Upon thy servants, Lord, look down,
Who now have joined their hands;
Their union with thy favor crown,
And bless their nuptial bands.

3 With gifts of grace their hearts endow—
Of all rich dowries best;
Their substance bless, and peace bestow,
To sweeten all the rest.

4 In purest love their souls unite,
That they with Christian care
May make domestic burdens light,
By taking each a share.

5 True helpers may they prove indeed,
In prayer, and faith, and hope;
And see with joy a godly seed,
To build their household up.

6 That love which Jesus Christ displays
Towards the church, his bride,
Be this, O Lord, through all their days
Their pattern and their guide.

(DUNDEE, p. 75.) **734** C. M.

1 ALAS! and did my Saviour bleed?
And did my Sovereign die?
Would he devote that sacred head
For such a worm as I?
2 Was it for crimes that I have done,
He groan'd upon the tree?
Amazing pity! grace unknown!
And love beyond degree!
3 Well might the sun in darkness hide,
And shut his glories in;
When Christ the mighty Maker died,
For man the creature's sin!
4 Thus might I hide my blushing face,
While his dear cross appears;
Dissolve my heart in thankfulness,
And melt mine eyes to tears.
5 But drops of grief can ne'er repay
The debt of love I owe;
Here, Lord, I give myself away,
'Tis all that I can do.

735 P. M.

1 AFFLICTIONS, though they seem severe,
In mercy oft are sent;
They stopped the prodigal's career,
And taught him to repent.
CHO.—I'll die no more for bread;
I'll die no more for bread, he cries,
Nor starve in foreign lands;
My father's house has great supplies,
And bounteous are his hands.
2 The father saw him coming back,
He saw, and ran, and smiled,
And threw his arms around the neck
Of his rebellious child.
3 "Father, I've sinned—but O forgive!"
"I've heard enough," he said;
"Rejoice, my house, my son's alive,
For whom I mourned as dead.
4 "Now let the fattened calf be slain,
And spread the news around;
My son was dead, but lives again,
Was lost, but now is found."
5 'Tis thus the Lord his love reveals,
To call poor sinners home;
More than a father's love he feels,
And welcomes all that come.

736 C. M.

(BALERMA, p. 67.)

1 BURIED beneath the yielding wave,
The dear Redeemer lies;
Faith views him in the wat'ry grave,
And thence beholds him rise.
2 Thus it becomes his saints to-day
Their ardent zeal t' express;
And in the Lord's appointed way
Fulfil all righteousness.
3 With joy we in his footsteps tread,
And would his cause maintain;
Like him be numbered with the dead,
And with him rise and reign.
4 His presence oft revives our hearts,
And drives our fears away;
When he commands, and strength imparts
We cheerfully obey.
5 Now we, dear Jesus, would to thee
Our grateful voices raise;
Washed in the fountain of thy blood,
Our lives shall all be praise.

(AMES, p. 31.) **737** L. M.

1 BRETHREN, belov'd for Jesus' sake,
A hearty welcome here receive;
May we together now partake
The joys which he alone can give!
2 May he, by whose kind care we meet,
Send his good Spirit from above;
Make our communication sweet,
And cause our hearts to burn with love!
3 Forgotten be each worldly theme,
When thus we meet to pray and praise,
We only wish to speak of him,
And tell the wonders of his grace.
4 We'll talk of all he did and said,
His suff'rings and his dying love,
The path he mark'd for us to tread,
And how he triumphs now above.
5 Thus as the moments pass away,
We'll love, and wonder, and adore;
Then hasten on the glorious day,
When we shall meet to part no more.

(HEBRON, p. 22.) **738** L. M.

1 'TWAS by an order from the Lord,
The ancient prophets spoke his word;
His Spirit did their tongues inspire,
And warm their hearts with heavenly fire.
2 Great God, mine eyes with pleasure look
On all the pages of thy book;
There my Redeemer's face I see,
And read his name who died for me.
3 Let the false raptures of the mind
Be lost and vanish in the wind;
Here I can fix my hopes secure;
This is thy word, and must endure

(MIGDOL, p. 27.) **739** L. M.

1 TREMBLING before thine awful throne,
O Lord! in dust my sins I own;
Justice and mercy for my life
Contend! O, smile and heal the strife.

2 The Saviour smiles! upon my soul
New tides of hope tumultuous roll—
His voice proclaims my pardon found,
Seraphic transport wings the sound.

3 Earth has a joy unknown in heaven—
The new-born peace of sin forgiven!
Tears of such pure and deep delight,
Ye angels! never dimm'd your sight.

4 Ye saw of old, on chaos rise
The beauteous pillars of the skies;
Ye know where morn exulting springs,
And evening folds her drooping wings.

5 Bright heralds of th' Eternal Will,
Abroad his errands ye fulfil;
Or, throu'd in floods of beamy day,
Symphonious in his presence play.

6 Loud is the song—the heavenly plain
Is shaken with the choral strain—
And dying echoes, floating far
Draw music from each chiming star.

7 But I amid your choirs shall shine,
And all your knowledge shall be mine;
Ye on your harps must lean to hear
A secret chord that mine will bear.

(WINDHAM, p. 26.) **740** L. M.

1 I THIRST, thou wounded Lamb of God,
To wash me in thy cleansing blood;
To dwell within thy wounds; then pain
Is sweet, and life or death is gain.

2 Take my poor heart, and let it be
Forever clos'd to all but thee!
Seal thou my breast, and let me wear
That pledge of love forever there.

3 How blest are they who still abide
Close shelter'd in thy bleeding side!
Who life and strength from thence derive,
And by thee move, and in thee live.

4 What are our works but sin and death,
Till thou thy quick'ning Spirit breathe?
Thou giv'st the power thy grace to move,
O wondrous grace! O boundless love!

5 How can it be, thou heavenly King,
That thou shouldst us to glory bring;
Make slaves the partners of thy throne,
Deck'd with a never-fading crown?

6 Hence our hearts melt, our eyes o'erflow,
Our words are lost, nor will we know,
Nor will we think of aught beside,
"My Lord, my love is crucified."

7 Ah! Lord, enlarge our scanty thought,
To know the wonders thou hast wrought,
Unloose our stamm'ring tongues to tell
Thy love immense, unsearchable!

741 S. M.

(AYLESBURY, p. 119.)

1 BEHOLD, with awful pomp,
The Judge prepares to come;
The archangel sounds the dreadful trump
And wakes the general doom.

2 Nature, in wild amaze,
Her dissolution mourns;
Blushes of blood the moon deface,
The sun to darkness turns.

3 Horrors all hearts appall;
They quake, they shriek, they cry;
Bid rocks and mountains on them fall;
But rocks and mountains fly.

4 'Tis time we all awake;
The dreadful day draws near;
Sinners, your proud presumption check,
And stop your wild career.

5 Now is th' accepted time;
To Christ for mercy fly;
O turn, repent, and trust in him,
And you shall never die!

6 Great God, in whom we live,
Prepare us for that day;
Help us in Jesus to believe,
To watch, and wait, and pray.

742 L. M.

(WOODSTOCK, p. 79.)

1 WHEN I survey the wondrous cross,
On which the Prince of glory died,
My richest gain I count but loss,
And pour contempt on all my pride.

2 Forbid it, Lord, that I should boast,
Save in thy death, thou just and good!
All the vain things that charm me most,
I leave them for thy precious blood.

3 See from his head, his hands, his feet,
Sorrow and love flow mingled down;
Did e'er such love and sorrow meet,
Or thorns compose so rich a crown?

4 Were the whole realm of nature mine,
That were an offering far too small;
Love so amazing, so divine,
Demands my soul, my life, my all.

(SWEET AFTON, p. 191.) **743** 11s.

1 FAREWELL, my dear brethren, the time is at hand
That we must be parted from this social band;
Our several engagements now call us away—
Our parting is needful, and we must obey.

2 Farewell, ye young converts, who have 'listed for war,
Sore trials await you, but Jesus is near;
Although you must travel a dark wilderness,
Your Captain 's before you, he'll lead you to bliss.

3 Farewell, faithful Christian, farewell all around,
Perhaps we'll not meet till the last trump shall sound;
To meet you in glory, I'll give you my hand,
Our Saviour to praise in a pure, social band.

4 O, glory! O, glory! all glory to God!
We redemption may have through Jesus' dear blood;
I long for his coming, to meet him above,
To gaze on his beauty, and feast on his love.

744 10s & 11s.

1 O HEAVENLY King, look down from above;
Assist us to sing thy mercy and love;
So sweetly o'erflowing, so plenteous the store,
Thou still art bestowing, and giving us more.

2 O God of our life, we hallow thy name!
Our business and strife, is thee to proclaim;
Accept our thanksgiving for creating grace;
The living, the living shall show forth thy praise.

3 Our Father and Lord, Almighty art thou;
Preserv'd by thy word, we worship thee now,
The bountiful donor of all we enjoy;
Our tongues to thy honor, and lives we employ.

4 But O! above all, thy kindness we praise,
From sin and from thrall, which saves the lost race;
Thy Son thou hast given, a world to redeem,
And give them a kingdom, whose trust is in him.

5 Wherefore of thy love we sing and rejoice,
Like angels above, we lift up our voice;
Thy love each believer shall gladly adore,
For ever and ever, when time is no more.

745 (VERNON, p. 138.)

1 BEYOND this gloomy night
Eternal beauties rise,
A land of love, a land of light,
Unseen by mortal eyes.

CHO.—There'll be no sorrow there;
There'll be no sorrow there;
When Jesus comes, and all get home;
There'll be no sorrow there.

2 The land of promise this,
Long hoped for by the good;
A scene of everlasting bliss,
The price of Jesus' blood.

3 No sin nor sorrow there
Shall cause the saved a tear;
We gain the second Eden fair,
When Jesus shall appear.

4 This is the land of life,
Where death is known no more;
Saints ever rest, now free from strife
Their present labors o'er.

5 The signs proclaim Him near,
"Whose right it is" to reign;
Lift up the voice with lofty cheer,
Soon Jesus comes again.

6 From sorrow, toil, and pain,
And sin, we shall be free;
And perfect love and friendship reign
Through all eternity.

746 C. M.

(NORTHFIELD, p. 66.)

1 WHEN wild confusion wrecks the air,
And tempests rend the skies;
Whilst blended ruin, clouds and fire,
In harsh disorder rise.

2 Safe in my Saviour's love I'll stand,
And strike a tuneful song;
My harp all trembling in my hand,
And all inspired my tongue.

3 I'll shout aloud, "Ye thunders roll,
And shake the sullen sky!
Your sounding voice, from pole to pole,
In angry murmurs try.

4 "Let the earth totter on her base,
And clouds the heavens deform;
Blow, all ye winds, from every place,
And rush the final storm.

5 "Come quickly, blessed Lord! appear,
Bid thy swift chariot fly;
Let angels tell thy coming near,
And snatch me to the sky.

6 "Around thy wheels in the glad throng
I'd bear a joyful part;
All hallelujah on my tongue,
All rapture in my heart."

747 C. M.

(MEAR, p. 56.)

1 THROUGH endless years thou art the same,
O thou eternal God!
Each future age shall know thy name,
And tell thy works abroad.

2 The strong foundations of the earth
Of old by thee were laid;
By thee the beauteous arch of heaven
With matchless skill was made.

3 Soon shall this goodly frame of things,
Created by thy hand,
Be, like a vesture, laid aside,
And changed at thy command.

4 But thy perfections, all divine,
Eternal as thy days,
Through everlasting ages shine
With undiminished rays.

748 L. M.

(UXBRIDGE, p. 20.)

1 SURE the blest Comforter is nigh,
'Tis he sustains my fainting heart;
Else would my hope for ever die,
And every cheering ray depart.

2 When some kind promise glads my soul,
Do I not find his healing voice
The tempest of my fears control,
And bid my drooping pow'rs rejoice?

3 Where'er to call the Saviour mine,
With ardent wish my heart aspires;
Can it be less than pow'r divine,
Which animates these strong desires?

4 What less than thine almighty word
Can raise my heart from earth and dust,
And bid me cleave to thee, my Lord,
My life, my treasure, and my trust?

5 And when my cheerful hope can say,
I love my God, and trust his grace,
Lord, is it not thy blissful ray,
Which brings this dawn of sacred peace?

6 Let thy kind Spirit make my heart
O God of love, his constant home,
And light and heavenly peace impart,
Sweet earnest of the joys to come.

749 L. M.

(ROCKINGHAM, p. 20.)

1 BLEST Lord, when darkness veils the skies,
Prevent the slumber of my eyes,
Till, bowed before the King of kings,
I ask myself the following things:

2 Where have I been—what have I done?
To what new follies have I run?
Have I observed each rising thought,
And done the things which God hath taught?

3 Do secret thoughts and actions prove
My love to God who reigns above?
Do my affections rise on high,
As days and nights successive fly?

4 Do I rejoice in that wise plan
Which governs all the affairs of man?
Gives life, and health, and joy, and rest,
Or sends affliction when 'tis best?

5 And when God's holy law I hear,
Does it alarm my heart with fear?
Or does it sweetly rule within,
And make me hate and fly from sin?

750 C. M.

(WARWICK, p. 71.)

1 'TIS faith that purifies the heart;
'Tis faith that works by love;
It bids all sinful joys depart,
And lifts the thoughts above.

2 This faith shall every fear control
By its celestial power;
With holy triumph fill the soul,
In death's approaching hour.

3 By faith, where'er his hand shall lead,
The darkest path we'll tread;
By faith we'll quit these mortal shores,
And mingle with the dead.

751 P. M.

1 WE shall see a light appear,
By and by when he comes,
We shall see a light appear
When he comes;

Cho.—Ride on, Jesus, O ride on,
We are on our journey home.

2 We shall see him as he is
By and by when he comes;
We shall see him as he is
When he comes;
Ride on, Jesus, &c.

3 We shall have a mighty shout
By and by when he comes;
We shall have a mighty shout
When he comes;
Ride on, Jesus, &c.

4 We shall all with Christ appear
By and by when he comes;
We shall all with Christ appear
When he comes;
Ride on, Jesus, &c.

5 Then the earth will all be cleans'd
By and by when he comes;
Then the earth will all be cleans'd
When he comes;
Ride on, Jesus, &c.

6 We shall shout above the fire
By and by when he comes;
We shall shout above the fire
When he comes;
Ride on, Jesus, &c.

752

(Happy Land, p. 355.)

1 THERE is a world to come,
Happy and pure;
That is the Christian's home,
Long to endure!
O, 'tis a world of light;
No more death, nor woe, nor night;
Faith views it with delight,
Knowing 't is sure.

2 There Christ will ever reign,
All-glorious King!
There music's rapturous strain
Ever will ring;
Saints who in ages by
Suffered, and were called to die,
There in sweet harmony
Anthems will sing.

3 There is our paradise—
Eden restored!
All beauteous in their eyes,
Who love the Lord;
Wastes that are now so drear,
Like the rose shall blossom there,
And be a garden fair:
Thus saith the word

4 O, that bright world to come—
Tongue cannot tell!
Thrice blessed is the home
Where saints will dwell;
Turn, then, from sin away,
And the word of God obey,
Then at the last great day
All will be well.

753

(What Sound is this, p. 346.) 3-8

1 MESSIAH comes with all his train,
He comes upon the earth to reign
With all his angels bright;
The saints now from the dust arise,
And go to meet him in the skies,
With shouts of sweet delight.

2 The trumpet sounds from shore to shore,
Louder and louder than before!
It makes the sinner fear;
The judgment day has come at last,
The gospel harvest now is past,
Its summer disappears.

3 The earth is reeling to and fro.
The sinner's heart is filled with woe,—
His day of grace is past;
The tribes of earth with terror mourn,
The hope of life from them is torn,
They must be lost at last.

4 They cry for mercy, but in vain,
For they must now endure the pain
Of a devouring hell;
They go into the lake of fire,
And in the raging flames expire,
For who in flames can dwell?

754 L. M.

(Submission, p. 41.)

1 O THOU who all things canst control,
Chase this dread slumber from my soul,
With joy and fear, with love and awe,
Give me to keep thy perfect law.

2 O may one beam of thy blest light,
Pierce through, dispel the shade of night;
Touch my cold breast with heavenly fire,
With holy, conqu'ring zeal inspire.

3 For zeal I sigh, for zeal I pant,
Yet heavy is my soul and faint;
With steps unwav'ring, undismay'd,
Give me in all thy paths to tread.

4 With outstretch'd hands, and streaming eyes,
Oft I begin to grasp the prize;
I groan, I strive, I watch, I pray;
But ah! how soon it dies away!

5 The deadly slumber soon I feel
Afresh upon my spirit steal;
Rise, Lord; stir up thy quick'ning power,
And wake me that I sleep no more.

6 Single of heart, O may I be!
Nothing may I desire but thee;
Far, far from me the world remove,
And all that holds me from thy love!

755 C. M.

(Bray, p. 82.)

1 O LET triumphant faith dispel
The fears of guilt and woe;
If God be for us, God the Lord,
Who, who shall be our foe?

2 He who his only Son gave up
To death, that we might live;
Shall he not all things freely grant,
That boundless love can give?

3 Who now his people shall accuse?
'Tis God hath justified;
Who now his people shall condemn?
The Lamb of God hath died.

4 And he who died hath ris'n again,
Triumphant from the grave;
At God's right hand for us he pleads,
Omnipotent to save.

(Naomi, p. 39.) 756 C. M.

1 O TELL me where the dove is flown
To build her downy nest,
And I will search the world around,
To win her to my breast.

2 I sought her in the rosy bower
Where pleasure holds her reign;
Where fancy flies from flower to flower,
But there I sought in vain.

3 I sought her in the bower of love,
I knew her tender heart;
But she had flown—that peaceful dove
Had felt the traitor's dart.

4 Upon ambition's craggy hill
I thought this bird might stray,
And there I sought, but vainly still;
She never flew that way.

5 Faith smiled and shed the tender tear,
To see me search around,
And whispered, "I can tell thee where
The dove may yet be found.

6 In meek religion's humble cot,
She built her downy nest;
Go, seek that sweet secluded spot,
And win her to thy breast."

(Anguish, p. 45.) 757 L. M.

1 THE morning dawns upon the place
Where Jesus spent the night in prayer;
Through yielding glooms behold his face;
Nor form nor comeliness is there.

2 Last eve, by those he called his own
Betrayed, forsaken or denied,
He met his enemies alone,
In all their malice, rage, and pride.

3 No guile within his mouth is found;
He neither threatens nor complains;
Meek as a lamb for slaughter bound,
Dumb midst his murderers he remains.

4 But hark! he prays,—'tis for his foes;
He speaks,—'tis comfort to his friends;
Answers,—and Paradise bestows;
He bows his head,—the conflict ends.

5 Truly, this was the Son of God!
Though in a servant's mean disguise,
And bruised beneath the Father's rod;
Not for himself,—for man he dies.

758 C. M.

(Majesty, p. 80.)

1 COME, let us strike our harps afresh
To great Jehovah's name;
Sweet be the accents of our tongues
When we his love proclaim.

2 'Twas by his bidding we were called
In pain a while to part;
'Tis by his care we meet again,
And gladness fills our heart.

3 Blest be the hand that has preserved
Our feet from every snare,
And blest the goodness of the Lord,
Which to this hour we share.

4 O may the Spirit's quickening power
Now sanctify our joy,
And warm our zeal in works of love
Our talents to employ!

5 Fast, fast our minutes fly away;
Soon shall our wand'rings cease;
And with our Father we shall dwell,
A family of peace.

(BURFORD, p. 83.) **759** C. M.

1 IN every trouble, sharp and strong,
Each soul to Je us flies,
Our anchor—hope is firm in him,
When swelling billows rise.

2 His comforts bear our spirits up;
We trust a faithful God;
The sure foundation of our hope
Is in a Saviour's blood.

3 Loud hallelujahs sing, our souls,
To the Redeemer's name;
In joy, in sorrow, life, and death,
His love is still the same.

(EMMONS, p. 86.) **760** C. M.

1 WHEN morning's first and hallowed ray
Breaks with its trembling light,
To chase the pearly dews away,
Bright tear-drops of the night.

2 My heart, O Lord, forgets to rove,
But rises, gladly free,
On wings of everlasting love,
And finds its home in thee.

3 When evening's silent shades descend,
And nature sinks to rest,
Still to my Father and my Friend
My wishes are addressed.

4 And e'en when midnight's solemn gloom
Above, around, is spread,
Sweet dreams of everlasting bloom
Are hov'ring o'er my head.

5 I dream of that fair land, O Lord,
Where all thy saints shall be;
I wake to lean upon thy word,
And still delight in thee.

(BALERMA, p. 67.) **761** C. M.

1 DELUDED souls, that dream of heaven,
And make their empty boast
Of toward joys, and sins forgiven,
While they are slaves to lust!

2 Vain are our fancies, vain our flights,
If faith be cold and dead;
None but a living power unites
To Christ, the living Head.

3 The faith which new-creates the heart,
And works by active love,
Will bid all sinful joys depart,
And lift the thoughts above.

4 God from the curse has set us free,
To make us pure within;
Nor did he send his Son to be
The minister of sin.

(WICKLIFFE, p. 68.) **762** C. M.

1 DIDST thou, kind Saviour, suffer shame,
And bear the cross for me?
And shall I fear to own thy name,
Or thy disciple be?

2 Inspire my soul with life divine,
And make me truly bold;
Let knowledge, faith, and meekness shine,
Nor love nor zeal grow cold.

3 Let mockers scoff, the world defame,
And treat me with disdain;
Still may I glory in thy name,
And count reproach my gain.

4 To thee I cheerfully submit,
And all my powers resign;
Let wisdom point out what is fit,
And I'll no more repine.

(SILOAM p. 77.) **763** C. M.

1 O LORD, another day is flown,
And we, a feeble band,
Are met once more before thy throne,
To bless thy fost'ring hand.

2 Thy heavenly grace to each impart,
All evil far remove,
And shed abroad in every heart
Thine everlasting love.

3 Our souls, obedient to thy sway,
In Christian bonds unite;
Let peace and love conclude the day,
And hail the morning light.

4 Thus cleansed from sin, and wholly thine,
A flock by Jesus led,
The sun of righteousness shall shine
In glory on our head.

(COLBY, p. 113.) **764** C. M.

1 THERE'S not a star whose twinkling light
Shines on the distant earth,
And cheers the silent gloom of night,
But Mercy gave it birth.

2 There's not a cloud whose dews distil
Upon the parching clod,
And clothe with verdure vale and hill,
That is not sent by God.

3 There's not a place in earth's vast round,
In ocean's deep, or air,
Where skill and wisdom are not found;
For God is everywhere.

4 Around, beneath, below, above,
Wherever space extends,
There God displays his boundless love,
And power with mercy blends.

(RUSSIA, p. 28.) **765** L. M.

1 ON God my steadfast hopes rely;
Why do my foes insulting cry,
"Fly like a timorous, trembling dove,
And seek the mountain's lonesome grove."

2 Behold the wicked aim their darts
Against the men of upright hearts!
If government be overthrown,
Who then the injured cause will own?

3 The Lord, enthroned above the sky,
On suffering virtue casts his eye;
Though he afflicts his saints, to prove
Their patience, and to try their love;

4 Yet lawless hands and hearts impure,
His frowns vindictive will endure;
His lightning wings its rapid way,
His thunder fills them with dismay.

5 Where truth and justice hold their place,
God will reveal his gracious face;
Delighted in the upright mind
His own reflected beams to find.

(FOUNTAIN, p. 58.) **766** C. M.

1 HAIL, sacred truth! whose piercing rays
Dispel the shades of night;
Diffusing o'er the mental world
The healing beams of light.

2 Thy word, O Lord, with friendly aid,
Restores our wand'ring feet,
Converts the sorrows of the mind
To joys divinely sweet.

3 O, send thy light and truth abroad
In all their radiant blaze,
And bid th' a luring world adore
The glories of thy grace.

768 C. M.

(BRATTLE STREET, p. 60.)

1 AMID the splendors of thy state,
O God, thy love appears,
Soft as the radiance of the moon
Among a thousand stars.

2 In all thy doctrines and commands,
Thy counsels and designs,
In every work thy hands have framed,
Thy love supremely shines.

3 Sinai, in clouds, and smoke, and fire,
Thunders thine awful name;
But Zion sings, in melting notes,
The honors of the Lamb.

4 Angels and men, the news proclaim
Through earth and heaven above,
And all with holy transport sing
That God the Lord is love.

(EXHORTATION, p. 70.) **769** C. M.

1 SING to the Lord Jehovah's name,
And in his strength rejoice;
When his salvation is our theme,
Exalted be our voice.

2 With thanks approach his awful sight,
And psalms of honor sing;
The Lord 's a God of boundless might,
The whole creation's King.

3 Come, and with humble souls adore;
Come, kneel before his face!
O, may the creatures of his power
Be children of his grace!

4 Now is the time; he bends his ear,
And waits for your request;
Come, lest he rouse his wrath, and swear,
"Ye shall not see my rest."

(WINDSOR, p. 89.) **770** C. M.

1 WHEN the great Judge supreme and just
Shall once inquire for blood,
The humble souls that mourn in dust
Shall find a faithful God.

2 He from the dreadful gates of death
Does his own children raise;
In Zion's gates with cheerful breath
They sing their Father's praise.

3 His foes shall fall with heedless feet
Into the pit they made;
And sinners perish in the net
That their own hands have spread.

4 Thus by thy judgments, mighty God,
Are thy deep counsels known,
When men of mischief are destroyed
In snares that were their own.

(HOWARD, p. 85.) **771** C. M.

1 JESUS, to thee I now can fly,
On whom my help is laid;
Oppressed by sins, I lift mine eye,
And see the shadows fade.

2 Believing on my Lord, I find
A sure and present aid;
On thee alone my constant mind
Be ev'ry moment stayed.

3 Whate'er in me seems wise, or good,
Or strong, I here disclaim;
I wash my garments in the blood
Of the atoning Lamb.

4 Jesus, my strength, my life, my rest,
On thee will I depend,
Till summoned to the marriage-feast,
When faith in sight shall end.

(ARLINGTON, p. 57.) **772** C. M.

1 WE ask not, Lord, thy cloven flame,
Or tongues of various tone;
But long thy praises to proclaim
With fervor, in our own.

2 We neither have nor seek the power
Ill demons to control;
But thou in dark temptation's hour
Shalt chase them from the soul.

3 No heavenly harpings soothe our ear,
No mystic dreams we share;
Yet hope to feel thy comfort near,
And bless thee in our prayer.

4 When tongues shall cease, and powers decay,
And knowledge empty prove,
Do thou thy trembling servants stay
With faith, and hope, and love.

(DUKE ST., p. 19.) **773** L. M.

1 IF, in a temple made with hands,
God speaketh still his high commands,
Let me to that blest place repair,
That I may learn my duty there.

2 If, in the ailments of the soul,
There be a power that makes it whole,
Let me to that pure fount apply,
Lest the neglected spirit die.

3 If there be still a sacrifice,
That may to God with favor rise,
Let me present a contrite heart,
Ere from this temple I depart.

4 Where God would have the offering made,
There be the willing tribute paid,
Till to his name I consecrate
The worship of an endless state.

(GARLAND, p. 80.) **774** C. M.

1 LORD, lead the way the Saviour went,
By lane and cell obscure,
And let our treasures still be spent,
Like his, upon the poor.

2 Like him, through scenes of deep distress
Who bore the world's sad weight,
We, in their gloomy loneliness,
Would seek the desolate.

3 For thou hast placed us side by side
In this wide world of ill;
And, that thy followers may be tried,
The poor are with us still.

4 Small are the offerings we can make;
Yet thou hast taught us, Lord,
If given for the Saviour's sake,
They lose not their reward.

775 C. M.

(BRAY, p. 82.)

1 BEHOLD the glories of the Lamb,
Amidst his Father's throne;
Prepare new honors for his name,
And songs before unknown!

2 Let elders worship at his feet,
The church adore around,
With vials full of odors sweet,
And harps of sweeter sound.

3 Those are the prayers of all the saints,
And those the hymns they raise;
Jesus is kind to our complaints,
He loves to hear our praise.

4 Now to the Lamb, that once was slain,
Be endless blessings paid;
Salvation, glory, joy remain
Forever on thy head

776 L. M.

(MERCY SEAT, p. 48.)

1 STILL evening comes with gentle shade,
Sweet harbinger of balmy rest
From toilsome hours, and anxious thoughts,
Revolving in the pensive breast.

2 Refulgent day in darkness sets;
The noisy crowds are hushed in sleep;
Harsh sounds to gentle murmurs turn,
As o'er the fields the zephyrs sweep.

3 The hour is sweet when tumults cease;
The scene obscured inspires my eye,
And darkness marks the loved retreat
Where pleasures live and sorrows die.

4 Retirement solemn, yet serene,
And undisturbed by human voice,
Invites repose on Jesus' arm,
And bids my soul in God rejoice.

(SILOAM, p. 77.) **777** C. M.

1 BLEST is the dear, uniting love,
That will not let us part;
Our bodies may far off remove;
We still are one in heart.

2 Joined in one spirit to our Head,
Where he appoints we go;
We still in Jesus' footsteps tread,
And still his praise we show.

3 O may we ever walk in him,
And nothing know beside;
Nothing desire—nothing esteem,
But Jesus crucified.

4 Richly we share the Saviour's grace,
We're one in mind and heart;
Not joy, nor grief—not time, nor place;
Not life, nor death can part.

(TURNER, p. 84.) **778** C. M.

1 ETERNAL Wisdom, thee we praise;
Thee the creation sings;
With thy great name rocks, hills and seas,
And heaven's high palace rings.

2 Thy hand, how wide it spread the sky!
How glorious to behold!
Tinged with the blue of heavenly dye,
And starred with sparkling gold.

3 Thy glories blaze all nature round,
And strike the gazing sight,
Through skies, and seas, and solid ground,
With terror and delight.

4 Infinite strength and equal skill
Shine through the worlds abroad,
Our souls with vast amazement fill,
And speak the builder, God.

5 But still the wonders of thy grace
Our softer passions move;
Pity divine in Jesus' face
We see, adore, and love.

779 C. M.

(ORTONVILLE, p. 58.)

1 MY Saviour, my almighty Friend,
When I begin thy praise,
Where will the growing numbers end,
The numbers of thy grace?

2 Thou art my everlasting trust;
Thy goodness I adore;
And since I knew thy graces first,
I speak thy glories more.

3 When I am filled with sore distress,
For some surprising sin,
I'll plead thy perfect righteousness,
And mention none but thine.

(DEDHAM, p. 76.) **780** C. M.

1 LORD, I have made thy word my choice,
My lasting heritage;
There shall my noblest powers rejoice,
My warmest thoughts engage.

2 I'll read the histories of thy love,
And keep thy laws in sight,
While through the promises I rove
With ever fresh delight.

3 'Tis a broad land of wealth unknown,
Where springs of life arise;
Seeds of immortal bliss are sown,
And hidden glory lies.

4 The best relief that mourners have,
It makes our sorrows blest;
Our fairest hope beyond the grave,
And our eternal rest.

781 C. M.

(STEPHENS, p. 71.)

1 LET Zion's watchmen all awake,
And take th' alarm they give;
Now let them from the mouth of God
Their awful charge receive.

2 'Tis not a cause of small import
The pastor's care demands;
It occupies the Saviour's heart,
Employs angelic bands.

3 They watch for souls, for which the Lord
Did heavenly bliss forego;
For souls which by his grace may live,
Or perish in their woe.

4 May they that Jesus whom they preach
Their own Redeemer see;
And watch thou daily for their souls,
That they may watch for thee.

782 L. M.

1 METHINKS the last great day is come,
Methinks I hear the trumpet sound,
That shakes the earth, rends every tomb,
And wakes the prisoners under ground.

2 The mighty deep gives up her trust,
Aw'd by the Judge's high command;
Both small and great now quit their dust,
And round the dread tribunal stand.

3 Behold the awful books displayed,
Big with th' important fates of men;
Each deed a word more public made,
As wrote by heaven's unerring pen.

4 To every soul the books assign
The joyous or the dread reward;
Sinners in vain lament and pine—
No plea the Judge will here regard.

5 Lord, when these awful leaves unfold,
May life's fair book my soul approve;
There may I read my name enroll'd,
And triumph in redeeming love.

(WARWICK, p. 82.) **783** C. M.

1 WHAT glory gilds the sacred page!
Majestic, like the sun,
It gives a light to every age;
It gives, but borrows none.

2 The hand that gave it still supplies
The gracious light and heat;
His truths upon the nations rise;
They rise, but never set.

3 Let everlasting thanks be thine
For such a bright display,
As makes a world of darkness shine
With beams of heavenly day!

(SILOAM, p. 77.) **784** C. M.

1 SPEAK gently,—it is better far
To rule by love than fear;
Speak gently —let no harsh word mar
The good we may do here.

2 Speak gently to the young,—for they
Will have enough to bear;
Pass through this life as best they may,
'Tis full of anxious care.

3 Speak gently to the aged one.
Grieve not the careworn heart;
The sands of life are nearly run,
Let them in peace depart.

4 Speak gently to the erring ones;
They must have toiled in vain;
Perchance unkindness made them so;
O, win them back again!

5 Speak gently,—'tis a little thing,
Dropped in the heart's deep well;
The good, the joy that it may bring,
Eternity shall tell.

(BANOOR, p 55.) **785** C. M.

1 I SAW One hanging on a tree,
In agony and blood,
Who fixed his languid eyes on me,
As near the cross I stood.

2 Sure, never till my latest breath
Can I forget that look;
It seem'd to charge me with his death,
Though not a word he spoke.

3 Alas! I knew not what I did,
But all my tears were vain;
Where could my trembling soul be hid,
For I the Lord had slain!

4 A second look he gave, which said
"I freely all forgive;
This blood is for thy ransom paid,
I die that thou may'st live.

5 "Thus while my death thy sin displays
In all its blackest hue;
Such is the mystery of grace,
It seals thy pardon too."

786 C. M.

(ARLINGTON, p. 57.)

1 HOW helpless guilty nature lies,
Unconscious of its load;
The heart unchanged can never rise
To happiness and God.

2 The will perverse, the passions blind,
In paths of ruin stray;
Reason debased can never find
The safe, the narrow way.

3 Can aught beneath a power divine
The stubborn will subdue?
'Tis thine, Almighty Saviour, thine
To form the heart anew.

4 'Tis thine the passions to recall,
And upwards bid them rise;
And make the scales of error fall
From reason's darken'd eyes.

5 To chase the shades of death away,
And bid the sinner live,
A beam of heaven, a vital ray
'Tis thine alone to give.

6 O change these wretched hearts of ours,
And give them life divine;
Then shall our passions and our powers,
Almighty Lord, be thine.

(NAOMI, p 59.) **787** C. M

1 BEHOLD, behold the Lamb of God,
Who takes away our guilt!
Behold th' atoning, precious blood,
That for our sins he spilt!

2 O sinners, now to Christ draw near,
Invited by his word;
The chief of sinners need not fear;
Behold the Lamb of God!

3 Backsliders, too, the Saviour calls,
And washes in his blood;
Arise, return from grievous falls;
Behold the Lamb of God!

4 In every state, and time, and place,
Naught plead but Jesus' blood;
However wretched be your case,
Behold the Lamb of God!

5 Spirit of grace, to us apply
Immanuel's precious blood,
That we may, with thy saints on high,
Behold the Lamb of God.

(BALERMA, p. 67.) **788** C. M.

1 THY promises surpass my thought,
But faithful is my Lord;
In unbelief I stagger not,
For God hath spoke the word.

2 Faith lends her realizing light,
And clouds and shadows fly;
Th' invisible appears in sight,
Distinct to mortal eye.

3 Faith, mighty faith, the promise sees,
And looks to that alone;
Laughs at impossibilities,
And says, "It shall be done."

(EXHORTATION, p. 36.) 789 L. M.

1 WHAT works of wisdom, power, and love,
Do Jesus' high commission prove;
Attest his heaven-derived claim,
And glorify his Father's name!

2 On eyes that never saw the day,
He pours the bright celestial ray;
And deafened ears, by him unbound,
Catch all the harmony of sound.

3 Lameness takes up its bed, and goes
Rejoicing in the strength that flows
Through every nerve; and, free from pain,
Pours forth to God the grateful strain.

4 The shattered mind his word restores,
And tunes afresh the mental powers;
The dead revive, to life return,
And bid affection cease to mourn.

5 Canst thou, my soul! these wonders trace,
And not adoire Jehovah's grace?
Canst thou behold thy Prophet's power,
And not the God he served adore?

(DESIRE, p. 34.) 790 L. M.

1 IN vain men talk of living faith,
When all their works exhibit death;
When they indulge some sinful view
In all they say, and all they do.

2 The true believer fears the Lord,
Obeys his precepts, keeps his word,
Commits his works to God alone,
And seeks God's will before his own.

3 Never did men by faith divine
To selfishness or sloth incline;
The Christian works with all his power,
And grieves that he can work no more.

(ORTONVILLE, p. 58.) 791

1 O LORD, another day is ~~gone~~,
And we, a lonely band,
Are met once more before thy throne
To bless thy fost'ring hand.

2 And wilt thou bend a list'ning ear
To praises low as ours?
Thou wilt, for thou dost love to hear
The song which meekness pours.

3 And, Jesus, thou thy smiles wilt deign
As we before thee pray;
For thou didst bless the infant train—
And are we less than they?

4 O, let thy grace perform its part,
And let contention cease;
And shed abroad in ev'ry heart
Thine everlasting peace.

(MELMORE, p. 47.) 792 L. M.

1 ETERNAL Spirit! 'twas thy breath
The oracles of truth inspired,
And kings, and holy seers of old
With strong prophetic impulse fired.

2 Filled with thy great almighty power,
Their lips with heavenly science flowed;
Their hands a thousand wonders wrought,
Which bore the signature of God.

3 The powers of earth, and sin, in vain
Against the sacred word combine;
Thy providence through every age
Securely guards the book divine.

4 Thee, its great author, source of light,
Thee, its preserver, we adore;
And humbly ask a ray from thee,
Its hidden wonders to explore.

793 C. M.

1 TO thee let my first off'rings rise,
Whose sun creates the day,
Swift as his gladd'ning influence flies,
And spotless as his ray.

2 This day thy fav'ring hand be nigh,
So oft vouchsafed before;
Still may it lead, protect, supply,
And I that hand adore.

3 If bliss thy providence impart,
For which, resigned, I pray,
Give me to feel a cheerful heart,
And grateful homage pay.

4 Affliction should thy love intend
As vice or folly's cure,
Patient, to gain that gracious end,
May I the means endure.

5 Be this and every future day
Still wiser than the past;
And when I all my life survey,
May grace sustain at last.

(HOWARD, p. 85.) 794 C. M.

1 JESUS, my Saviour and my Lord,
To thee I lift mine eyes;
Teach and instruct me by thy word,
And make me truly wise.

2 Make me to know and understand
Thy whole revealed will;
Fain would I learn to comprehend
Thy love more clearly still.

3 Help me to read the Bible o'er
With ever new delight;
Help me to love its Author more;
To seek thee day and night.

(WOODLAND, p. 65.) **795** C. M.

1 LORD, we confess our num'rous faults,
How great our guilt has been!
Foolish and vain were all our thoughts,
And all our lives were sin.

2 But, O my soul, forever praise,
Forever love his name,
Who turns thy feet from dang'rous ways,
Of folly, sin, and shame.

3 'Tis not by works of righteousness
Which our own hands have done;
But we are saved by sovereign grace,
Abounding through his Son.

4 'Tis through the purchase of his death,
Who hung upon the tree;
The Spirit is sent down to breathe
On such dry bones as we.

5 Raised from the dead, we live anew;
And, justified by grace,
We shall appear in glory too,
And see our Father's face.

(WOODLAND.) **796** C. M.

1 HAPPY the heart where graces reign,
Where love inspires the breast;
Love is the brightest of the train,
And strengthens all the rest.

2 Knowledge—alas! 'tis all in vain,
And all in vain our fear;
Our stubborn sins will fight and reign
If love be absent there.

3 This is the grace that lives and sings
When faith and hope shall cease;
'Tis this shall strike our joyful strings
In the sweet realms of bliss.

797 C. M.

(ST. MARTIN'S, p. 55.)

1 ALAS, what hourly dangers rise!
What snares beset my way!
To heaven O let me lift my eyes,
And hourly watch and pray!

2 O gracious God, in whom I live,
My feeble efforts aid!
Help me to watch, and pray, and strive,
Though trembling and afraid.

3 Increase my faith, increase my hope,
When foes and fears prevail;
And bear my fainting spirit up,
Or soon my strength will fail.

4 O keep me in thy heavenly way,
And bid the tempter flee;
And let me never, never stray
From happiness and thee!

798 L. M.

(MERCY SEAT, p. 48.)

1 ETERNAL Spirit, we confess
And sing the wonders of thy grace;
Thy power conveys our blessings down
From God the Father, and the Son.

2 Enlightened by thine heavenly ray,
Our shades and darkness turn to day;
Thine inward teachings make us know
Our danger and our refuge too.

3 Thy power and glory work within,
And break the chains of reigning sin;
Our wild, imperious lusts subdue,
And form our wretched hearts anew.

4 The troubled conscience knows thy voice;
Thy cheering words awake our joys;
Thy words allay the stormy wind,
And calm the surges of the mind.

(FOUNTAIN, p. 58.) **799** C. M.

1 THY home is with the humble, Lord;
The simplest are the best;
Thy lodging is in child-like hearts;
Thou makest there thy rest.

2 Dear Comforter! Eternal Love!
If thou wilt stay with me,
Of lowly thoughts and simple ways
I'll build a house for thee.

3 Who made this beating heart of mine,
But thou, my heavenly Guest?
Let no one have it, then, but thee,
And let it be thy rest.

800 C. M.

(EXHORTATION, p. 70.)

1 LORD of the world's majestic frame!
Stupendous are thy ways;
Thy various works declare thy name,
And all resound thy praise.

2 Those mighty orbs proclaim thy power,
Whose motions speak thy skill;
And, on the wings of every hour,
We read thy glory still.

3 And while these radiant globes of light,
That shine from pole to pole,
In silent harmony unite
To praise thee as they roll;

4 O, shall not we of human race
The glorious concert join?
Shall not the children of thy grace
Attempt the theme divine?

5 Yes, this shall be our best employ
Through life's uncertain days;
Till in the realms of boundless joy
We join in loftier praise.

(FULTON, p. 164.) **801** 7s.

1 SAVIOUR, at thy feet we bow;
O, vouchsafe to meet us now!
At thy people's earnest cry
Bring thy loving mercies nigh.

2 Thou hast said, where two or three
In thy worship shall agree,
That thou wilt be present there,
Answering their faithful prayer.

3 Lord, we plead thy promise here;
Let thy presence now appear;
On our souls thy Spirit pour;
Light, and life, and peace restore;

4 Raise our thoughts from things below;
Faith's discerning eye bestow;
Let our hearts, from sin made free,
Hold sweet intercourse with thee.

5 With a beam of living fire,
Purify each low desire;
Be thou, Lord, our aim and end,
Our best hope, and dearest friend.

(ORTONVILLE, p. 58.) **802** C. M.

1 GOD of my life, my morning song
To thee I cheerful raise;
Thy acts of love 'tis good to sing,
And pleasant 'tis to praise.

2 Preserv'd by thy almighty arm,
I pass'd the shades of night
Serene, and safe from ev'ry harm,
To see the morning light.

3 While numbers spent the night in sighs,
And restless pains and woes,
In gentle sleep I clos'd my eyes,
And rose from sweet repose.

4 O let the same almighty care
Through all this day attend;
From ev'ry danger, ev'ry snare
My heedless steps defend.

5 Smile on my minutes as they roll,
And guide my future days;
And let thy goodness fill my soul,
With gratitude and praise.

(ZEPHYR, p. 48.) **803** C. M.

1 BEHOLD where, in a mortal form,
Appears each grace divine;
The virtues, all in Jesus met,
With mildest radiance shine.

2 To spread the rays of heavenly light,
To give the mourner joy,
To preach glad tidings to the poor,
Was his divine employ.

3 'Midst keen reproach and cruel scorn,
Patient and meek he stood;
His foes, ungrateful, sought his life;
He labored for their good.

4 In the last hour of deep distress,
Before his father's throne,
With soul resigned he bowed and said,
"Thy will, not mine, be done!"

5 Be Christ our pattern and our guide;
His image may we bear;
O, may we tread his holy steps,
His joy and glory share!

804 7s.

1 HAIL the day that sees him rise,
Ravished from our wishful eyes!
Christ, a while to mortals given,
Reascends his native heaven.

2 There the pompous triumph waits;
Lift your heads, eternal gates;
Wide unfold the radiant scene;
Take the King of glory in.

3 Circled round with angel powers,
Their triumphant Lord and ours;
Conq'ror over death and sin—
Take the King of glory in.

4 Him though highest heaven receives,
Still he loves the earth he leaves;
Though returning to his throne,
Still he calls mankind his own.

5 See, he lifts his hands above!
See, he shows the prints of love!
Hark, his gracious lips bestow
Blessings on his church below.

805 C. M.

(PETERBORO', p. 69.)

1 LO! when the Spirit of our God
Came down his flock to find,
A voice from heaven was heard abroad,
A rushing, mighty wind.

2 It fills the church of God; it fills
The sinful world around;
Only in stubborn hearts and wills
No place for it is found.

3 To other strains our souls are set;
A giddy whirl of sin
Fills ear and heart, and will not let
Heaven's harmonies come in.

4 Come, Lord, come wisdom, love, and power,
Open our ears to hear!
Let us not miss th' accepted hour,
Save, Lord, by love or fear.

(WOODLAND, p. 65.) **806** C. M.

1 JESUS hath died that I might live,
Might live to God alone;
In him eternal life receive,
And be in spirit one.

2 Saviour, I thank thee for the grace
The gift unspeakable;
And wait with arms of faith t' embrace,
And all thy love to feel.

3 My soul breaks out in strong desire
The perfect bliss to prove;
My longing heart is all on fire
To be dissolv'd in love.

4 Give me thyself, from every boast,
From every wish set free;
Let all I am in thee be lost,
But give thyself to me.

5 Thy gifts, alas! cannot suffice,
Unless thyself be given;
Thy presence makes my paradise,
And where thou art is heaven.

(BALERMA, p. 67.) **807** C. M.

1 THE counsels of redeeming grace
The sacred leaves unfold;
And here the Saviour's lovely face
Our raptured eyes behold.

2 Here light, descending from above,
Directs our doubtful feet;
Here promises of heavenly love
Our ardent wishes meet.

3 Our numerous griefs are here redrest,
And all our wants supplied:
Naught we can ask to make us blest
Is in this book denied.

(SILOAM, p. 77.) **808** C. M.

1 BLEST is the man whose softening heart
Feels all another's pain;
To whom the supplicating eye
Is never raised in vain;

2 Whose breast responds with generous warmth,
A stranger's woe to feel;
Who weeps in pity o'er the wound
He wants the power to heal.

3 To gentle offices of love
His feet are never slow;
He views, through mercy's melting eye,
A brother in a foe.

4 To him protection shall be shown;
And mercy, from above,
Descend on those who thus fulfil
The Christian law of love.

(SEASONS, p. 22.) **809** L. M.

1 IF high or low our station be,
Of noble or ignoble name,
By uncorrupt integrity,
Thy blessing, Lord, we humbly claim.

2 The upright man no want shall fear;
Thy providence shall be his trust;
Thou wilt provide his portion here,
Thou friend and guardian of the just.

3 May we, with most sincere delight,
To all the test of duty pay;
Tender of every social right,
Obedient to thy righteous sway.

4 Such virtue thou wilt not forget,
In that blest world, where virtue shares
A fit reward—though not of debt,
But what thy boundless grace prepares.

(BRAY, p. 82.) **810** C. M.

1 LO, what an entertaining sight
Those friendly brethren prove,
Whose cheerful hearts in bands unite
Of harmony and love;

2 Where streams of bliss from Christ, the spring,
Descend to every soul;
And heavenly peace, with balmy wing,
Shades and bedews the whole.

3 'Tis pleasant as the morning dews
That fall on Zion's hill,
Where God his mildest glory shows,
And makes his grace distil.

811 L. M.
(MISSIONARY CHANT, p. 33.)

1 SHALL I, for fear of feeble man,
The Spirit's course in me restrain?
Or, unlismay'd in deed or word,
Be a true witness of my Lord?

2 Aw'd by a mortal's frown, shall I
Conceal the word of God Most High?
How then before thee shall I dare
To stand, or how thine anger bear?

3 Shall I to sooth th' unholy throng,
Soften thy truth, or smooth my tongue,
To gain earth's gilded toys, or flee
The cross endur'd, my Lord, by thee?

4 What then is he whose scorn I dread?
Whose wrath or hate makes me afraid?
A man! an heir of death! a slave
To sin! a bubble on the wave!

5 Yea, let men rage; since thou wilt spread
Thy shadowing wings around my head;
Since in all pain thy tender love
Will still my sure refreshment prove.

(WINDHAM, p. 26.) **812** L. M.

1 THE great archangel's trump shall sound,
While twice ten thousand thunders roar,
Tear up the graves and cleave the ground,
And make the greedy sea restore.

2 The greedy sea shall yield her dead,
The earth no more her slain conceal;
Sinners shall lift their guilty head,
And shrink to see a yawning hell.

3 But we who now our Lord confess,
And faithful to the end endure,
Shall stand in Jesus' righteousness,
Stand as the Rock of Ages sure.

4 We, while the stars from heaven shall fall,
And mountains are on mountains hurl'd,
Shall stand unmoved amidst them all,
And smile to see a burning world;

5 The earth and all the works therein
Dissolve, by raging flames destroyed;
While we survey the awful scene,
And mount above the fiery void.

(RUSSIA, p. 28.) **813** L. M.

1 'TWAS on that dark and doleful night,
When powers of earth and hell arose
Against the Son of God's delight,
And friends betrayed him to his foes.

2 Before the mournful scene began,
He took the bread, and blest, and break;
What love through all his actions ran!
What wondrous words of grace he spake!

3 "This is my body, broke for sin;
Receive, and eat the living food;"
Then took the cup, and blest the wine,
"'Tis the new covenant in my blood."

4 "In memory of your dying Lord,
Do this," he said, "till time shall end;
Meet at my table and record
The love of your departed Friend."

5 Jesus, thy feast we celebrate,
We show thy death, we sing thy name
Till thou return, and we shall eat
The marriage-supper of the Lamb.

814 C. M.

(MEAR, p. 56.)

1 MY God, how wonderful thou art!
Thy majesty how bright!
How glorious thy mercy-seat,
In depths of burning light!

2 Yet I may love thee too, O Lord!
Almighty as thou art;
For thou hast stooped to ask of me
The love of my poor heart.

3 No earthly father loves like thee;
No mother, half so mild,
Bears and forbears, as thou hast done
With me, thy sinful child.

4 My God! how wonderful thou art,
Thou everlasting friend!
On thee I stay my trusting heart
Till faith in vision end.

(UXBRIDGE, p. 20.) **815** L. M.

1 WHAT means this conflict in my heart,
In which both grace and sin take part?
Both seem resolved in me to reign,
And both a daily war maintain.

2 Grace bids me seek the Lord by prayer,
Sin almost drives me to despair;
Grace bids me rise by heavenly birth;
Sin drags me downward to the earth.

3 Grace makes me love the saints of God,
His house, his service, and his word;
But sin in every place has tried
To turn my wandering heart aside.

4 Grace gives me views of heavenly joys;
But sin my happiness annoys;
Though sin, O Lord, would hold me fast,
Thy grace shall conquer sin at last.

816 C. M.

(HALLOWELL, p. 61.)

1 THOU great Creator, wise and good!
To thee our songs we raise;
Nature, through all her various scenes,
Invites us to thy praise.

2 At morning, noon, and evening mild,
Fresh wonders strike our view;
And while we gaze, our hearts exult
With transports ever new.

3 Thy glory beams in every star
Which gilds the gloom of night;
It decks the smiling face of morn
With rays of cheerful light.

4 The lofty hill, the humble vale,
With countless beauties shine;
The silent grove, the awful shade,
Proclaim thy power divine.

5 Great nature's God! still may these scenes
Our serious hours engage;
Still may our grateful hearts consult
Thy works' instructive page.

6 And while, in all thy wondrous works,
Thy varied love we see,
Still may the contemplation lead
Our hearts, O God, to thee.

(BREST, p. 187.) **817** 8s, 7s & 4s.

1 SINNERS, will you scorn the message,
Sent in mercy from above?
Every sentence, O, how tender!
Every line is full of love,
Listen to it,
Every line is full of love.

2 Hear the heralds of the gospel
News from Zion's King proclaim;
Pardon to each rebel sinner;
Free forgiveness in his name;
How important!
Free forgiveness in his name.

3 Tempted souls, they bring you succor;
Fearful hearts, they quell your fears,
And with news of consolation
Chase away the falling tears;
Tender heralds!
Chase away the falling tears.

4 Who hath our report believed?
Who received the joyful word?
Who embraced the news of pardon
Offered to you by the Lord?
Can you slight it?
Offered to you by the Lord.

818 7s.

1 MEETING in the Saviour's name,
Breaking bread by his command,
To the world we thus proclaim,
On what ground we hope to stand,
When the Lord shall come with clouds,
Joined by heaven's exulting crowds.

2 Sing we then of him who died;
Sing of him who rose again;
By him we are justified,
And with him we hope to reign;
Soon we hope to see our Lord,
And to share his bright reward.

(EMMONS, p. 86.) **819** C. M.

1 LORD, teach thy servants how to pray
With reverence and with fear;
Though dust and ashes, yet we may,
We must to thee draw near.

2 We come, then, God of grace, to thee;
Give broken, contrite hearts;
Give—what thine eye delights to see—
Truth in the inward parts.

3 Give deep humility—the sense
Of godly sorrow give;
A strong, desiring confidence
To see thy face and live.

4 Give faith in that one sacrifice
Which can for sin atone;
To cast our hopes, to fix our eyes,
On Christ, and Christ alone.

5 Give patience, still to wait and weep,
Though mercy long delay;
Courage, our fainting souls to keep,
And trust thee, though thou slay.

6 Give these, and then thy will be done;
Thus strengthened with all might,
We, through thy Spirit and thy Son,
Shall pray, and pray aright.

(THE DAWN, p. 120.) **820** S. M.

1 THOU Judge of quick and dead,
Before whose bar severe,
With holy joy, or guilty dread,
We all shall soon appear;
Our caution'd souls prepare
For that tremendous day,
And fill us now with watchful care,
And stir us up to pray.

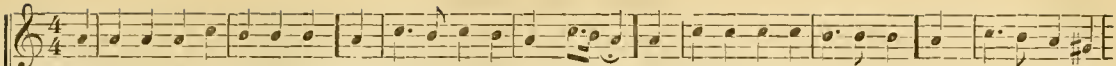
2 To pray and wait the hour,
That awful hour unknown,
When rob'd in majesty and power,
Thou shalt from heaven come down,
Th' immortal Son of man,
To judge the human race,
With all thy Father's dazzling train,
With all thy glorious grace.

3 O may we thus be found
Obedient to thy word,
Attentive to the trumpet's sound,
And looking for our Lord!
O may we all insure
A lot among the blest;
And watch a moment to secure
An everlasting rest.

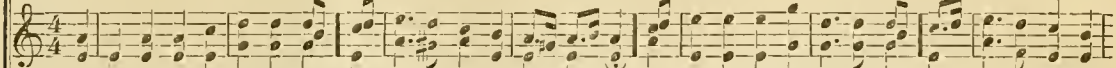
(ARLINGTON, p. 57.) **821** C. M.

1 FAITH is the brightest evidence
Of things beyond our sight;
It pierces through the veil of sense,
And dwells in heavenly light.

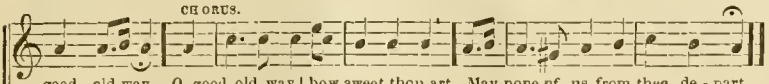
2 It sets time past in present view,
Brings distant prospects home,
Of things a thousand years ago,
Or thousand years to come.



1 Lift up your heads, Immanuel's friends, And taste the pleasure Jesus sends; Let nothing cause you to de - lay, But has - ten in the
2 Our conflicts here, though great they be, Shall not prevent our vic - to - ry; If we but watch, and strive, and pray, Like soldiers in the

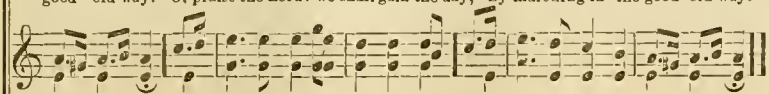


3 O, good old way! how sweet thou art, May none of us from thee depart, But may our actions always say, We're marching in the

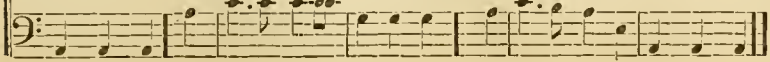


CHORUS.

good old way. O, good old way! how sweet thou art, May none of us from thee de - part.
good old way. O, praise the Lord! we shall gain the day, By marching in the good old way.



good old way. O, praise the Lord! we shall gain the day, By marching in the good old way.



4 Though Satan may his arts employ,
Our blooming prospects to destroy,
Yet never fear, we'll gain the day,
By marching in the good old way. CHO

5 And when on Pisgah's top we stand,
And view by faith the promised land,
Then we will sing, and shout, and pray,
And march along the good old way. CHO.

6 Ye valiant souls, for heaven contend,
Remember glory's at the end,
Our God will wipe all tears away,
When we have run the good old way. CHO.

7 When far beyond this mortal shore,
We meet with those we've loved before,
We'll shout to think we've gained the day,
By marching in the good old way. CHO.

INDEX OF TUNES.

L. M.

	PAGE
Ames	31
Angels' Hymn	9
Anguish	45
Anvern	35
Arabeim	8
Blendon	14
Brethren, pray	341
Bridgewater	30
Brighton	50
Buckfield	32
Burnett	47
Calvary	229
Complaint	49
Confidence	52
Cross of the Lord	42
Cumberland	14
Cyprus	11
Darwent	25
Dedication	16
Desire	34
Devotion	6
Duke Street	19
Evening Song	37
Exhortation	36
Extoliation	42
Farnsworth	13
Greenwich	12
Gospel Feast	53
Hamburg	22
Happy Day	350
Hebron	22
Hingham	23
Hobah	54
Holden	51
I'm bound for the Land of Canaan	328
I'm going home	254
John Street	38
Judah	15
Kingsbridge	49
Lee	39
Loving-kindness	236
Melmore	47
Mendon	29
Mercy Seat	48
Migdol	27
Missionary Chant	33
New England	15
Old Hundred	17
Olive's Brow	46
Park Street	21
Pilesgrove	24
Poor wayfaring Man	352
Portugal	10
Rest	44
Rockingham	20
Russia	28
Seasons	24
Sleeping Martyrs	54
Soule	38
Star of Bethlehem	317
Sterling	24
Submission	41
Tranquillity	222
Uxbridge	20
Ward	18
We are passing away	362
Wells	18
Wilbraham	10
Winchester	5
Windham	26
Zephyr	48

C. M.

	PAGE
Amazing grace	336
Antioch	316
Arlington	57
Balerma	67
Bangor	55
Bedford	108
Berrien	78
Beulah	221
Brattle Street	60
Bray	82
Buckingham	76
Burford	83
Cambridge	88
Canterbury-New	106, 107
Carver	109
Conference	255
Canaan's Shore	261
Captive's Lament	320
Chioa	74
Chopin	94
Christian Soldier, The	220
Clarendon	68
Colby	113
Colchester	105
Contrition	93
Conway	94
Coronation	64
Coventry	89
Dearest tie	250
Dedham	76

	PAGE
Dundee	75
Emmons	86
Exhortation	70
Family Circle	333
Farnham	92
Fountain	58
Garland	80
Hallowell	61
Happy home	342
Hoist every sail	346
Howard	85
I do believe	324
Jerusalem	268
Jordan	104
Lameot	305
Land of Rest	110
Laneshoro'	91
Liberty	90
Longiog	246
Lord's Prayer	291
Lowell Street	112
Majesty	80, 81
Marlow	103
Mear	56
Meyer	100
Millennium	363
My Mother's Last Gift	309
Naomi	59
Narrow Way	300
Nazareth	99
New Jerusalem	98
Northfield	66
O for a closer walk	73
Old Ninety-Fifth	111
On Jordan's stormy banks	332
Ortonville	58
Peaceful rest	96
Peterboro'	69
Pisgah	263
Reo	95
Resurrection	101
Sacrifice	318
Sherburne	62, 63
Siloam	77
Sounding Joy	102
Stephens	71
St. Johns	86
St. Martins	55
Swanwick	79
Tampico	87
Turner	84
Warwick	83
Way to Canaan	296
Whitmore Lake	97
Wickliffe	68
Windsor	89
Woodland	65
Woodstock	74
Zerah	72

S. M.

America	116
Aylesbury	119
Boston	118
Boylston	115
Brimdale	136
Cambridge	137
Concord	238
Dawn, The	120
Dennis	125
Destiny	127
Evening Hymn	335
Forever with the Lord	122
Gentleness	132
Golden Hill	123
Hatfield	118
Kentucky	205
Laban	129
Lake Enon	125
Lisbon	134
Little Marlboro'	127
Olmutz	121
Olney	265
Ramea	131
Remember me, my God	287
Riverside	135
Shawmut	124
Shirland	130
Silver Street	129
State Street	131
St. Thomas	117
Troas	128
Vernon	138
Waldoboro'	133
Watchman	126
Winstead	114

H. M.

Amherst	151
Bath	364
Beechland	152
Carmarthen	325
Celebration	149
Lenox	146
Stow	150
Sutherland	148
Voyage, The	211

P. M.

Adoration	281
Are we almost there?	319
Christian Band	311
Christian Mariner	262
Come and reign	286
Come away	340
Come, let us anew	259
Come to Jesus	272
Eden's Bowers	293
Eden of Love	216
How precious is the name	344
I love Thee	218
Jesus paid it all	373
Just Now	272
Last Call, The	294
Luther's Hymn	231
Meekness	253
Midnight Cry	275
Millennial Glory	258
O come to reign	297
O haste, take me home	206
Old Churchyard	234
Pilgrim	292
Time's Farewell	329
Voice of free grace	288
World of Beauty	280

C. P. M.

Ariel	141
Bremen	140
Ganges	227

PAGE
Garden Hymn 358
Leon 142
Meribah 143
Solemn Inquiry 228
Vermont 139
Warning Voice 370
Willoughby 228

C. L. M.

Risen Saviour 313

S. P. M.

Dalston 144
Peters 145

L. P. M.

Compassion 252

7s.

Amboy 170
Angels hovering round 252
Benevento 242
Bible leads to glory 314
Ephesus 160
Fulton 164
Hendon 165
Holly 164
Martyn 166
Meet again 215
Mount Calvary 163
Norwich 161
Nuremburg 167
Pleyel's Hymn 167
Sabbath Morn 169
Valdivia 171
Voice of Mercy 337
Warren 331
Watchman, tell us 162
Worthy is the Lamb 349

8s & 7s.

Alarm 307
Bartimeus 180
Blessed Bible 215
Buchanan 177
Disciple 257
Family Song 173
Good Shepherd, The 339
Gospel Freedom 303
Greenville 235
Illinois 181
Intercession 345
Jesus' Love 283
Jesus, refuge of my soul 202
Lift the voice 178
Millersburg 176
Missionary Hymn 203
Morning bells 353
Mount Vernon 242
Pastor's Welcome 179
Rest for the weary 210
Shining Shore, The 301
Sicily 172
Sunnyside 213
Switzer 217
Take my heart 175
The Eden Land 276
Wilmot 172
Worthing 171

8s 7s & 4s.

Abila 343
Ami 184
Brest 187
Come and see 182
Kershaw 323
Lift your heads 226
Saviour, haste 186
Stanley 185
Thanksgiving 183
Zion 267

8s 7s & 7s.

Harwell 248

6s.

Hope 327
Paradise 299

6s & 4s.

Happy Land, The 357
Italian Hymn 154
Jesus is mine 277
Jesus is there 290
Mantua 222
Nearer to Thee 199
National Hymn 153

6s & 5s.

Infant Praises 365
Lovely Morning 225
Spanish Hymn 156
Unity 155

6s & 7s.

Resolve 221
Sioners' Invitation, The 359

6s & 9s.

Rapture 312

7s, 6 lines.

Harmony 168
Parting Hymn 159

7s & 4s.

I'm a traveller 260
Oreb 248

7s & 5s.

Bannockburn 367
Peace to thee 219

7s & 6s.

Advent Call 273
Come, my brethren 361
Gospel Train 366
Great Physician 302
Invocation 372
Little Christian Soldier 374
Look Away 371
Life's Harvest 157
Millennial Dawn 306
O when shall I see Jesus 304
Penitence 347
The Watchers 354

7s & 8s.

My brother, I wish you well 205
Soldiers of the Cross 332

7s 6s & 4s.

Thou knowest that I love Thee 251

7s 6s & 8s.

Kison 158
On the Cross 213
Pearl, The 334

PAGE

8s.

Beautiful Zion..... 295
Contrast..... 338
Corydon..... 274
Good Old Way, The..... 445
Home Altar..... 279
Heavenly Union..... 356
Union Hymn..... 209
Will you go?..... 322

8s & 4s.

Evan..... 282
God speed the Truth..... 269
Long time ago..... 207
Sonnet..... 351

8s & 6s.

Just as I am..... 284
Perkinsville..... 355
Sabbath School..... 356
What sound is this?..... 348

8, 5, 7, 4.

Experience..... 344

10s.

Melton..... 196
Saviour's Call..... 238
Victory..... 240

10s & 5s.

Triumph..... 368, 369

10s & 7s.

Homeward Bound..... 216
Praise..... 232

10s 7s & 9s.

Saw ye my Saviour..... 245

10s & 8s.

Bailey..... 208
Better Land..... 326
Glorious Treasure..... 300
Resurrection Morning..... 270

10s, 3s & 8s.

All's Well..... 230

10s, 8s & 7s.

Here is no rest..... 256

10s, 11s & 12s.

Trumpet..... 188

10s & 11s.

Huron..... 197
Lyons..... 189

PAGE

11s.

Bower of Prayer..... 308
Christ our Pilot..... 194
Edinburg..... 266
Expostulation..... 235
Gethsemane..... 315
Heavenly Home..... 254
Heavenly Music..... 201
Hinton..... 192
Home..... 190
I long to be there..... 298
Kedron..... 195
Messiah..... 193
O Christian, press on..... 204
Richland..... 264
Sweet Afton..... 191
Sweet Home..... 224

11s & 5s.

Warning..... 310

11s & 8s.

Commuck..... 271
Voice of my Beloved..... 237
Zion's Pilgrim..... 278

11s & 9s.

Sweet Story of Old..... 284

PAGE

11s & 10s.

Come, ye Disconsolate..... 198
Hail to the brightness..... 320

11s & 12s.

Faithful Sentinel..... 330

12s.

Chariot, The..... 247

12s & 9s.

Deliverance..... 244

INDEX OF

Anthems, Sentences, &c.

Blessed are the people, (Anthem)..... 380, 1
David's Lamentation, (Sentence)..... 379
Easter Anthem..... 382-5
Great is the Lord, (Anthem) 375-8
Heavenly Vision..... 386-90
Selections for Chanting.... 391-99

INDEX OF FIRST LINES.

PAGE

A charge to keep I have..... 205
According to thy gracious word..... 78
A fountain in Jesus which always runs.... 201
Afflictions though they seem severe..... 428
Afflicted saint, to Christ draw near..... 44
Again our earthly cares we leave..... 99
Ah! guilty sinner, ruined by transgression 310
All glory while the ages run..... 16
All-powerful, self-existent God..... 8
All things remained the same..... 426
Alas! and did my Saviour bleed..... 428
Alas! what hourly dangers rise..... 440
All hail the power of Jesus' name..... 64
Almighty maker of my frame..... 45
All nature dies, and lives again..... 81
Along the banks where Babel's current flows 196
Amazing grace! how sweet the sound..... 336
Amid the splendors of thy state..... 435
Am I a soldier of the cross?..... 66
And can I yet delay?..... 118
And must I be to judgment brought?..... 74
And must this body die?..... 119
And will the Judge descend?..... 132
Angels roll the rock away..... 422
Another day has fled..... 127
Another six days' work is done..... 7

PAGE

Another weary day is passed..... 59
A poor wayfaring man of grief..... 352
Are we almost there?..... 319
Arise, ye saints, arise..... 134
Arise and shine, O Zion fair..... 111
Arise, my soul, arise..... 325
As Jesus died, and rose again..... 96
Asleep in Jesus, blessed sleep..... 44
As o'er the past my mem'ry strays..... 87
As Time's last sands seemed wasting..... 354
Attend ye saints, and hear me tell..... 356
Author of faith, to thee I cry..... 143
Author of good, to thee we turn..... 74
Awake, awake the sacred song..... 63
Awake, and sing the sung..... 116
Awake, my soul, and with the sun..... 19
Awake, my soul, in joyful lays..... 238
Awake, my soul, lift up thine eyes..... 27
Away from his home..... 330
Away, my doubts; begone, my fears..... 222
Away, my unbelieving fear..... 52
Away with our sorrow and fear..... 274

Beautiful Zion, built above..... 295
Before thy mercy-seat, O Lord..... 71
Begin ye saints, th' exalted lay..... 139

PAGE

Behold the grace appears..... 422
Behold, with awful pomp..... 429
Behold the glories of the Lamb..... 436
Behold, behold the Lamb of God..... 212, 438
Behold where in a mortal form..... 441
Behold the morning sun..... 130
Behold what wondrous grace..... 114
Be thou, O God, exalted high..... 16
Beyond this gloomy night..... 430
Blessed Bible, how I love it..... 215
Blessed Bible, precious word..... 243
Blest are the sons of peace..... 422
Blest are the humble souls that see..... 35
Blest are the meek, he said..... 125
Blest are the merciful who prove..... 31
Blest be the tie that binds..... 239
Blest hour, when mortal man retires..... 23
Blest is the dear uniting love..... 436
Blest is the man whose softening heart.... 442
Blest is the man whose tender care..... 39
Blest Lord, when darkness veils the skies.. 431
Blest Saviour, we thy will obey..... 39
Blest who with generous pity glows..... 50
Blow, ye the trumpet, blow..... 147
Brethren, let us walk together..... 423
Brethren, while we sojourn here..... 159

PAGE

Bread of heaven, on thee we feed 170
Brethren beloved for Jesus' sake 428
Bride of the Lamb, awake, awake..... 102
Bright flowing fountains now I see..... 221
Broad is the road that leads to death..... 26
Buried beneath the yielding wave..... 428
By whom was David taught..... 401

Calm on the listening ear of night..... 63
Cast thy burden on the Lord..... 422
Child of sin and sorrow..... 222
Christ is gone upon high..... 149
Christians, brethren, ere we part..... 425
Come, all ye sons of Zion..... 400
Come and reign..... 286
Come at the Saviour's call..... 238
Come, Christian soldiers..... 311
Come, gracious Lord, descend and dwell.. 34
Come, gracious Spirit, heavenly Dove..... 13
Come, happy souls, approach your God... 103
Come hither, all ye weary souls..... 24
Come, Holy Spirit, come..... 426
Come, Holy Spirit, Dove divine..... 51
Come, Holy Spirit from above..... 107
Come, Holy Spirit, heavenly Dove..... 84
Come, Holy Spirit, heavenly guest..... 13
Come, let us all adore the Lord..... 108
Come, let us anew..... 259
Come, let us lift our joyful eyes..... 94
Come, let us strike our harps anew..... 433
Come, my brethren, let us try..... 361
Come, my soul, thy suit prepare..... 170
Come, O my soul, in sacred lays..... 21
Come on, my partners in distress..... 227
Come, said Jesus' sacred voice..... 425

PAGE

Come, Saviour, let thy tokens prove..... 78
Come, sinners, to the gospel feast..... 53
Come, sound his praise abroad..... 128
Come, thou Fount of every blessing..... 235
Come to Jesus..... 272
Come to the house of prayer..... 115
Come, ye disconsolate 198
Come, ye sinners, poor and needy..... 424
Come, ye that know and fear the Lord.... 89
Come, weary souls, with sins distress'd.... 21
Come, we that love the Lord..... 238
Command thy blessing from above..... 35

Dark brood the heavens o'er thee..... 423
Daughter of Zion, awake from thy sadness 264
Day of judgement, day of wonders..... 187
Dear Saviour, we are thine..... 126
Deluded souls that dream of heaven..... 434
Depth of mercy, can there be..... 161
Did'st thou, kind Saviour, suffer shame?.. 424
Dismiss us with thy blessing, Lord..... 7

Early, my God, without delay..... 91
Earth is groaning, earth is groaning..... 419
Emptied of earth I fain would be..... 25
Equip me for the war 134
Eternal Power, whose high abode..... 19
Eternal Source of every joy..... 34
Eternal Spirit, 'twas thy breath..... 439
Eternal Spirit, we confess..... 440
Eternal Wisdom, thee we praise..... 437

Faint not, Christian, though the road..... 243
Faith adds new charms to earthly bliss.... 88
Faith is the brightest evidence..... 444

PAGE

Farewell, my dear brethren..... 430
Farewell, vain world..... 355
Father of mercies, in thy word..... 75
Father, they who thee receive..... 168
Father, we commend our spirits..... 173
Father, whate'er of earthly bliss..... 59
Forever here my rest shall be..... 113
Forever with the Lord..... 122
From all that dwell below the skies..... 18
From Calvary a cry was heard..... 45
From every stormy wind that blows..... 48
From the third heaven where God resides. 98
From whence doth this union arise..... 209

Gently, Lord, O, gently lead us..... 217
Give thanks to God most high..... 148
Give to the Lord, ye sons of fame..... 17
Give to the winds thy fears..... 124
Glad is the hour and propitious is the sky.. 416
Glad tidings of grace..... 418
Glad tidings, glad tidings..... 266
Glorious things of thee are spoken..... 171
Glory to God! the night is almost o'er.... 270
Glory to Jesus for his love..... 283
Glory to thee, my God, this night..... 37
God in the gospel of his Son..... 21
God is the refuge of his saints..... 18
God moves in a mysterious way..... 57
God of all redeeming grace..... 421
God of my life, to thee I call..... 41
God of my life, my morning song..... 441
God of love, who hearest prayer..... 164
God's word is the true light..... 425
Go forth, ye heralds, in my name 27
Go labor on! spend and be spent..... 14

	PAGE
Gracious Redeemer, shake	133
Grace, 'tis a charming sound	138
Gracious Lord, incline thine ear	161
Gracious Spirit, Love divine	425
Great God, attend, while Zion sings	30
Great God, to thee my evening song	51
Great God, what do I see and hear	231
Great Shepherd of the flock	265
Great Spirit, by whose mighty power	107
Great the joy when Christians meet	165
Had I the gift of tongues	414
Hail sacred truth, whose piercing rays	435
Hail, sweetest, dearest tie	250
Hail the day so long expected	417
Hail the day that sees him rise	441
Hail, thou blest morn when the great	420
Hail, thou once despised Jesus	179
Hail to the brightness of Zion's glad morning	320
Happy the heart where graces reign	440
Happy the man whose cautious feet	39
Hark! an awful voice	217
Hark! from the realms of the blest	216
Hark! from the tombs a doleful sound	55
Hark! from yonder mount arise	248
Hark! hark! hear the blest tidings	251
Hark! how the watchmen cry	135
Hark! listen to the trumpeters	110
Hark, my soul, it is the Lord	337
Hark! that shout of rapturous joy	423
Hark! ten thousand harps and voices	248
Hark! ten thousand, thousand voices	249
Hark! the morning bells are ringing	353
Hark! the voice of love and mercy	185
Haste, my dull soul, arise	290
Haste, O sinner, now be wise	164
Hear, gracious Sovereign	19
Hear, O sinner, mercy hails you	423
Hear the glorious proclamation	406
Hear us now, O, our Father	372
Hearts of stone, relent, relent	163
Heavenly Father, Sovereign Lord	331
He lives—the great Redeemer lives	51
He reigns—the Lord, the Saviour reigns	29
Here, in thy name, eternal God	16
Here, o'er the earth as a stranger I roam	256
High in the heavens, eternal God	8
Ho, Christian to the rescue come	261
Ho! every one that thirsts, draw nigh	51
Ho, reapers of life's harvest	157
Holy Bible, book divine	426
Holy Ghost, with light divine	160
Holy Spirit, fount of blessing	415
Hope of our hearts, O Lord, appear	57
How blest the righteous when he dies	25
How blest the sacred tie that binds	9
How calm and beautiful the morn	313
How cheering is the Christian's hope	70
How firm a foundation, ye saints	409
How gentle God's commands	132
How happy are the little flock	143
How happy are they	312
How happy every child of grace	263
How happy is the Christian's state	79
How helpless guilty nature lies	438
How long, O Lord, our Saviour	306
How long, O Lord, shall I complain	37
How long shall death, like tyrant, reign	75
How lost was my condition	302
How pleasant, how divinely fair	7
How pleased and blessed was I	145
How precious is the name	344
How sweet, how heavenly is the sight	93
How sweetly flowed the gospel's sound	33
How sweet on thy bosom to rest	274
How sweet the Christian's hope to me	65
How sweet the melting lay	131
How sweet the name of Jesus sounds	317
How sweet to bless the Lord	137
How short the race our friend has run	108
How tedious and tasteless the hours	338
How tender is thy hand	119
How various and how new	131
Humble souls who seek salvation	179
If I in thy likeness, O Lord, may awake	271
If in a temple made with hands	436
If high or low our station be	442
If through unruffled seas	128
I have read of a world of beauty	280
I have sought round the verdant earth	344
I know that my Redeemer lives	39, 112
I love it, I love it, and who shall dare	407
I love to meet where Christians do	425
I love to steal awhile away	65
I love thee, I love thee	218
I love this pure religion	332
I love thy church, O God	129
I love the holy Son of God	403
I'll try to prove faithful	221
I'm a pilgrim, and I'm a stranger	292
I'm a lonely traveller here	260
I'm going to be a soldier	374-5
I'm not ashamed to own my Lord	26
I'm on my way to Canaan	296

I'm sighing for home..... 411
I'm weary of staying; O when shall I rest.. 218
In Christ we have our life..... 421
In duties and in suff'rings too..... 426
In every trouble sharp and strong..... 434
In every trying hour..... 126
In expectation sweet..... 115
In Eden's bowers so lovely..... 293
In God let all his saints rejoice..... 30
In songs of sublime adoration and praise.. 278
In the Christian's home in glory..... 210
In the bold, long oppressed..... 193
In the midst of temptation..... 298
In the rosy light of the morning bright... 232
In the sun, and moon, and stars..... 415
In the world we shall have tribulation..... 415
In vain men talk of living faith..... 439
Inspirer and hearer of prayer..... 279
I saw One hanging on a tree..... 438
Is this the kind return..... 132
It is the hour of Time's farewell..... 329
I think when I read that sweet story of old. 284
I thirst, thou wounded Lamb of God..... 429
I walk a lonely pilgrim here..... 413

Jehovah reigns; he dwells in light..... 23
Jerusalem, my glorious home..... 94, 342
Jerusalem, my happy home..... 342
Jerusalem, our heavenly home..... 99
Jesus, at thy command..... 146
Jesus died on Calvary's mountain..... 207
Jesus, full of all compassion..... 174
Jesus hath died that I might live..... 442
Jesus, high in glory..... 365
Jesus, I love thy charming name..... 100
Jesus, I my cross have taken..... 257
Jesus invites his saints..... 123
Jesus, let thy pitying eye..... 347
Jesus, Lord, we look to thee..... 160
Jesus my king proclaims the war..... 15
Jesus, my Saviour and my Lord..... 439
Jesus, my strength and righteousness..... 97
Jesus, my strength, my hope..... 138
Jesus, O name divinely sweet..... 88
Jesus, our hope, our life, our heaven..... 96
Jesus, our Lord, how rich thy grace..... 83
Jesus, refuge of my soul..... 202
Jesus, spotless Lamb of God..... 160
Jesus, the Conqueror, reigns..... 130
Jesus, the life, the truth, the way..... 360
Jesus, thou everlasting King..... 38
Jesus, thy blood and righteousness..... 41
Jesus, thy church with longing eyes..... 10
Jesus, to thee I now can fly..... 435
Jesus, we look to thee..... 265
Joyfully, joyfully, onward I move..... 241
Joy to the world! the Lord will come..... 316
Just as I am, without one plea..... 284

Kingdoms and thrones to God belong..... 22

Let everlasting glories crown..... 11
Let every creature join..... 151
Let every mortal ear attend..... 82
Let songs of praises fill the sky..... 107
Let thy kingdom, blessed Saviour..... 339
Let us awake our joys..... 154
Let us rejoice in Christ, the Lord..... 71
Let us with a joyful mind..... 165
Let vain pursuits and vain desires..... 324
Let Zion's watchmen all awake..... 437
Life is a span,—a fleeting hour..... 75
Life is the time to serve the Lord..... 12
Lift the voice and sound the trumpet..... 178
Lift up your glad voices in triumph.... 188, 368
Lift up your heads, Immanuel's friends... 445
Lift your heads, ye friends of Jesus..... 226
Light of the world, shine on our souls..... 99
Like shadows gliding o'er the plain..... 44
Like sheep we went astray..... 126
List to the joyful news..... 408
List, ye mortals, hear the sound..... 413
List, ye who languish..... 241
Little children, pilgrim band..... 371
Lo! God is here! let us adore..... 17
Lo! he comes with clouds descending..... 184
Lo, he cometh! countless trumpets..... 185
Lo! I behold the scattering shades..... 69
Lo! what an entertaining sight..... 442
Lo! when the Spirit of our God..... 441
Lo, the Lord Jehovah liveth..... 172
Lo, the time hastens on..... 233
Lo, what a glorious sight appears..... 268
Look! ye saints, the sight is glorious..... 187
Lonely and weary, by sorrows oppressed... 240
Long time, my Saviour, I've been waiting. 402
Lord, a better heart bestow..... 166
Lord, accept our feeble song..... 160, 335
Lord, help us to insure..... 121
Lord, how secure and blest are they..... 10
Lord, I have made thy word my choice.... 437
Lord, in the morning thou shalt hear..... 56
Lord, in thy great, thy glorious name..... 49
Lord, lead the way the Saviour went..... 436
Lord of the world's majestic frame..... 440
Lord, teach thy servants how to pray..... 444
Lord, thou hast searched and seen me thro' 28
Lord, thou wilt hear me when I pray.. 76

	PAGE
Lord, through the dubious paths of life	67
Lord, 'tis a pleasant thing to stand	7
Lord, we come before thee now	166
Lord, we confess our numerous faults	440
Lord, what a feeble piece	118
Lord, when thou didst ascend on high	19
Love divine, all loves excelling	176
Low down in that beautiful valley	253
Majestic sweetness sits enthroned	58
Mariner, haste! there's a threatening gale	262
Mark that pilgrim lowly bending	297
Mary to the Saviour's tomb	426
Meet again when life is o'er	215
Meeting in the Saviour's name	444
Mercy, O thou Son of David	180
Messiah comes, with all his train	432
Methinks the last great day is come	437
'Mid scenes of affliction	190
'Mid scenes of confusion	224
Mortals, awake, with angels join	63
Must Simon bear his cross alone?	335
My Bible leads to glory	314
My blest Redeemer and my Lord	9
My brother, I wish you well	205
My closet, my temple, my social retreat	420
My country, 'tis of thee	153
My days are gliding swiftly by	301
My faith shall triumph o'er the grave	101
My Father, God; how sweet the sound	75
My Father, God, I feel thy love	230
My God, how shall I sing	287
My God, how wonderful thou art	443
My God, my Father, blissful name	57
My God, my life, my love	144
My God, permit my tongue	117
My heavenly home is bright and fair	254
My home is in Eden, my rest is not here	254
My opening eyes with rapture see	31
My Saviour, my almighty Friend	437
My song shall always be of him	97
My soul, be on thy guard	129
My soul is happy when I hear	85
My soul, repeat his praise	124
My soul shall praise thee, O my God	105
Nature with all her powers	31
Nearer my God, to thee	199
Nothing either great or small	373
No longer far from rest I roam	56
Not to our names, thou only just and true	196
Now begin the heavenly theme	165
Now condescend, Almighty King	333
Now from labor and from care	424
Now is the accepted time	121
Now let our voices join	135
Now our prayers to heaven ascending	269
Now the Saviour stands a pleading	345
Now to the Lamb that once was slain	86
O behold the holy city	403
O, bless the Lord, my soul	114
O blissful day of promise blest	305
O bow thine ear, Eternal One	16
O careless sinners, come	401
O Christians, press on	204
O come, loud anthems let us sing	9
O come, come away	340
O, could we speak the matchless worth	142
O, exiled Paradise	299
O for a closer walk with God	73
O for a faith that will not shrink	61
O for a heart to praise my God	105
O for a thousand tongues to sing	105
O for that tenderness of heart	80
O give me a home in the regions of bliss	206
O glorious day of heavenly rest	92
O glorious hope of heavenly love	141
O God, our help in ages past	83
O God, my inmost soul convert	226
O grace divine, the Saviour shed	417
O hail, happy day	341
O happy day that fixed my choice	350
O haste with me to seek those happy scenes	208
O, heavenly King, look down from above	430
O, how beautiful their feet	361
O how I long to see that day	246
O land of rest, for thee I sigh	110
O let triumphant faith dispel	433
O Lord another day is flown	434, 439
O Lord, hasten the time	406
O Lord, thy work revive	121
O Lord, whate'er is felt or feared	93
O my soul what means this sadness	343
O no, we cannot sing our songs	320
O praise the Lord in that blest place,	38
O render thanks to God above	20, 24
O Saviour of sinners	191
O, shameful cross, on thee was hung	42
O, sinner, come, without delay	427
O tell me where the dove is flown	433
O that my load of sin were gone	41
O the amazing change	147
O thou from whom all goodness flows	112
O thou in whose presence my soul	237

	PAGE
O thou that hearest prayer	152
O thou who all things canst control	432
O thou who, when we did complain	363
O thou whose mercy hears	132
O thou whose tender mercy hears	68
O, to behold the day	287
O turn, O turn ye	235
O what hath Jesus bought for me	79
O when shall I see Jesus	304
O worship the King all glorious above	189
O Zion afflicted with wave upon wave	194
Of all the joys we mortals know	14
Of him who did salvation bring	11
Oft in sorrow and in woe	171
On God my steadfast hopes rely	435
On Jordan's stormy banks I stand	332
On the high cliffs of Jordan	195
On the mountain's top appearing	267
On Time's tempestuous ocean wide,	321
Once more before we part	121
Once more, my soul, the rising day	69
Onward time is rolling	404
Our Lord is risen from the dead	8
Our Captain leads us on	135
Our bondage it will end	244
Our Father, who in heaven art	291
Our few revolving years	119
Our heavenly Father, hear	116
Our Maker and our King	128
Out on an ocean all boundless we ride	216
Pass away earthly joys	277
Peace to thee, O favored one	219
Plunged in a gulf of dark despair	104
Praise, everlasting praise be paid	5
Praise God from whom all blessings flow	16
Praise the Lord; ye heavens adore him	179
Praise to God, immortal praise	167
Praise to him, by whose kind favor	172
Praise ye Jehovah's name	153
Praise ye the Lord! 'tis good to raise	11
Prepare a thankful song	133
Preserved by thine almighty pow'r	350
Raise your triumphant songs	133
Rejoice all ye believers	273
Rejoice, rejoice! the promised time	258
Rejoice! the Lord is King	365
Religion is a glorious treasure	300
Remember me my God	287
Repent, the voice celestial cries	59
Return, O wanderer, return	77
Righteous God, whose vengeful vials	176
Rise, my soul, and stretch thy wings	400
Rock of Ages, cleft for me	108
Round the world the alarm is ringing	405
Safely through another week	169
Salem's great King, Jesus by name,	228
Salvation! O the joyful sound	65, 88
Saviour, at thy feet we bow	441
Saviour, breathe an evening blessing	173
Saviour, come, thy saints are waiting	184
Saviour, haste, our souls are waiting	186
Saviour, see me from above	158
Saviour, visit thy plantation,	323
Saw ye my Saviour?	245
See gracious Lord, before thy throne	108
See mercy, mercy from on high	44
See Sodom wrapt in fire	423
See th'Eternal Judge descending	424
Shall I for fear of feeble man	442
Shall man, O God of light and life	41
Shall we go on to sin	119
Shepherds, rejoice, lift up your eyes	63
Show pity, Lord, O Lord, forgive	49
Since Jesus freely did appear	427
Sing a loud and joyful anthem	183
Sing praise, the tomb is void	327
Sing to Jehovah's mighty name	17
Sing to the Lord Jehovah's name	435
Sinner go, will you go	359
Sinners, seek the narrow gate	163
Sinners, the call obey	115
Sinners, the voice of God regard	77
Sinners, turn, why will ye die?	167
Sinners, will you scorn the message	444
Sister, thou wast mild and lovely	242
Sitting around our Father's board	78
Skeptic, spare that book	405
Soft be the gently breathing notes	54
Soldiers of Christ! arise	115
So let our lips and lives express	31
Son of God, thy people's shield	166
Soon all shall hail our Jesus' name	64
Soon as I heard my Father say	92
Soon may the last glad song arise	27
Soon will the sleeping martyrs rise	54
Spare us, O Lord, aloud we cry	40
Speak gently—it is better far	438
Spirit divine attend our prayer	55
Stand up and bless the Lord	136
Stay, thou insulted Spirit, stay	47
Still evening comes with gentle	436
Stretched on the cross the Saviour dies	46

PAGE

Submissively, my God... 124
Sure the blest comforter is nigh... 431
Sweet is the day of sacred rest... 6
Sweet is the love that mutual glows... 77
Sweet is the work, my God, my King... 23
Sweet rivers of redeeming love... 85
Sweet Sabbath School, place dear to me... 356
Sweet the moments, rich in blessing... 213
Sweet was the time when first I felt... 76

Take my heart, O Father, take it... 175
Tell me no more of earthly toys... 227
That awful day will surely come... 89
That glorious day is drawing nigh... 90
That warning voice, O sinner, hear... 370
The Almighty reigns, exalted high... 43
The angels soon are coming... 414
The blest memorials of thy grief... 318
The Bridegroom is coming... 409
The chariot, the chariot... 247
The Christian warrior, see him stand... 33
The church in her militant state... 339
The counsels of redeeming grace... 442
The day comes on apace... 149
The day is past and gone... 335
The glorious day is coming... 203
The God of glory sends his summons... 197
The gospel comes with welcome news... 82
The gospel train is coming... 366
The great archangel's trump shall sound... 443
The great, tremendous day's approaching,. 404
The groaning creation doth wait... 416
The groaning earth is too dark and drear.. 417
The harvest dawn is near... 137
The heavens declare thy glory, Lord... 20

PAGE

The judgment day is rolling on... 402
The King in his beauty... 412
The last lovely morning... 225
The Lord, how absolute he reigns... 8
The Lord, how wondrous are his ways... 5
The Lord is Judge; before his throne... 25
The Lord is king; lift up thy voice... 42
The Lord is my Shepherd... 192
The Lord into his garden comes... 358
The Lord Jehovah reigns... 144, 152
The Lord my pasture shall prepare... 50
The Lord my Shepherd is... 239
The Lord our God is clothed with might.. 103
The Lord our Saviour will appear... 67
The Lord, the God of glory reigns... 80
The Lord will come, the earth shall quake. 36
The midnight cry in mercy sounds... 275
The morning dawns upon the place... 433
The morning flowers display their sweets.. 26
The night is far spent... 192
The night is past and gone... 120
The night is past — the morning ray... 140
The old Israelites knew what it was... 415
The once loved form now cold and dead... 108
The pearl that worldlings covet... 334
The people called Christians... 410
The perfect world by Adam trod... 16
The pleasures of earth I have seen fade,... 225
The promises I sing... 365
The righteous Lord, supremely great... 49
The Saviour comes; his advent's nigh... 27
The Saviour lives, no more to die... 11
The Saviour! O what endless charms... 77
The Spirit in our hearts... 265
The time draws nigh when from the... 111

PAGE

The voice of free grace cries... 286-7
The work, O Lord, is thine... 130
There are angels hovering round... 252
There is a fountain filled with blood... 58
There is a God, all nature speaks... 46
There is a happy land... 357
There is an hour of peaceful rest... 96
There is a place of waveless rest... 110
There is a world to come... 432
There's a crown and a kingdom for thee... 416
There's a friend above all others... 282
There's a good time coming... 232
There's not a bright and beaming smile .. 75
There's not a star whose twinkling light... 434
Thine earthly Sabbaths, Lord we love... 47
Thine oath and promise, mighty God,... 71
This book is all that's left me now... 309
This is not my place of resting... 180
Those evening bells... 53
Thou boundless Source of every good... 67
Thou dear Redeemer, dying Lamb... 86
Thou great Creator, wise and good... 443
Thou hast said, exalted Jesus... 416
Thou Judge of quick and dead... 444
Thou, Lord, reign'st in this bosom... 251
Thou only Sovereign of my heart... 45
Thou refuge of my soul... 127
Thou sweet gliding Kedron... 195
Though in the outward church below... 427
Though troubles assail and dangers... 411
Through endless years thou art the same.. 431
Through thy protecting care... 156
Through tribulation deep... 211
Thus far my God hath led me on... 29
Thus far the Lord has led me on... 22

	PAGE
Thus saith the first, the great command...	48
Thy home is with the humble, Lord.....	440
Thy mercies and thy love.....	265
Thy promises surpass my thought.....	438
Time hastens on, ye longing saints.....	66
'Tis by the faith of joys to come.....	29
'Tis faith that purifies the heart.....	431
'Tis finished, so the Saviour cried.....	231
'Tis midnight, and on Olive's brow.....	46
'Tis my happiness below.....	161
'Tis the blest, the favored hour.....	165
'Tis the last call of mercy.....	294
To-day, if you will hear his voice.....	362
Together let us sweetly live.....	328
To God, the great, the ever blest.....	5
To keep the lamp alive.....	422
To leave my dear friends.....	308
To-morrow, Lord, is thine.....	117
To our Redeemer's glorious name.....	103
To thee let my first off'rings rise.....	439
To us a child of hope is born	72
To your Creator, God.....	364
Trembling before thine awful throne.....	429
Triumphant Zion, lift thy head.....	35
'Twas by an order from the Lord.....	428
'Twas on that dark and doleful night.....	443
Unveil thy bosom, faithful tomb.....	26
Vain, delusive world, adieu.....	418
Wait on the Lord, ye heirs of hope.....	15
Wake the song of jubilee.....	170
Walk in the light; so shalt thou know....	86
Watchman on the walls of Zion.....	421
Watchman, tell me, does the morning.....	177
Watchman, tell us of the night.....	162
We are going home to Jesus.....	182
We are living, we are dwelling.....	307
We are voyagers on an ocean.....	419
Weary pilgrims, why this sadness,.....	217
We ask not, Lord, thy cloven flame.....	434
We come with joyful song.....	422
We have heard from the bright, the better.	326
Welcome, brother, to thy station	179
We lift our souls to God.....	128
We'll meet, ere long, in our happy Eden..	410
We're bound for the land of the pure.....	214
We're going home; we've had visions.....	200
We're going to see the bleeding Lamb.....	322
We're going to the land.....	414
We're looking for a city.....	418
We're waiting still, dear Lord.....	412
We seek a land all summer bright.....	276
We shall greet them at home.....	406
We shall see a light appear.....	432
We speak of the realms of the blest.....	404
What a friend we have in Jesus.....	181
What glory gilds the sacred page	437
What means this conflict in my heart.....	443
What poor, despised company.....	360
What of the night? O watchman, mark...	425
What seraph-like music.....	201
What shall I render to my God.....	105
What sinners value I resign.....	28
What sound is this salutes my ear	348
What various hindrances we meet.....	341
What vessel are you sailing in.....	346
What works of wisdom, power and love....	439
When all thy mercies, O my God.....	85
When Christ the Lord was doomed to die..	408
When for eternal worlds we steer.....	351
When I survey the wonderous cross.....	429
When marshalled on the mighty plain.....	317
When morning's first and hallowed ray....	434
When, my Saviour, shall I be.....	161
When shall I see the day.....	413
When shall the saints forever rest.....	351
When shall we all meet again.....	159
When shall we meet again.....	155
While shepherds watched their flocks	62
When strangers stand and hear me tell....	32
When the great Judge, supreme and just..	435
When the last trumpet's awful voice.....	79
When thou my righteous Judge.....	228
When two or three together meet	255
When two or three with sweet accord.....	417
When wild confusion wrecks the air.....	431
Where shall the man be found.....	126
Where two or three together meet.....	255
While in the world we still remain.....	37
While my Redeemer's near.....	125
While nature was sinking in silence.....	315
While thee I seek, protecting power.....	60
While toiling thro' earth's howling wastes.	402
While with ceaseless course the sun.....	242
Who from the shades of gloomy night.....	25
Who shall approach thy holy place.....	146
Why should the children of a King.....	106
Why that look of sadness.....	400
Why will ye waste on trifling cares.....	28
With all my powers of heart and tongue...	9

	PAGE
With Jesus in our midst	123
With joy we hail the sacred day	56
With joy we meditate the grace	95
With my whole heart I've sought thy face	91
With one consent let all the earth	7
With sacred joy we lift our eyes	109
With willing hearts we tread	117
Within thy house, O Lord our God	82
Worship, and thanks, and blessing	281
Worthy the Lamb of boundless sway	16
Worthy, worthy is the Lamb	349
Would Jesus have the sinner die	252
Ye boundless realms of joy	151
Ye Christian heralds, go proclaim	33
Ye nations round the earth, rejoice	17
Ye praying souls, rejoice	137
Ye servants of the living God	68
Ye servants of the Lord	130
Ye valiant soldiers of the cross	220
Ye who know your sins forgiven	303
Ye who rose to meet the Lord	367
Yes, the Redeemer rose	150
Young people all, attention give	405
You will see your Lord a-coming	234

SELECTIONS FOR CHANTING.

God be merciful unto us and bless us	392
Great and marvellous are thy works	393
Hallelujah ! for the Lord God omnipotent	393
Have mercy upon me, O God	391
Hear, Father, hear our prayer	397
Holy, holy, holy. Lord God Almighty	393
Judge me, O Lord	394
My soul is not at rest	398
O come, let us sing unto the Lord	391
O give thanks unto the Lord	396
I was glad when they said unto me	394
O Lord, our Lord, how excellent is thy name	393
O sing unto the Lord a new song	392
We praise thee, O God,	395